POEMS,

AND

PHANCIES,

WRITTEN

By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious,

And Excellent

PRINCESS

The LADY

MARCHIONESS

OF

NEWCASTLE.

The Second Impression, much Altered and Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM WILSON, *Anno Dom.*

M. DC. LXIV.

TO THE LADY

MARCHIONESS

OF

NEWCASTLE,

On Her Book of POEMS.

I *Saw your* Poems, *and then Wiſh'd them mine,*
Reading the Richer Dreſſings *of each Line;*
Your New-born, Sublime Fancies, *and ſuch ſtore,*
May make our Poets *bluſh, and Write no more:*
Nay, Spencers Ghoſt *will haunt you in the Night,*
And Johnſon *riſe, full fraught with* Venom's Spight;
Fletcher, *and* Beaumont, *troubl'd in their* Graves,
Look out ſome Deeper, and forgotten Caves;
And Gentle Shakeſpear *weeping, ſince he muſt*
At beſt, be Buried, now, in Chaucers Duſt:
Thus dark Oblivion *covers their each* Name,
Since you have Robb'd them of their Glorious Fame.
Such Metaphors, *ſuch* Allegories *fit,*
Your Judgment *weighing out your* freſher Wit,

By Similizing to the Life *ſo like,*
Your Fancies Pencil's *far beyond* Vandike ;
Drawing all things to all things, at your Pleaſure,
Which ſhews, your Store-houſe *is the* Muſes Treaſure;
Your Head *the* Limbeck, *where the* Muſes *ſit,*
Diſtilling there the Quinteſſence *of* Wit;
Spirits *of* Fancy, Eſſences *ſo Sweet,*
In your juſt Numbers *walk on* Velvet Feet.
I thought to Praiſe you, but alas, my Way
To yours, is Night *unto a* Glorious *Day.*

W. NEWCASTLE.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

TO SIR CHARLS CAVENDISH,

My Noble Brother-in-Law.

SIR,

I *Do here Dedicate this my* Work *unto You, not that I think it worthy ſuch a* Patron, *but that ſuch a* Patron *as You may gain my* Book *a* Reſpect, *and* Eſteem *in the* World, *by the* Favour *of your* Protection. *True it is,* Spinning *with the* Fingers *is more proper to our* Sex, *than Studying or Writing* Poetry, *which is the* Spinning *with the* Brain: *but I having no Skil in the* Art *of the* firſt, (*and if I had, I had no Hopes of gaining ſo much as to make me a Garment to keep me from the* Cold) *it made me Delight in the* latter; *ſince all* Brains *work Naturally, and Inceſſantly, in ſome Kind or other; which made me endeavour to Spin a* Garment *of* Memory, *to Lap up my* Name, *that it might Grow to after* Ages: *I cannot ſay the* Web *is* ſtrong, fine, *or* evenly Spun, *for it is a* Coarſe piece; *yet I had rather*

rather my Name *ſhould* go Meanly Clad, *than* Dye *with* Cold: *but if the* Suit *be Trimmed with your* Favour, *it may make ſuch a* Shew, *and appear ſo* Lovely, *as to Wed to a* Vulgar Fame. *But certainly your* Bounty *hath been the* Diſtaff, *from whence* Fate *hath Spun the Thread of this part of my* Life, *which* Life *I wiſh may be drawn forth in your* Service: *For your* Noble Mind *is above petty* Intereſt, *and of ſuch a* Courage, *as you dare not only look* Misfortune *in the Face, but Grapple with it in the Defence of your* Friend; *and your* Kindneſs *hath been ſuch, as you have Neglected your* Self, *even in* Ordinary Accoutrements, *to maintain the* Diſtreſſed; *which ſhews, you have ſuch an* Affection, *as* Saint Paul *expreſſes for his* Brethren *in* Chriſt, *who would be* Accurſt *for their* Sakes. *And ſince your* Charity *is of that* Length, *and* Generoſity *of that* Height, *that no* Times, *nor* Fortunes *can Cut* Shorter, *or Pull down* Lower, *I am very Confident, the* Sweetneſs *of your* Diſpoſition, *which I have always found in the* Delightfull Converſation *of your* Company, *will never* Change, *but be ſo Humble, as to accept of this* Book, *which is the* Work *of*

Your moſt Faithfull

Servant,

M. N.

TO ALL

NOBLE, AND WORTHY

LADIES.

Noble and Worthy Ladies,

COndemn me not as a *Diſhonour* of your *Sex*, for Setting forth this *Work*; for it is *harmleſs* and *free* from all *Diſhoneſty*; I will not ſay from *Vanity*: for that is ſo *Natural* to our *Sex*, as it were Unnatural, not to be ſo. Beſides, *Poetry*, which is Built upon *Fancy*, *Women* may Claim, as a *Work* belonging moſt properly to Themſelves: for I have obſerv'd, that their *Brains* work uſually in a *Fantaſtical motion*, as in their *ſeveral*, and *various Dreſſes*; in their many and ſingular Choices of *Cloaths*, and *Ribbons*, and the like; in their *curious Shadowing*, and *mixing* of *Colours*; in their *Wrought works*, and divers ſorts of *Stitches*, they imploy their *Needle* in, and many other *Curious* things they make, as *Flowers*, *Boxes*, *Baskets* with *Beads*, *Shells*, *Silk*, *Straw*, or any thing elſe; Beſides, all manner of *Meats* to Eat: and thus their *Thoughts* are imployed perpetually with *Fancies*. For *Fancy* goeth not ſo much by *Rule*, and *Method*, as by *Choice*: and if I have Choſen my *Silk* with *freſh Colours*, and *matcht* them in *good Shadows*, although the *Stitches* be not very true, yet it will pleaſe the *Eye*; that is, if my *Writing* pleaſe the *Readers*, though not the *Learned*, it will Satisfie me; for I had rather be Praiſed in this, by the *Moſt*, although not the *Beſt*. For all I deſire, is *Fame*, and *Fame* is nothing but a *great Noiſe*, and *Noiſe* Lives moſt in a *Multitude*; Wherefore I wiſh my *Book* may ſet awork every *Tongue*. But I imagine I ſhall be Cenſur'd by my own *Sex*; and *Men* will caſt a *Smile* of *Scorn* upon my *Book*, becauſe they think thereby, *Women* Incroach too much upon their *Prerogatives*; for they hold *Books* as their *Crown*, and the *Sword*

as

as their *Scepter*, by which they Rule, and Govern. And very like they will ſay to me, as to the *Lady* that wrote the *Romancy*,

Work Lady, *work*, *let Writing* Books *alone*,
For ſurely Wiſer Women *ne're Wrote one.*

But thoſe that ſay ſo, ſhall give me leave to Wiſh, that thoſe of neareſt Relation, as *Wives*, *Siſters*, and *Daughters*, may imploy their time no worſe than in *Honeſt*, *Innocent*, and *Harmleſs Fancies*; which if they do, *Men* ſhall have no cauſe to fear, that when they go Abroad in their Abſence, they ſhall receive an *Injury* by their *looſe Carriages*. Neither will *Women* be deſirous to *Goſſip* abroad, when their *Thoughts* are well imployed at home. But if they do throw Scorn, I ſhall intreat you, to do as the *Woman* did in the *Play*, called the *Woman's Prize*, or the *Tamer Tam'd*, which cauſed many of the *Female Sex* to help Her, to keep their *Right*, and *Privileges*, making it their own *Caſe*. Therefore, pray ſtrengthen my Side, in Defending my *Book*; for I know *Womens Tongues* are as *Sharp* as two-edged *Swords*, and Wound as much, when they are Anger'd. And in this *Battel* may your *Wit* be *quick*, and your *Speech ready*, and your *Arguments* ſo *ſtrong*, as to Beat them out of the *Field* of *Diſpute*. So ſhall I get *Honour*, and *Reputation* by your *Favours*; otherwiſe I may chance to be Caſt into the *Fire*. But if I Burn, I deſire to Dye your *Martyr*; if I Live, to be

Your humble Servant,

M. N.

AN EPISTLE TO MISTRIS TOP.

SOme may think, an *Imperfection* of *Wit* may be a *Blemish* to the *Family* from whence I Sprung: But *Solomon* says, *A Wise man may get a Fool.* Yet there are as few *meer Fools*, as *Wise Men*: for *Understanding* runs in a *Level course*, that is, to know in *General*, as of the *Effects*; but to know the *Cause* of any one thing of *Natures* works, *Nature* never gave us a *Capacity* thereto. She hath given us *Thoughts* which run Wildly about, and if by *chance* they light on *Truth*, they do not know it for a *Truth*. But amongst many *Errours*, there are *huge Mountains* of *Follies*; and though I add to the *Bulk* of one of them, yet I make not a *Mountain* alone, and am the more *Excusable*, because I have an *Opinion*, which troubles me like a *Conscience*, that it is a part of *Honour* to aspire towards a *Fame*. For it cannot be an *Effeminacy* to seek, or run after *Glory*, to love *Perfection*, to desire *Praise*; and though I

want *Merit* to make me Worthy of *it*, yet I have ſome Satisfaction in Deſiring it. But had I broken the *Chains* of *Modeſty*, or behav'd my Self in *Diſhonourable* and *Looſe carriage*, or had run the *ways* of *Vice*, as to *Perjure* my Self, or Betray my *Friends*, or Denied a *Truth*, or had Lov'd *Deceit*, Then I might have prov'd a *Grief* to the *Family* I came from, and a *Diſhonour* to the *Family* I am Link't to, raiſed *Bluſhes* in their *Cheeks* being mentioned, or made them turn *Pale* when I were Publiſhed. But I hope, I ſhall neither *Grieve*, nor *Shame* them, or give them Cauſe to wiſh, I were not a *Branch* thereof. For though my *Ambition*'s Great, my *Deſigns* are Harmleſs, and my Ways is plain *Honeſty*: and if I Stumble at *Folly*, yet will I never Fall on *Vice*. 'Tis true, the *World* may wonder at my *Confidence*, how I dare put out a *Book*, eſpecially in theſe *Cenſorious Times*; but why ſhould I be Aſhamed, or Affraid, where no *Evil* is, and not pleaſe my Self in the *Satisfaction* of *Innocent deſires*? For a *Smile* of *Neglect* cannot Diſhearten me, no more can a *Frown* of *Diſlike* Affright me; not but I ſhould be well Pleaſed, and Delight to have my *Book* Commended. But the *Worlds Diſpraiſes* cannot make me a *Mourning Garment*: my Mind's too Big, and I had rather Venture an *Indiſcretion*, than Loſe the *Hopes* of a *Fame*. Neither am I aſhamed of my *Simplicity*, for Nature tempers not every *Brain* alike; but 'tis a *Shame* to deny the *Principles* of their *Religion*, to break the *Laws* of a *Well-governed Kingdome*, to diſturb *Peace*, to be Unnatural, to break

break the *Union* and *Amity* of *honest Friends*, for a *Man* to be a *Coward*, for a *VVoman* to be a *VVhore*; and by theſe *Actions*, they are not only to be Caſt out of all *Civil Society*, but to be Blotted out of the *Roll* of *Mankind*. And the reaſon why I Summon up theſe *Vices*, is, to let my *Friends* know, or rather to Remember them, that my *Book* is none of them: yet in this Action of Setting out a *Book*, I am not Clear without Fault, becauſe I have not asked Leave of any *Friend* thereto; for the *Fear* of being Denied, made me Silent; and there is an *Old ſaying*, That it is eaſier to ask *Pardon*, than *Leave*: for a *Fault* will ſooner be forgiven, than a *Sute* granted: and as I have taken the One, ſo I am very Confident they will give me the Other. For their *Affection* is ſuch, as it doth as eaſily Obſcure all *Infirmity* and *Blemiſhes*, as it is *Fearfull* and *Quick-ſighted* in Spying the *Vices* of thoſe they *Love*; and they do with as much Kindneſs pardon the *One*, as with Grief reprove the *Other*. But I thought it an *Honour* to aim at *Excellencies*, and though I cannot attain thereto, yet an *Endeavour* ſhews a *Good will*, and a *Good will* ought not to be turned out of *Noble minds*, nor be Whipt with *Diſpraiſes*, but to be Cheriſhed with *Commendations*. Beſides, I Print this *Book*, to give an *Account* to my *Friends*, how I Spend the *Idle Time* of my *Life*, and how I Buſie my Thoughts, when I think upon the *Objects* of the World. For the truth is, our *Sex* hath ſo much waſte Time, having but little Imployments, which makes our *Thoughts* run Wildly about, having

nothing to Fix them upon, which *wild Thoughts* do not only produce Unprofitable, but Indiſcreet Actions; winding up the *Thread* of our *Lives* in *Snarls* on *unſound Bottoms*. And ſince all times muſt be Spent either *Ill*, or *Well*, or *Indifferent*, I thought this was the *harmleſſeſt Paſtime*: for ſure this *Work* is better than to Sit ſtill, and Cenſure my *Neighbours Actions*, which nothing concern me; or to Condemn their *Humours*, becauſe they do not *Sympathize* with *mine*; or their *Lawfull Recreations*, becauſe they are not agreeable to my *Delight*; or Ridiculouſly to Laugh at my *Neighbours Cloaths*, if they are not of the *Mode*, *Colour*, or *Cut*, or the *Ribbons* tied with a *Mode Knot*; or to buſie my Self out of the *Sphear* of our *Sex*, as in *Politicks* of *State*, or to Preach *falſe Doctrine* in a Tub, or to entertain my Self in hearkning to *Vain flatteries*, or to the *Incitements* of Evil *perſwaſions*; where all theſe *Follies*, and many more may be Cut off by ſuch Innocent work as this. I write not this only to Satisfie you, which my *Love* makes me deſire ſo to do, but to Defend my *Book* from Spightfull Invaders, knowing *Truth* and *Innocence* are two good *Champions* againſt *Malice* and *Falſehood*; and which is my *Defence*, I am very Confident, is a great Satisfaction to you. For being Bred with me, your *Love* is Twiſted to my *Good*, which ſhall never be Undone by any *unkind Action* of Mine, but will always Remain

Your Loving Friend,

M. N.

TO HER

EXCELLENCE

The LADY

MARCHIONESS

OF

NEWCASTLE,

MADAM,

YOu are not only the first Engliſh Poet of your Sex, but the firſt, that ever Wrote this way: therefore whoſoever Writes afterwards, muſt own You for their Pattern, from whence they take their Sample; and a Line by which they Meaſure their Conceits and Fancies. For whatſoever is Written afterwards, will be but a Copy of your Original, which can be no more Honour to them, than to Labouring Men, that draw Water from another Man's Spring, for their Own uſe; neither can there be any thing Writ, which your Excellence hath not imployed your Pen in: As there are, Poetical Fictions, Moral Inſtructions, Philoſophical Opinions, Dialogues, Diſcourſes, Poetical Romancies. But truly,

Madam,

Madam, *this* Book *is not the only* Occaſion *to Admire you; for having been Brought up from my* Childhood *in your* Honourable Family, *and always in your* Ladyſhips Company, *ſeeing the Courſe of your* Life, *and* Honouring *your* Ladyſhips Diſpoſition, *I have admired* Nature *more in your* Ladyſhip, *than in any other VVorks beſides. Firſt, in the Courſe of your* Life, *you were always* Circumſpect, *by* Nature, *not by* Art; *for* Naturally *your* Excellence *did Hate to do any thing that was* Mean *and* Unworthy, *or any thing that your* Excellence *might not* Own *to all the* World *with* Confidence; *and yet your* Excellence *is naturally Baſhfull, and apt to be out of Countenance, that you could not Oblige all the* World. *But truly,* Madam, Fortune *hath not ſo much in her* Power *to give, as your* Excellence *hath to beſtow; which apparently Shineth in all* Places, *eſpecially where your* Excellence *hath been, as* France, Flanders, Holland, *&c. to your everlaſting* Honour *and* Fame; *which will manifeſt this* Relation *to be the* Truth, *as well as I, who am*

Madam,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble
and Obedient Servant,

E. Top.

TO

NATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.

IF any *Philoſophers* have Written of theſe *Subjects*, as I make no Queſtion, or Doubt, but they have, of all that *Nature* hath Diſcover'd, either in meer *Thought*, and *Speculation*, or other ways in *Obſervation*; yet it is more than I know of: for I never Read, nor heard of any *Engliſh Book* to Inſtruct me: and truly I underſtand no other *Language*; not *French*, although I was in *France* five Years: Neither do I underſtand my own *Native Language* very well; for there are many words, I know not what they Signifie; ſo as I have only the *Vulgar part*, I mean, that which is moſt *uſually Spoke*. I do not mean that, which is us'd to be Spoke by *Clowns* in every *Shire*, where in ſome *Parts* their *Language* is Known to none, but thoſe that are Bred there. And not only every *Shire* hath a ſeveral *Language*, but every *Family*, giving *Marks* for things according to their *Fancy*. But the *Ignorance* of the *Mother-Tongues* in which Learning is Propagated, makes me Ignorant of the *Opinions*, and *Diſcourſes* in former times; Wherefore I may be *Abſur'd*, and err *Groſsly*. I cannot ſay, I have not heard of *Atoms*, and *Figures*, and *Motion*, and *Matter*; but not throughly *Reaſon'd* on: but if I do Err, it is no great Matter; for my *Diſcourſe* of them is not to be accounted *Authentick*: ſo if there be any thing worthy of Noting, it is a good Chance; if not, there is no harm done, nor time loſt. For I had nothing to do, when I Wrote it, and I ſuppoſe thoſe have nothing, or little elſe to do, that Read it. And the Reaſon why I Write it in *Verſe*, is, becauſe I thoughr *Errours* might better paſs there,

there, than in *Proſe*, ſince *Poets* Write moſt *Fiction*, and *Fiction* is not given for *Truth*, but *Paſtime*; and I fear my *Atoms* will be as ſmall *Paſtime*, as themſelves: for nothing can be Leſs than an *Atom*. But my *Deſire* that they ſhould pleaſe the *Readers*, is as Big as the *World* they make; and my *Fears* are of the ſame *Bulk*; yet my *Hopes* fall to a ſingle *Atom* agen: and ſo ſhall I remain an unſetled *Atom*, or a confus'd Heap, till I hear my *Cenſure*. If I be Prais'd, it Fixes them; but if I am Condemn'd, I ſhall be *Annihilated* to nothing: but my *Ambition* is ſuch, as I would either be a *World*, or nothing.

I deſire all that are not quick in apprehending, or will not trouble themſelves with ſuch ſmall things as *Atoms*, to Skip this part of my *Book*, and View the *other*, for fear it may ſeem *Tedious*: yet the *Subject* is *light*, and the *Chapters* ſhort. Perchance the *other* may pleaſe better; if not the Second, the Third; if not the Third, the Fourth; if not the Fourth, the Fifth: and if they cannot pleaſe, for lack of *Wit*, they may pleaſe for *Variety*; for moſt *Palats* are Greedy after *Change*. And though they are not of the Choiceſt *Meats*, yet there is none *Dangerous*; neither is there ſo much of particular *Meat*, as any can fear a *Surfet*; but the better Pleas'd you are, the better *Welcome*. I wiſh heartily my *Brain* had been *Richer*, to make you a fine *Entertainment*: truly I ſhould have Spar'd no *Coſt*, neither have I Spar'd any *Pains*: for my *Thoughts* have been very buſily imployed, theſe eight, or nine *Moneths*, when they have not been taken away by *Worldly Cares*, and *Trouble*, which I confeſs hath been a great *Hinderance* to this *Work*. Yet have they ſat up Late, and riſen Early, running about untill they have been in a *Fiery heat*, ſo as their *Service* hath not been wanton, nor their *Induſtry* ſlack. What is amiſs, excuſe it as a *Fault* of too much *Care*; for there may be *Faults* committed with being Over-buſie, as ſoon as for want of *Diligence*. But thoſe that are Poor, have nothing but their Labour to beſtow; and though I cannot Serve you on *Aggat Tables*, and *Perſian Carpets*, with *Golden Diſhes*, and *Cryſtal Glaſſes*, nor Feaſt you with *Ambroſia*, and *Nectar*, yet perchance my *Rye Loaf*, and new *Butter* may Taſte more Savoury, than thoſe that are Sweet, and Delicious.

If

If you Diſlike, and Riſe to go away,
Pray do not Scoff, *and tell what I did ſay :*
But if you do, the Matter is not great,
For 'tis but Fooliſh words, *you can repeat.*

Pray do not Cenſure all you do not know,
But let my Atoms *to the* Learned *go :*
If y' Judge, *and* Underſtand *not, you may take*
For Non-ſenſe *that which* Learning Senſe *will make.*
But I may ſay, as Some *have ſaid before,*
I'm not to fetch you Wit *from* Natures Store.

TO THE
READER.

READER,

IF any do *Read this* Book *of mine, pray be not too Severe in your* Cenſures. *For firſt, I have no* Children *to imploy my* Care, *and* Attendance *on*; *Next, my* Lords Eſtate *being taken away in thoſe Times when I Writ this* Book, *I had nothing for* Houſwifery, *or thrifty* Induſtry *to Imploy my Self in*; *having no* Stock *to Work on.* For Houſwifery *is a Diſcreet* Management, *and Ordering all in* Private, *and* Houſhold Affairs, *ſeeing nothing* Spoil'd, *or* Profuſely Spent, *that every thing may have its proper* Place, *and every* Servant *his proper* Work, *and every* Work *may be done in its proper* Time; *to be* Neat, *and* Cleanly; *to have their* Houſe *quiet from all* Diſturbing Noiſe. *But* Thriftineſs *is ſomething ſtricter*; (*for good* Houſwifery *may be uſed in great* Expences) *for* Thriftineſs *ſignifies a* Saving, *or a* Getting; *as to Increaſe their* Stock, *or* Eſtate: *For*

Thrift *weighs, and meaſures out all* Expence. *It is juſt as in* Poetry: *for good* Husbandry *in* Poetry, *is, when there is great ſtore of* Fancy *well Order'd, not only in fine* Language, *but proper* Phraſes, *and ſignificant VVords. And* Thrift *in* Poetry, *is, when there is but little* Fancy, *which is not only Spun to the laſt* Thread, *but the* Thread *is drawn ſo Small, as it is ſcarce perceived. But I had nothing to Spin, or Order, ſo as I became* Idle; *I cannot ſay, in mine own* Houſe, *becauſe I had none, but what my* Mind *was Lodg'd in. Thirdly, you are deſired to ſpare your ſevere* Cenſures, *becauſe I had not ſo many Years of* Experience, *when I VVrote this* Book, *as could make me a* Garland *to* Crown *my* Head; *only I had ſo much time, as to gather a little* Poſie *to ſtick upon my* Breaſt. *Laſtly, the time I have been VVriting them, hath not been very Long, but ſince I came into* England, *being* eight Years *out, and* nine Moneths *in; and of theſe* nine Moneths, *only ſome* Hours *in the* Day, *or rather in the* Night. *For my* Reſt *being broke with* Diſcontented Thoughts, *becauſe I was from my* Lord, *and* Husband, *knowing Him to be in great* Wants, *and my Self in the ſame* Condition; *to Divert them, I ſtrove to turn the* Stream, *and ſhunning the* Muddy, *and* Foul ways *of* Vice, *I went to the* Well *of* Helicon, *and by the* Wells ſide, *I did Sit, and VVrote this* Work. *It is not* Excellent, *nor* Rare, *but* Plain; *yet it is* Harmleſs, Modeſt, *and* Honeſt. *True, you may Tax my* Indiſcretion, *being ſo* Fond *of my* Book, *as*

to

to make it as if it were my Child, and striving to shew it to the World, in hopes Some may like it, although no Beauty to Admire, yet may Praise its Behaviour, as not being Wanton, nor Rude. Wherefore I hope you will not put it out of Countenance, which it is very apt to, being of Bashfull Nature, and as ready to shed Repentant Tears, if it think it hath committed a Fault: wherefore pity its Youth, and tender Growth, and rather Tax the Parents Indiscretion, than the Child's Innocency. But my Book coming out in this Iron Age, I fear I shall find hard Hearts; yet I had rather it should find Cruelty, than Scorn, and that it should be Torn, rather than Laught at; for there is no such Regret in Nature as Contempt: but I am resolv'd to set it at all Hazards. If Fortune plays Aums Ace, I am gone; if Size Cinque, I shall win a Reputation of Fancy, and if I Lose, I lose but the Opinion of Wit: and where the Gain will be more than the Loss, who would not Venture, when there are many in the World, (which are accounted Wise) that will Venture Life, and Honour, for a petty Interest, or out of Envy, or for Revenge sake; And why should not I Venture, when nothing lies at Stake, but Wit? let it go; I shall nor cannot be much Poorer. If Fortune be my Friend, then Fame will be my Gain, which may Build me a Pyramid, a Praise to my Memory. I shall have no Cause to Fear, it will be so High as Babels Tower, to fall in the Mid-way; yet I am Sorry it doth not touch the Heaven; but my Incapacity, Fear, Awe, and

Reverence

Reverence *kept me from that* Work. *For it were too great a* Preſumption to *Venture to* Diſcourſe *of that in my* Fancy, *which is not* Deſcribeable. *For* God, *and his* Heavenly Manſions, *are to be* Admired, Wondred, *and* Aſtoniſhed *at*, *and not* Diſputed *on*.

But at all other things let *Fancy* fly,
And, like a *Towring Eagle*, mount the *Sky*;
Or like the *Sun*, ſwiftly the *World* to round,
Or like pure *Gold*, which in the *Earth* is found:
But if a Droſſie *Wit*, let't Buried be
Under the *Ruins* of all *Memory*.

The

The *Poetresses* hasty Resolution.

READing my Verses, I lik'd them so well,
Self-love *did make my* Judgement *to Rebell;*
And thinking them so Good, thought more to make,
Considering not how Others would them take.
I Writ so fast, thought, Liv'd I many a Year,
A Pyramid *of* Fame *thereon to Rear;*
Reason *observing which way I was bent,*
Did stay my Hand, and ask't me what I meant:
Will you, said He, thus waste your time in Vain,
On that which in the World small Praise shall gain?
For shame leave off, and do the Printer *spare,*
Hee'l lose by your Ill Poetry, *I fear:*
Besides, the World already hath great Store
Of useless Books, wherefore do Write no more,
But pity take, do the World a good turn,
And all you Write cast into th' Fire, and Burn.
Angry I was, and Reason *strook away,*
When I did hear, what he to me did say;
Then all in haste I to the Press *it sent,*
Fearing Perswasion *might my* Book *prevent:*
But now 'tis done, repent with Grief do I, (Cry.
Hang down my Head *with* Shame, Blush, Sigh, *and*
Take pity, *and my drooping* Spirits *raise,*
Wipe off my Tears *with* Handkerchiefs *of* Praise.

The *Poetresses* Petition.

LIke to a Feavers pulse *my* Heart *doth beat,*
For fear my Book *some great Repulse should meet:*
If it be Naught, let it in Silence lye,
Disturb it not, let it in quiet Dye; *Let*

Let not the Bells *of your* Diſpraiſe Ring *loud*,
But wrap it up in Silence *as a* Shrowd;
Cauſe Black Oblivion *on its* Hearſe *to lye*,
Inſtead of Tapers, *let Dark night ſtand by*:
Inſtead of Flowers, *on its Grave to ſtrow*,
Before its Hearſe, Sleepy, dull Poppy *throw*;
Inſtead of Scutcheons, *let my* Tears *be hung*,
Which Grief *and* Sorrow *from my Eyes out wrung*:
Let thoſe that bear its Corps, *no* Jeſters *be*,
But Sober, Sad, *and* Grave Mortality:
No Satyr Poets *by its* Grave *appear*,
No Altars *rais'd, to write* Inſcriptions *there*:
Let Duſt of all Forgetfulneſs *be Caſt*
Upon its Corps, *there let it lye and waſte*:
Nor let it Riſe again, unleſs ſome know,
At Judgements *ſome good* Merits *it can ſhow*;
Then ſhall it Live in Heavens *of high* Praiſe,
And for its Glory, Garlands *have of* Bays.

An Apology for Writing ſo much upon this Book.

COndemn me not, I make ſo much ado
About this Book, *it is my* Child, *you know*;
Juſt like a Bird, *when her* Young *are in Neſt*,
Goes in, and out, and hops, and takes no Reſt;
But when their Young *are Fledg'd, their Heads out* (*peep*,
Lord! what a Chirping does the Old *one keep*:
So I, for Fear, my Strengthleſs Child *ſhould fall*
Againſt a Door, or Stool, *aloud I call*,
Bid have a Care of ſuch a Dangerous place:
Thus Write I much, to hinder all Diſgrace.

POEMS.

PART I.

Nature calls a Council, which is Motion, Figure, Matter, *and* Life, *to adviſe about making the World.*

WHen *Nature* firſt the World's Foundation laid
She call'd a Council how it might be made;
Motion was firſt, which had a ſubtile Wit,
And then came *Life*, and *Form*, and *Matter* fit.
Nature began: My friends, if we agree,
We can and may do a fine Work, ſaid ſhe,
And make ſome things which us may Worſhip give,
Whereas now we but to our ſelves do Live.
Beſides, it is my Nature things to make,
To give out Work, but you Directions take;
Wherefore, if you will pleaſure have therein,
You'l breed the *Fates* in Huſwifry to Spin,
And make ſtrong *Deſtiny* to take the pains,
Leſt ſhe ſhould Idle grow, to link ſome Chains;
Inconſtancy and *Fortune* turn a Wheel,
Since both are wanton, cannot ſtand, but reel;

And as for *Moiſture*, let it *VVater* give,
VVhich *Heat* ſuck up, to make things grow and live,
And let ſharp *Cold* ſtay things that run about,
And *Drought* ſtop holes, to keep the water out;
Vacuum and *Darkneſs* they will Domineer,
If *Motion*'s power make no *Light* appear;
VVherefore produce a *Light*, the World to ſee
My only *Child* from all Eternity,
Beauty my Love, my Joy, and Dear delight,
Elſe *Darkneſs* rude will cover her with ſpight.
Alas, ſaid *Motion*, all the pains I take
VVill do no good, a *Brain* muſt *Matter* make,
And *Figure* draw a Circle round and ſmall,
VVhere in the midſt muſt ſtand a *Glaſſy Ball*,
VVithout *Convex*, but inwardly *Concave*,
And in its middle a round ſmall Hole muſt have,
That *Species* may thorow paſs, and *Life*
May view all things as through a *Proſpective*.
Alas, ſaid *Life*, what ever we do make,
Death, my great Enemy, will from us take,
And who can hinder his ſo mighty Power?
He with his Cruelty will all devour,
And *Time* his *Agent* bring all to decay,
Thus neither *Death*, nor *Time* will you Obey;
He cares for none of your Commands, nor will
Obey your Laws, but doth, what he likes ſtill;
He knows his Power farr exceedeth Ours,
For whatſoe're we make he ſoon devours;
Let me adviſe you, ne're to take ſuch pains
A *World* to make, ſince *Death* hath all the gains.
Figure's Opinion did agree with *Life*,
For *Death*, ſaid ſhe, will fill the VVorld with ſtrife;

VVhat

VVhat *Form* ſoever I do turn into,
Death finds me out, that *Form* he doth undo.
Then *Motion* ſpake, None hath ſuch Cauſe, as I,
For to complain; for *Death* makes *Motion* Dye.
'Tis beſt to let alone this work, I think,
Says *Matter*, *Death* corrupts and makes me ſtink.
Says *Nature*, I am of another mind,
If we let *Death* alone, we ſoon ſhall find,
He warrs will make, and raiſe a mighty power,
If we divert him not, may us devour;
He is ambitious, will in triumph ſtand,
Envy my works he will, my ſtate Command;
And *Fates*, though they upon great *Life* attend,
Yet fear they *Death*, and dare him not offend;
Though *two* be true, and Spin as *Life* them bids,
The *third* is falſe, and doth cut ſhort the threads.
Let us agree, for fear we ſhould do worſe,
And make ſome work for to imploy his force.
Then all roſe up, We do ſubmit, ſaid they,
And *Nature*'s will in every thing Obey.
First, *Matter*, ſhe Materials in did bring,
And *Motion* cut and carv'd out every thing;
And *Figure* ſhe did draw the forms and plots,
And *Life* divided all out into Lots;
And *Nature* ſhe ſurvey'd, directed all,
And with *four Elements* built the *World*'s *Ball*:
The ſolid *Earth*, ſhe as the *Ground-work* laid,
The *Waters* round about as *Walls* were made,
VVhere every drop lay cloſe, as Stone or Brick,
VVhoſe moiſture like to Mortar made them ſtick.
Air as the *Seeling*, did keep cloſe each thing,
Leſt ſome *Materials* out of place might ſpring,

And preſſed down the *Seas*, leſt they ſhould riſe,
And overflow the *Earth*, and drown the *Skies*:
For as a Roof is laid upon a Wall,
To keep it Steddy, that no ſide may fall,
So *Nature* in that place *Air* wiſely ſtaid,
And *Fire* like *Tile* or *Slate* the higheſt laid,
To keep out Rain or Wet, elſe it would rot,
And would the VVorld corrupt, if *Fire* were not.
The *Planets* like as *Weather-fans* turn round,
The *Sun* a *Dial* in the midſt is found,
Where he doth *Time* within ſtrict bounds confine,
And meaſures all, though round, by even Line.
But when the *Earth* was made, and Seed was ſown,
Plants on the Earth, and *Minerals* were grown,
Then *Creatures* made, which *Motion* did give
Yet *Reaſon* none to have *Intelligence*. (*Senſe*,
But *Nature* found, when ſhe to make *Man* came,
It was more difficult, than Worlds to frame;
For ſhe did ſtrive to make him long to laſt,
And ſo into *Eternity* him caſt,
VVho in no other place could be kept long,
But in *Eternity* that Caſtle ſtrong;
There, ſhe was ſure that *Death* would be kept out,
Although he is a VVarriour ſtrong and ſtout.
Man ſhe would make, but not like other kind,
Though not in *Body*, like a *God* in *Mind*.
Then ſhe did call her Council once again,
Told them, the greateſt work did yet remain:
For how can we Create our ſelves? ſaid ſhe,
Yet *Man* we muſt make like our ſelves to be,
Or elſe he never can eſcape *Death*'s ſnare;
To make this Work, requires both skill and care;

Where-

Wherefore I'l mix his *Mind*, as I think fit,
With *Knowledge*, *Underſtanding*, and with *Wit*;
And, *Motion*, you your *Servants* muſt imploy,
Which *Paſſions* are, to wait ſtill in the Eye,
To dreſs, and cloath this Mind in Faſhions new,
Which none knows better how to do than you,
That though his *Body* Dye, the *Mind* may Live;
And a *Free-will* we muſt unto it give;
But, *Matter*, you from *Figure* form muſt take,
And *Man* from other Creatures different make,
For he ſhall upright go, the reſt ſhall not;
And, *Motion*, you in him muſt tye a Knot
Of ſeveral Motions, there to meet in one,
Thus *Man* like to himſelf ſhall be alone.
You, *Life*, command the *Fates* a thread to Spin,
From which ſmall thread the Body ſhall begin,
And while the thread doth laſt, not cut in twain,
The Body ſhall in Motion ſtill remain;
But when the thread is broke, he down ſhall fall,
And for a time no Motion have at all:
But yet the *Mind* ſhall Live and never Dye,
Wee'l raiſe the *Body* too for Company;
Thus like our ſelves, we may make things to Live
Eternally, but no Paſt times can give.

Death's *endeavour to hinder and obſtruct* Nature.

WHen *Death* did hear what *Nature* did intend,
To hinder her, he all his Force did bend;
But finding all his Forces were too weak,
He always ſtrives the *Thread* of *Life* to break,

And

And ſeeks to fill the *Mind* with black deſpair,
Lets it not reſt in peace, nor free from care;
And ſince he cannot make it Dye, he will
Send Grief and Sorrow to torment it ſtill:
With grievous pains the *Body* he diſpleaſes,
And binds it hard with Chains of ſtrong Diſeaſes.
His Servants, *Sloth* and *Sleep*, he doth imploy,
To get half of the time before they Dye:
But *Sleep*, a friend to *Life*, oft diſobeys
His *Maſters* will, and ſoftly down *her* lays
Upon *her* weary Limbs, like Birds in Neſt,
And gently locks *her* Senſes up in reſt.

A VVorld *made by* Atomes.

SMall *Atomes* of themſelves a *World* may make,
For being ſubtile, every Shape they take;
And as they dance about, they places find,
Of *Forms*, that beſt agree, make every Kind.
For when we Build an Houſe of Brick or Stone,
VVe lay them even, every one by one,
And when we find a Gap that's big, or ſmall,
VVe ſeek out Stones to fit that place withall;
For when as they too big, or little be,
They fall away, and cannot ſtay, we ſee;
So *Atomes*, as they dance, find places fit,
And there remaining cloſe and faſt will knit.
Thoſe, which not fit, the reſt, that rove about,
Do never leave, untill they thruſt them out;
Thus by their *Forms* and *Motions* they will be,
Like work-men, which amongſt themſelves agree;
And ſo by chance may a new *World* create,
Or elſe predeſtinate may work by *Fate*.

Of

Of the four Principal *ſorts of* Atomes.

Atomes by Sympathy are fixed ſo,
As paſt ſome *Principles* they do not go,
Which *Principles*, if you in every kind
Of all their works do count, you few will find;
For when they do diſſolve new *Forms* to make,
They ſtill to their firſt *Principles* do take:
All *Creatures* howſoe're they may be nam'd,
Are of *Long*, *ſquare*, *flat*, or *ſharp Atomes* fram'd.

Of the Sympathy *of theſe four* Principal Figur'd Atomes.

IN every Figure [a] is ſuch *Sympathy*,
As it makes every ſort together fly;
As for example, *Earth*, *Air*, *Water*, *Fire*,
Which make each *Element* to be intire;
Not, but *Looſe Atomes* ſtray like *Sheep* about,
And go to ſeveral places in and out,
And ſome, as *Sheep* and *Goats* do joyn together,
And when they mix, 'tis ſeveral change of weather;
But *Motion* as their *Shepheard* drives them ſo,
As not to let them out of Order go.

[a] *Long, Round, Sharp, and Flat.*

The four Principal Figur'd Atomes *make the four* Elements.

THe *Square flat Atomes* as dull *Earth* appear,
The *Atomes round* do make the *Water* clear;

The

The *Long ſtreight Atomes* like as Arrows fly,
Mount next the *Sharp*, and make the *Airy Skie*;
The *Sharpeſt Atomes* into *Fire* do turn,
And by their peircing quality do burn:
That *Figure* makes them *Active*, *active Light*,
VVhich makes them get above the reſt in flight;
And by this *Figure* they ſtick faſt, and draw
Up other *Atomes* which are *Round* and *Raw*.
But *Water* is round drops, though ne're ſo ſmall,
VVhich ſhews its *Figure* to be *Sphærical*;
That *Figure* makes it *Spungy*, *ſpungy Wet*,
And being hollow, ſoftneſs doth beget,
And being ſoft, it makes it run about;
More ſolid *Atomes* thruſt it in or out;
But *ſharper Atomes* force it cannot ſhun,
For Cold doth nip it, and Heat makes it run.
Flat *Atomes*, they are heavy, dull, and ſlow,
And ſinking downwards to the bottom go:
Theſe Figur'd *Atomes* are not *Active*, *Light*,
Whereas the *Long* are like the *Sharp* in flight;
For as the *Sharp* do pierce, and get on high,
So do the *Long* ſhoot ſtreight and evenly.
The *Round* are next the *Flat*, the *Long* next *Round*,
Thoſe which are *Sharp* are ſtill the higheſt found;
The *Flat* turn all to *Earth*, and lye moſt low,
The *Round* to *Water* clear, and Liquid flow;
The *Long* to *Air*, from whence the Clouds do grow,
The *Sharp* to *Fire* do turn, which hot doth glow.
Thus theſe *four Figures* th' *Elements* do make,
And as their *Figures* do incline, they take,
For they are perfect in themſelves alone,
Not taking any Shape, but what's their own;

And

And whatſoever *Form* is elſewhere found,
Muſt take from *Long*, or *Square*, or *Sharp*, or *Round*:
For thoſe that are like to *Triangles* cut,
Part of three *Figures* in one *Form* is put;
And thoſe that bow, and bend like to a Bow,
Like to the *Round* and joyned *Atomes* ſhew;
In thoſe that *Branch'd*, or thoſe which *Crooked* be,
You may the *Long* and both *ſharp Figures* ſee.
Thus ſeveral *Figures* ſeveral *Tempers* make,
But what is *Mixt* doth of the *Four* partake.

Of Aiery Atomes.

Long Atomes, which the ſtreaming *Air* do make,
Are *Hollow*, *Air* from them doth ſoftneſs take;
This makes that *Air* and *Water* near agree,
Becauſe in Hollowneſs alike they be.
We *Aiery Atomes* to a *Pipe* compare,
And *Watery Atomes round* like *Cymbals* are;
Although the one is *Long*, and th' other *Round*,
Yet in the midſt a *Hollowneſs* is found;
This makes us think that *VVater* turns to *Air*,
And *Air* runs often into *VVater* fair;
And like two Twins they are miſtaken oft,
Becauſe their *Hollowneſs* makes both them ſoft.

Of Air.

THe reaſon, why *Air* is ſo equal ſpread,
Is *Atomes long*, at each end ballanced:
For being *Long*, their ends alike withall,
Make th' *Air* as *VVeights* into juſt Meaſures fall;
And let it move, joyn to what *Form* it will,
Yet lies in every Line that *Figure* ſtill:

For *Atomes long*, their *Forms* as thread are ſpun,
And like a *Cobweb* interwoven run ;
And thus *Air* being thin, ſo ſubtile grows,
That into every empty place it goes.

Of Earth.

WHy's *Earth* not apt to move, but ſlow and (dull?
Flat Atomes have no *Vacuum*, but are full;
That *Form* admits no empty place to bide,
All parts are fill'd, having no hollow ſide [a] ;
And where no *Vacuum* is, there's *Motion* ſlow,
Having no empty places for to go.
Though *Atomes* all are ſmall, as ſmall may be,
Yet by their *Forms* doth *Motion* diſagree:
For *Atomes ſharp* [b] do make themſelves a *Way*,
Cutting through other *Atomes* as they ſtray ;
But *Atomes flat* will dull and lazy lye,
Having no *Edge* nor *Point* a *way* to try.

[a] *As Round and Long* Atomes *have.* [b] *The numbers of* Sharp Atomes *do peirce and make way through greater numbers of other* Atomes, *as for example a* Spark *of* Fire *will kindle and burn up a Houſe.*

The weight of Atomes.

THough *Atomes* are as ſmall, as ſmall can be,
Yet they in *Bulk* of *Matter* all agree ;
And if this *Bulk* be right, each *Atome* muſt
Be needs of ſuch a *Weight* that's like and juſt :
Thus *Quantity*, *Weight*, *Quality*, do all
Together meet in every *Atome* ſmall.

The Bigneſs *of* Atomes.

I Mean by *Atomes* ſmall, as ſmall can be,
They do in *Quantity*, *Weight*, *Quality* agree,
Not in their outward *Figure*: for ſome may
Shew *Bigger*, and ſome others *Leſs* than they;
Take *Water* fluid and *Ice*, and you will ſee,
They do in *Weight* but not in *Bulk* agree.
So *Atomes* ſome are ſoft, others more knit,
According as each *Atome*'s *Figure*'s fit;
Atomes whoſe *Form* is *Hollow*, *Long*, and *Round*,
Bend more than *Flat*, or *Sharp*, wch cloſe are bound,
And being *Hollow*, they are ſpread more thin
Than other *Atomes*, which are cloſe within;
And *Atomes* which are thin, are ſofter much,
When *Atomes* cloſe are of an harder touch.

Of Looſe Atomes.

IN every *Brain* there do Looſe *Atomes* lye,
Thoſe which are *ſharp*, from them do *Fancies* fly;
Long Aiery Atomes nimble are and free,
But *Round* and *Square* ones dull and ſleepy be.

Change *is made by ſeveral* Figur'd Atomes, *and* Motion.

IF all the *Atomes* of one *Matter* be,
As *Fire*, *Air*, *VVater*, *Earth*, and theſe agree,
Then muſt their ſeveral *Figures* make all *Change*
By *Motion*'s help, which orders, as they range.

Of Sharp Atomes.

Motion the *Sharpeſt Atomes* doth mount high,
And like to *Arrows ſwift*, doth make them fly,
And being *Sharp* and *Swift*, ſo deep they fall,
As they paſs through all thoſe they meet withall;
By their ſwift *Motion* to bright *Fire* they turn,
And being *Sharp*, they peirce, which we call *Burn*.

Of Atomes *that make* Flame.

THoſe *Atomes* wch are *Long*, *ſharp* at each end, [a]
Stream forth like *Air*, in *Flame*, w^ch^ *Light* doth ſend;
For *Flame* doth ſhew as if it fluid were,
Which ſhews part of that *Figure* is like *Air*:
Thus *Flame* is joyn'd, two *Figures* into one;
But *Fire* without a *Flame* is *Sharp* alone.

[a] *Theſe* Atomes *are half* Aiery Atomes, *and half* Fiery.

Of Fire *and* Flame.

ALthough we at a diſtance ſtand, if great
A *Fire* there be, the *Body* through will heat,
Yet thoſe *Sharp Atomes* we do not perceive,
How they fly out, nor how they to us cleave;
Neither do flame, nor ſhine, they clear and bright,
When they fly out, and on our Bodies light;
The reaſon is, they looſe and ſcatter'd fly,
And not in Troups, nor do they on heaps lye.
Like ſmall duſt rais'd, and ſcatter'd all about,
We ſee it not, nor doth it *Light* keep out;
But gather'd up thick to a Mountain high,
We then ſee, they in ſolid *Earth* do lye:

Juſt

Juſt ſo do *Atomes ſharp* look clear and bright,
When heaped up, or in a ſtreaming flight.

Of Fire *in the* Flint.

THe reaſon, *Fire* doth lye in *Flint* unſeen,
Is, other *Figur'd Atomes* ſtick between:
For being bound, and over-power'd by
A *Multitude*, they do in Priſon lye;
Unleſs *Motion* do come, and ſet them out,
With a ſtrong power, and then they fly about.
But if that *Flint* be beat to Powder ſmall,
The *Groſſeſt* to divide, releas'd are all;
And when they once are out, they ne're come back,
But ſeek about another *Form* to make.

VVhat Atomes *make* Fire *Burn, and what* Flame.

VVHat makes a *Spark* of *Fire* to burn more (quick
Than a great *Flame*? becauſe 'tis ſmall to (ſtick;
For *Fire* it ſelf is in its nature dry,
Falls into parts, as crowds of *Atomes* lye.
The *Sharpeſt Atomes* keep the Body hot,
To give out *Heat* ſome *Atomes* forth are ſhot.
Sometimes the *Sparks* for anger fly about,
Or want of room do thruſt the *VVeakeſt* out,
They are ſo *Sharp*, that what they meet devour, [a]
If other *Atomes* them not over-power:
As *Ants*, though ſmall, will eat up a dead Horſe,
So *Atomes ſharp* uſe Bodies of leſs force;

[a] *This is, when ſome* Atomes *over-power others by their* Numbers; *for they cannot change their* Forms.

And

And being *Sharp*, grow ſharper by degrees,
As *Stings* in *Flies* are not ſo ſharp as *Bees*;
And when they meet a *Body*, *ſolid*, *flat*,
The *Weakeſt* fly, the *Sharpeſt* work on that.
Thoſe that are not ſo *Sharp* do fly about,
And ſeek to eat ſome lighter matter out,
Thus *lighter* ℭ*Atomes Air* do turn to *Flame*,
Becauſe more Thin and Porous is the ſame;
And being light and weak faſt hold to take,
Hotter a *Burning Coal* than *Flame* do make.
The *Sharpeſt* into *Firmeſt Bodies* fly,
But if their *Strength* be *ſmall*, they quickly Dye:
Or if their *Number* be not great, but *ſmall*,
The *Blunter* ℭ*Atomes* beat and quench out all.

Of a Spark *of* Fire.

A *Spark* of *Fire*, 'tis like a [a] *Mouſe* doth eat
Into a *Cheeſe*, although both hard and great:
For *Sparks* of *Fire*, although they be but ſmall,
Yet where thoſe *Points* take hold, they peirce (through all.

[a] *The* Sharp Atomes *are like the* Teeth *of* Mice.

Of a Burning Coal.

THe cauſe, a *Coal* doth ſet an Houſe on *Fire*,
Is, ℭ*Atomes ſharp* are in that *Coal* entire,
Which being arm'd with *Points* quite thorow go,
And thoſe *flat* ℭ*Atomes* with their [b] *Forms* undo;
And ℭ*Atomes ſharp*, whoſe *Form* is made for *flight*,
If *Looſe*, do run [c] to help the reſt in fight:

[b] *Not the* Form *of the* Atomes, *but the* Form *of what they* Settle *on.* [c] *Stragling* looſe Atomes, *which we perceive not, do run to thoſe which are* united *in the* Coal.

Like

Like unto *Souldiers*, which are of one ſide,
Seeing their *Friends ingag'd*, to *reſcue* Ride;
But *Atomes flat*, where *Motion* is but *ſlow*,
They cannot *Fight*, but ſtrait to *Aſhes* go.

Of Aſhes.

Burnt wood is like unto an *Armies* rout [a],
Their *Forms* undone, lye ſcatter'd all about;
When *Atomes ſharp* unbind the *Flat*, then all
Thoſe *Looſe flat Atomes* we do *Aſhes* call [b].

[a] Wood *is made moſt of* flat Atomes. [b] *For ſeveral* Forms *are according to the Compoſure of* Atomes, *which* Forms *are undone ſtill by the Strongeſt party.*

The Power *of* Fire.

Like as a *Bee* or *Waſp* hurts with her *ſting*,
So *Fire* hath ſtrength and power on every thing;
For all it meets, it doth faſt to it ſtick,
Bee't ne're ſo *cloſe*, *hard*, *ſolid*, *ſtrong* and *thick*,
All things it doth *diſſolve*, or *bow*, or *break*,
Keeping its *ſtrength* by making others *weak*.

Of Burning, *why it cauſes* Pain.

THe reaſon, why *Fire burns*, and burning *ſmarts*,
Is, that it hath ſo many little *parts*, (fierce,
Which *parts* are *Atomes ſharp*, and wound more
If they ſo far into our *Skins* do peirce;
And, like a *Porcupine*, do ſhoot about
Their *fiery Quils*, if nothing quench them out.
Their *Figure* makes their *Motion* nimble & quick,
And being *Sharp*, they do like *Needles* prick;

If

If they do peirce too deep [a], our Fleſh will ake,
If they but touch the Skin [b], we pleaſure take;
That kind of *Pain* we do a *Burning* call.
Theſe *Atomes numerous* are, and very *ſmall*,
And make from *Needles points* a different touch,
Which *Points* are *groſs*, and *numbers* not ſo much,
And cannot lye ſo *cloſe*, nor ſpread ſo *thin*,
All at one time to enter through our *Skin*.

[a] *When it* Burns. [b] *When it* Warms.

The Increaſing, *and* Decreaſing *of* Viſible Fire.

Fire being kindled, firſt appears but ſmall,
But growing ſtrong, it waſts and burns up all;
Juſt like a *Crow*, that on a dead *Horſe* lights,
When other *Crows* perceive it in their flights,
They ſtrait invite themſelves unto that *Feaſt*,
And ſo from one to *Numbers* are increaſt:
So *Atomes ſharp* which ſingly fly about,
Joyn with the *reſt* to eat the *Fuel* out;
And as the *Fuel* doth *increaſe*, ſo *they*,
And as it *waſts*, ſo *they* do fly away.

When there is no Subſtance *left for* Sharp Atomes *to work upon, they diſperſe, for they ſeek to undo the* Compoſure *of all other* Atomes.

Fire *compared to* Stings.

NOthing is ſo like *Fire* as a *Flies ſting*,
If we compare th' *Effect*, which *both* do bring:
For *Flies*, when they do *ſting*, no blood they draw,
But *Bliſters raiſe*, and make the *Fleſh* all raw;
Were there as many *Stings*, as *points* in *Fire*,
They would *conſume* each *Body*, that's *entire*;

Thus

Thus we find *Flies* do carry every where
Fire in their *Tails*, yet do their *Breech* not fear.

Flame *compared to the* Tide *of the* Sea.

Like as the *Tide*, ſo *Flame* doth *ebb* and *flow*:
For it will *ſink*, and then ſtrait *higher grow*;
And if *ſuppreſt*, it in a Rage *breaks out*,
Spreading it ſelf in ſeveral parts about.
Some think *Salt* is the cauſe the *Sea* doth move;
If ſo, then *Salt* in *Flame* the like may prove;
And if it be that *Salt* all *Motions* makes,
Then *Life*, the chief, from *Salt* its *Motion* takes.

Of Quenching *out* Fire.

IT is not *Atomes round* [a] their *Number* great;
That put out *Fire*, quenching both *light* and *heat*,
But being *Wet*, they *looſen* and *unbind*
Thoſe *ſharp dry Atomes*, which together joyn'd;
For when they are diſpers'd, their *power* is ſmall,
Nor give they *Light* nor *Heat*, if ſingle all.
Beſides, theſe *Atomes ſharp* will ſmother'd be,
Having no *Vent*, nor yet *Vacuity*:
For *Fire* if in a place it doth lye cloſe,
Having no *vent*, but *ſtop'd*, ſtrait out it goes.
There is no better *Argument* to prove
A *Vacuum*, than to ſee how *Fire* doth move;
For if *Fire* ſhould not have the *Liberty*
To run about, how quickly would it *Dye*?

[a] Round Atomes *are* Water, Sharp *are* Fire.

The Quenching *out, and* Smothering *of* Heat *and* Light, *doth not change the* Propriety *nor* Shape *of* ſharp Atomes.

'TIs not, that *Atomes ſharp* have altered (fled [a],
Their *Form*, when *Fire*'s put out, but *Motion*'s
Which being gone, *ſharp Atomes* cannot prick,
Having no force in any thing to ſtick:
For as the *Sun*, if *Motion* mov'd it not,
Would neither *Shine*, nor be to us ſo *Hot*;
Juſt ſo, when *Creatures* dye, their *Form*'s not gone [b],
But *Motion* which gave *Life*, away is flown:
For *Animal Spirits*, which we *Life* [c] do call,
Are only of the *ſharpeſt Atomes* ſmall.
Thus *Life* is *Atomes ſharp*, which we call *Fire*,
When *thoſe* are *ſtopt* [d] or *quench'd*, *Life* doth expire.

[a] *By* Fled *is meant*, Motion *ceaſes*. [b] *Their* Form *doth not diſſolve juſt at their* Death. [c] Life *is ſuch kind of* Motion, *as* ſharp Atomes. [d] *That is, when they are ſeparated, or their* Motion *ſtopt*. NB. *Although every* Figure *hath proper* Motions *belonging to their* Shape, *yet they do not Move always alike, for they have one kind of* Motion *ſingly, and another kind when they are united, but when they are mixt with other* Figures, *their* Motion *is according to their ſeveral mixtures*.

The reaſon Water *quenches* Fire.

THe reaſon, *Fire* by *Water* is quench'd out,
Is, that *Round Atomes* do put to a rout [a]
The *Sharp*; for when a *Houſe* on *Fire* is ſet,
Then *Atomes ſharp* are in great *Armies* met,
Where they themſelves range into *ranks* and *files*,
And ſtrive always to *havock* and make *ſpoils*,
Running about as nimble as may be,
From ſide to ſide, as in great *Fires* we ſee;

[a] *That is, ſeparate the* ſharp Atomes.

But

But *Atomes round*, leſt *Sharp* ſhould more increaſe,
Do like a *reſcue* come [a], and make them ceaſe;
For being *ſeparate* they have no force;
Like to a *Troop* or *Regiment* of *Horſe*,
Which, when great *Canon-bullets* are ſhot through,
They *diſunite*, and quite their ſtrength undo;
So *Water* that is thrown on *flaming Fire*,
Doth *ſeparate* and make that ſtrength expire.

[a] *When Water is thrown on Fire.*

Of the Sound *of* Water, Air, *and* Flame.

WHen *Crowds* of *Atomes* meet, not joyned (cloſe,
By *Motion* quick they give each other
So *Atomes hollow* which are *long* and *round*, (*blows* [a];
When they do ſtrike, do make the greateſt *Sound*;
Not that there's any thing that moves therein,
To make *Rebounds*, but that their *Form*'s more
For being *thin*, they larger are and wide, (*thin* [b];
Which makes them apt to ſtrike each others ſide.
In larger *Bulks encounters* are more *fierce*,
When they do ſtrike, though not ſo quick to peirce:
This is the reaſon, *Water*, *Air*, and *Flame*,
Do make moſt noiſe when *Motions* move the ſame;
For *Atomes looſe* are like to *People rude*,
And make great *Noiſe*, when in a *Multitude*.

[a] *The encounters of Bodies make all Sound.* [b] Long *and* Round Atomes *are more* Thin, *than* Flat, *or* Sharp, *by reaſon they are more* Hollow, *and their* Hollowneſs *makes their* Bulk bigger, *though not their* Weight heavier.

The Agility *of* Water.

WAter is apt to move, ſince *round* like *Balls*,
Not *points* it hath, but trundles as it falls;
This makes the *Sea*, when like to *Mountains* high
The *Waves* do riſe, it cannot ſteddy lye,
But falls again into a *Liquid plain*,
When *Winds* diſturb it not, there to remain:
Thus *watery Balls* [a] they are not intermixt,
But ſtick ſo cloſe, as nothing is betwixt.

[a] *That is, the* Drops, *which joyn cloſe and even.*

The reaſon *of the* Roaring *of the* Sea.

ALl *waters Sphærical*, when *Tides* do flow,
Beat all thoſe *Sphærical drops* as they go;
So *Winds* do ſtrike thoſe *Watery drops* together,
Which we at *Sea* do call *Tempeſtuous weather*;
And being *Sphærical* and *Cymbal* like,
They make a *Sound* when each 'gainſt other ſtrike.

What is Liquid.

ALl that doth *Flow*, we cannot *Liquid* name,
Or elſe would *Fire* and *Water* be the ſame;
But that is *Liquid* which is *moiſt* and *wet*;
Fire that propriety can never get:
Then 'tis not *Cold* that doth the *Fire* put out,
But 'tis the *Wet*, that makes it dye, no doubt.

Of Fire *and* Moiſture.

IF *Hay* be not quite *dry*, but ſtack'd up *wet*,
That *Moiſture* will in time a *Fire* beget;

This

This gives a proof that *Fire* from *Moiſture* grows,
But we have none, that from *Fire Moiſture* flows ;
Beſides it ſhews *Fire* in it ſelf is free,
No other *Element* in it can be :
For *Fire* is *pure*, and ſtill doth keep the ſame ;
Where oyly Moiſture's not, no *Fire* can flame.

Air *begot by* Heat *and* Moiſture.

WHen *Heat* & *Moiſture* joyn with equal merit,
They get a Body thin of *Air* or *Spirit*,
Which is a *Smoak* or *Steam* begot from *both* ;
If *Mother Moiſture* rule, 'tis full of *ſloth* ;
But if the *Father Fire* predominates,
Then it is *active*, *quick*, and Elevates :
This *Aiery Child* is ſometimes *good*, or *bad*,
According to the *Nouriſhment* it had.

The Temper *of the* Earth.

THe *Earth*, we find, is very *cold* and *dry*,
And muſt therefore have *Fire* and *VVater* nigh,
To *waſh* and *bathe*, then *dry* her ſelf without,
Elſe ſhe would uſeleſs be without all doubt.

VVhat Atomes *make* Vegetables, Minerals, *and* Animals.

THe *Branched Atomes* form each *planted* thing,
The *hooked points* pull out & make them ſpring ;
Sharp Atomes do give *heat*, the *Round* give *juice*,
And *theſe* do *Flowers*, *Herbs*, and *Fruits* produce.
Thoſe that are *Square* and *Flat*, not rough withall,
Make thoſe which *Stone* and *Minerals* we call ;

But

But in all *Stones* and *Minerals* (no doubt)
Sharp points do lye, which *Fiery ſparks* ſtrike out.
Thus *Vegetables* and *Minerals* do grow,
According as the *ſeveral Atomes* go.
In *Animals* all *Figures* do agree,
But in *Mankind* the *beſt* of *Atomes* be. (*frame*
And thus for ought we know, the *World*'s whole
May laſt unto *Eternity* the ſame.

What Atomes *make* Life.

THe *pointed Atomes* they to *Life* do tend,
Whether *all* pointed or but at one *end*,
Or whether they be ſet *round* like a *Ring*,
Or whether *long*, and roul'd as on a *String*; (give,
Thoſe which are *pointed*, *ſtreight*, *quick Motion*
But thoſe that *bow* and *bend*, more *dull* do Live;
Wherefore according as *ſharp Atomes* be,
You will *Life* either *dull* or *merry* ſee:
And thus the only *Cauſe* why things do *Dye*
Or *Live*, is as the mixed *Atomes* lye.

What Atomes *make* Death.

Life is like as a *Fire*, that burns full hot,
But when *round*, *wat'ry Atomes* power have got
On it, then do they *quench Life*'s *Atomes* out,
Blunting their *Points*, and kill their Courage ſtout.
Thus they ſometimes thruſt out each other quite,
When equal mixt, do quietly unite;
The only *cauſe* why things do *live* and *dye*,
'S according as the *mixed Atomes* lye.

VVhat

What Atomes *cauſe* Sickneſs.

WHen *ſick* the *Body* is, and *well* by fits,
Atomes do *fight*, but none the better gets;
If they *agree*, then *Health* returns again,
And laſts as long as they in *Peace* remain.

What Atomes *make a* Dropſie.

WHen *Atomes round* do joyn into one *Ball*,
Then they ſwell high and grow *Hydropical*;
And joyning thus, they do ſo powerfull grow,
As they all other *Atomes* overflow.

What Atomes *make a* Conſumption.

SHarp *Atomes* when they meet, do get ſuch Heat,
Power, and Strength, as they all *others* beat;
And being hot, become ſo very dry,
Drink up *Life*'s *Moiſture* and make *Motion* dye.

What Atomes *make the* Wind-colick.

LOng *Aiery Atomes* when they are combin'd,
Do ſpread themſelves abroad and cauſe a *Wind*,
Making a *length* and *breadth* that extends ſo,
As all the reſt can neither ſtir nor go;
Which ſince they cannot in their places lye,
As preſs'd too hard, *Man* in great pain doth *Dye*.

What Atomes *make a* Palſie, *or* Apoplexie.

WHen *dull flat Atomes* do together joyn,
And with each other in a heap combine,
This *Body thick* doth ſtop all paſſage ſo,
Keeps *Motion* out, and makes the *Body* grow
Numb'd,

Numb'd; for *ſharp Atomes* in which *heat* doth live,
Being *cloſe* and ſmother'd up no *heat* can give;
But if theſe *Atomes flat* meet in the *Brain*,
The *Spirits* are choak'd, and can no *heat* obtain.

In all other Diſeaſes Atomes *are mixed, taking* Parts *and* Factions.

IN all other *Diſeaſes* they are mix'd,
And not in one united *Body* fix'd,
But do in *Factions* part, and when they riſe,
Striving to beat each other out, *Man* dyes.

All things are Govern'd by Atomes.

THus *Life* and *Death*, and *Young* and *Old*,
Are, as the ſeveral *Atomes* hold;
Wit, *Underſtanding* in the *Brain*,
Are, as the ſeveral *Atomes* reign;
And *Diſpoſition* good, or ill,
Are as the ſeveral *Atomes* ſtill;
And every *Paſſion* which doth riſe,
Is, as each ſort of *Atomes* lies:
Thus *Sickneſs*, *Health*, and *Peace* and *Warr*,
Are, as the ſeveral *Atomes* are.

A Warr *betwixt* Atomes.

SOme Factious *Atomes* 'mongſt themſelves combine,
And ſtrive ſome formed Body to disjoyn;
Round Atomes do beat out the *Sharp*; the *long*
With *flat Atomes* do Fight; thus all go wrong.
Thoſe which make *Motion General* in their Warr,
By *his Directions* much ſtronger are.

Atomes

Atomes *and* Motion *fall out.*

WHen *Motion* and all *Atomes* diſagree,
Thunder i' th' *Air*, and *Sickneſs* in *Men* be;
Earth-quakes & *Winds*, which make diſorder great,
Are, when as *Motion* doth all *Atomes* beat;
And they great Noiſe in this confuſion make,
For *Motion* lets them not their places take:
Like frighted *Flocks* that do together keep,
Which *Motion* worries, as a *Woolf* doth *Sheep.*

An agreement of ſome Kind of Motion *with ſome Kind of* Atomes.

SOme *Motion* with ſome *Atomes* doth agree,
Fitting them to their place, juſt as may be,
Where they by *Motion*'s help ſo ſtrong do grow,
As it ſhall hardly them again undo:
Motion's Inconſtancy oft gives ſuch power
To *Atomes*, as they may it ſelf devour.

Motion *directs while* Atomes *Dance.*

ATomes will in juſt Meaſures dance, and joyn
All one by one in a round Circle line,
Run in and out, as we do dance the Hay,
Croſſing about, yet keep juſt time and way,
Whilſt *Motion* doth direct; and thus they dance,
And meet all by conſent, not by meer chance:
This *Conſort*'s *Health*, which *Life* depends upon,
But when 'tis out, 'tis Death; So Dancing's done.

The difference of Atomes *and* Motion *in* Youth *and* Age.

IN all young *Creatures Motion* ſwiftly goes,
But moving long 'tis tyr'd, and ſtiffer grows;
For *Atomes* are in *Youth* more nimble and ſtrong
Than in *old Age*, when apter to go wrong.
Thus *Youth* by falſe *notes*, and wrong *ſteps* doth dye,
In *Age*, *Atomes* and *Motion* weary lye.
The eaſe of *Motion*'s *change*, for ſoon it will
Grow tyr'd if in one *Figure* it goes ſtill.

Motion *makes* Atomes *a* Bawd *for* Figure.

Motion makes *Atomes* by his ſubtile Skill,
His *Bawds*, to get new *forms* him to his will;
For they would ſtill, as they themſelves had plac't,
Be in one *Figure*, and ſo for ever laſt:
But *Motion*, he perſwades new *Forms* to make,
Becauſe *he* doth in *Change* great pleaſure take;
And makes all *Atomes* run from place to place,
That *Figures young* he might have to imbrace.
For ſome ſhort time he loves to make a ſtay,
But after he is tyr'd, hee'l run away;
And by his *Change* moſt *Figures* are undone,
For *Young* take place of th' *Old* when they are gone;
Yet 'tis but like a *Batch* of *Bread*, which ſtill
Is of the ſame *Flower* and *Seed*. Thus will
Inconſtant *Motion* a new *Figure* bake,
Only that he may have a new hot *Cake*.

Motion *is according to the* Figure.

A *Figure Sphærical* hath *Motion round*,
In *ſtreight* ones is a *darting Motion* found;
As ſeveral *Figures* in ſmall *Atomes* be,
So ſeveral *Motions* are, if we could ſee;
When to the making of new *Forms* they go,
Then *Motion* alters as the *Figures* do;
In *Bodies great*, and of much weightineſs,
Is *Motion ſlow*, and all his weight grows leſs:
Out of a *Shuttle-cock* a Feather pull,
And flying ſtrike it, as when it was full,
The *Motion* of it alters, which ſeems ſtrange,
When th' *Motion* of the *hand* doth no ways change.
Motion and *Matter* can new *Figures* find,
And the *Subſtantial Figures* turn and wind;
Thus ſeveral *Figures* ſeveral *Motions* take,
And ſeveral *Motions* ſeveral *Figures* make;
But *Figure*, *Matter*, *Motion*, all is one,
Can ne're be ſeparate nor be alone.

Of the Subtilty *of* Motion.

COuld we the ſeveral *Motions* of *Life* know,
The ſubtile windings, and the ways they go,
We ſhould of unknown things diſpute no more,
How they be done, but the great *God* adore.
But we with *Ignorance* about do run,
To know the *Ends*, and how they firſt begun,
Spending that *Life* which *God* in us did raiſe
To *Worſhip* him, and in his Works to *praiſe*,
With fruitleſs, vain, impoſſible purſutes,
In *Schools*, *Lectures*, and Quarrelling *diſputes*;

We never give *Him* thanks that did us make,
But proud, as *petty Gods*, our ſelves do take.

Motion *is the* Life *of all things.*

AS *Darkneſs* a *privation* is of *Light*,
That's when the *Optick Nerve* is ſtopt from (*ſight*;
So *Death* is even a *Ceſſation* in
Thoſe *Forms* and *Bodies*, wherein *Motions* ſpin;
As *Light* which cannot ſhine but in the *Eye*,
So *Life* doth only in a *Motion* lye:
Thus *Life* is out, when *Motion* leaves to be,
Like as an *Eye* that's ſhut, no *Light* can ſee.

Of the Motion *of the* Sea.

IF, as we ſee, the *Sea* doth run about
The *Earth*, it leaves a ſpace where't firſt came out.
The *Tide*, for Water, if't as much as Land
In *Compaſs* had, it would not ſtirr but ſtand;
Wch ſhews, that though the *Water* doth go round,
Yet is there ſtill more *Land* than *Water* found.
But ſay, the *Air*, that's moveable without,
And thin, doth give it leave to run about;
Or as a *VVheel* doth make the *VVater* go,
So *Air* may cauſe the *Sea* to move and flow:
But, truly, if *Air* had not room to move,
It could not any other Body ſhove;
Beſides, what drives, its ſtrength muſt needs extend
Above what's driven, or elſe 'twere to no end;
If ſo, then Infinites of *Strengths* muſt lye
In *Motion*'s power, to move Eternally.
But ſay, all things run in a Circle line,
And every part doth to another joyn,

They

They can out of their places where they are,
Not ſtir, unleſs ſome places be left bare:
For ſtop a *VVheel*'s *Circumference* without,
Its *Center* too, it cannot turn about;
If *Breadth* and *Depth* were full, leaving no ſpace,
Nothing could ſtir nor move out of its place.

Of the Ebbing *and* Flowing *of the* Sea.

THe *Sea* which always conſtant *Ebbs* and *Flows*,
Is like the *Hammer* of a *Clock* that goes;
For as it, coming to the *Notch*, doth ſtrike,
So *VVater* where 'tis empty doth the like:
For *VVater* when it *Flows*, is caſt out ſtill,
And when it *Ebbs*, runs back, that place to fill.

Of Vacuum.

SOme think the *World* would fall, and not hang ſo,
If it had any empty place to go.
One cannot think that *Vacuum* is ſo vaſt,
That the great *VVorld* ſhould in that *Gulf* be caſt;
But *Vacuum* is like to a porous Skin,
Where *Vapour* [a] doth go out, and *Air* comes in;
And ſince that *Vapour* fills thoſe places ſmall,
VVe cannot think but they were empty all:
For were they all fill'd up, they could not make
Room, for ſucceeding *Atomes* place to take.
Wherefore if *Atomes* paſs and repaſs through,
They needs muſt empty places have to go.

[a] Atomes *do ſo*.

Vacuum

Vacuum *in* Atomes.

IF all the *Atomes*, *long*, *ſharp*, *flat* and *round*,
Be only of one ſort of *Matter* found,
The *hollow Atomes* muſt all empty be,
For there is nought to fill *Vacuity*;
And being ſeveral *Bodies*, though but ſmall,
Betwixt thoſe *Bodies* there is nought at all:
For as they Range about from place to place,
Between their Bodies there is left a *ſpace*,
Elſe joyning cloſe, and without *ſpace* betwixt,
They'd ſeem as one great *Lump* together mixt;
Nor could they move into each other's room,
Unleſs there were ſome where a *Vacuum*:
For though like *Time* their *Matter*'s *Infinite*,
Yet they muſt fix, if they all do unite.
And were all *Matter fluid*, as ſome ſay,
It could not move, having no empty way;
Like *VVater* that is ſtopt cloſe in a Glaſs,
It cannot ſtirr, having no way to paſs:
Nor could the *Fiſhes* ſwim in *VVater* thin,
Were *Vacuum* not to crowd theſe *VVaters* in;
For as they crowd, thoſe *Waters* driv'n up high,
Muſt to ſome places riſe that empty lye:
For though the *Water*'s thin, wherein they move,
Yet none could ſtir, if *Water* did not ſhove.

Of Contracting *and* Dilating, *whereby* Vacuum *muſt needs follow.*

CONtracting and *Dilating* of each part,
Theſe are the chiefeſt works of *Motion*'s Art;
But

But *Motion* can't *Dilate*, nor yet *Contract*
A Body, which is clear, firm, and compact,
Unleſs at firſt an empty place be found,
Wherein to ſpread thoſe *compact Bodies* round;
Neither can *Matter fluid contract* ſo cloſe,
But by *Contracting* it ſome place muſt loſe.

What Atomes *the* Sun *is made of.*

THe *Sun* is of the *ſharpeſt Atomes* made,
Cloſe knit together, and exactly laid;
Its Fabrick is juſt like a *Wheel* made round,
And in the midſt of all the *Planets* found;
Which *Planets* as they move about the *Sun*,
Their *Motion* makes the *looſe ſharp Atomes* run.

Of the Rays *of the* Sun.

THe *Rays* are not ſo hot as is the *Sun*,
Becauſe they do more looſe and ſcatter'd run:
For when within a Glaſs thoſe *Beams* unite,
They peirce, & ſharp through every thing do bite [a];
But being *ſeparate*, they weaker grow,
And then like *Cowards* ſeveral ways do go.

[a] Concaves *draw to a* Centre.

Of the Beams *of the* Sun.

THoſe *Splendent Beams* wch forth the *Sun* doth (ſpread,
Are looſe *ſharp Atomes* ranged long like *thread*;
If ſtreaming they on *porous Bodies* fall,
They peirce into, which touch we *Heat* do call.

The

The cauſe of the Breaking *of the* Sun-beams.

IF *porous Atomes* by the *Sharp* are found,
They're born away on points, as *Priſoners* bound;
But as they mount, *Atomes* of their own Kind,
If chance to meet, ſtrait help them to unbind:
For *porous Atomes* being ſoft and wet,
When numbers meet, do cloſe together get,
And being glut, they joyn together, all
By one conſent do pull, and backward fall;
If they be *Round*, in ſhowring drops they joyn,
And ſo return, as *Beads* ſtrung on a Line;
But if their Figures different be from thoſe,
Then like a thick and foggy *Miſt* it ſhows.

Whether the Sun *doth ſet the* Air *on a* Light, *as ſome Opinions hold.*

SOme do the *Sun* juſt like a *Candle* make,
From which, they ſay, *Air* all its *Light* doth take,
Not by *Reflection*, but by *Kindling* all
That part, which we our *Hemiſphere* do call;
If ſo, the *Air* whereon his Light is caſt,
Would ne're go out, unleſs that *Air* did waſte,
Or elſe the *Sun Extinguiſhers* did throw
Upon the *Air*, to cauſe Light out to go:
But ſure the *Sun*'s *Reflection* gives the *Light* [a],
For when he's gone, to us it is Dark night.
And why? the *Sun* is *Atomes ſharp* intire,
Which wedg'd in round [b] do make a *Wheel* of *Fire*;

[a] *No* Atomes *ſhine but* ſharp Atomes. [b] *It ſeems like a* Burning Coal.

About

About this *Wheel* continually do flow
Sharp ſtreaming Atomes, which like *Flame* do ſhow;
And in this *Flame* [a] the *Earth* it ſelf doth ſee,
As in a *Glaſs*, as clear as e're may be;
But when the *Earth* doth turn aſide its face,
It is not ſeen, but *Darkneſs* [b] doth take place;
Or when the *Moon* doth come betwixt that *Light*,
Then is the *Earth* ſhut up [c] as in Dark *night*.

[a] Long Atomes, *Sharp at each end.* [b] *That part of the* Earth *is dark which is from the* Sun. [c] *That part of the* Earth *which the* Moon *hides.*

Of the Motion *of the* Sun.

SOmetimes we find it *Hot*, and ſometimes *Cold*,
Although the *Sun* equal degrees doth hold;
And in a *Winters* day more *Heat* is found,
Than *Summer*, when the *Sun* ſhould parch the ground;
Wherefore if *Heat* doth make him gallop faſt,
'T muſt ever *equal* be or ſtay *his* haſte;
If ſo, then *Seas* which ſend up Vapour, may
His fiery Courage cool in the mid-way;
Beſides, the *middle Region* which is *Cold*,
And full of *Ice*, will of his ſtrength take hold:
Then 'tis not *Heat* that makes him run ſo faſt,
But this faſt running *Heat* on *Earth* doth caſt;
And *Earth* ſends *Vapours* cold to quench and break
His fiery ſtrength, which makes his *Beams* ſo weak.

Of the Sun's Weakneſs.

THe *Sun* doth not to the *Earth*'s *Centre* go,
He cannot ſhoot his *Beams* ſo deep and low;
For a *thick Wall* will make his *Arrows* weak,
So that his *Heat* muſt needs againſt it break;

And *Earth* hath *Arms* ſo thick, to keep out all
His *fiery Darts*, which *He* on *Her* lets fall.

What Atomes *make the* Sun *and the* Sea *go round.*

THe *pointed Atomes* all to Fire do turn,
And being *Sharp*, do peirce, which we call burn;
But by their *Drineſs* they become ſo light,
As they do get above the reſt in *Flight*,
Where by conſent a *Wheel* of *Fire* they make,
Which being *Sphærical* doth round *Motion* take,
This *Motion* makes *round Atomes* turn about,
Which *Atomes round* are *VVater* without doubt,
And makes the *Sea* go like a *Water-mill*;
For as the *Sun*, ſo *Water* turns round ſtill.

The Traffick *betwixt the* Sun *and the* Earth.

'TIs thought an *unctuous Matter* from the *Sun*
Doth ſtream in *Beams*, wch *Earth* doth feed upon,
And that the *Earth* by them, when they aſcend,
Unto the *Sun* a *Nouriſhment* doth ſend,
And ſo each *Beam* the *Sun* doth make a *Chain*,
Which brings down *Food*, and draws *Food* back again;
Or we may well thoſe *Beams* to *Ships* compare,
Where each is Laden with the *Richeſt ware*,
For it is fraught with *Heat*, through *Air* it Sails,
And brings this *Heat* to th' *Earth*, which never fails
By Trafficks Laws equal returns to make,
And ſends inſtead of *Heat* moiſt *Vapour* back:
But thoſe *Gilt Ships* ſuch *Fates* do often find,
They *ſink* with too much *Weight*, [a] or *ſplit* with *Wind.*

[a] *When the* Sun *draws up more* Moiſture, *than it can digeſt, it turns to* Rain *or* Wind.

The

The Sun *is* Nurſe *to all the* Earth *bears.*

ALthough the *Earth* to all gives *Form* and *Feature*,
Yet is the *Sun* the *Nurſe* to every *Creature*;
For none could *Live*, unleſs the *Sun* give *Heat*,
Which is to them as *Nouriſhing* as *Meat*:
Juſt like a *Child* that's got and born of *Man*,
It muſt be *Fed*, or 'twill ſoon *Dye* agen.

Of the Attraction *of the* Sun.

WHen all thoſe *Atomes* which in *Rays* [a] do ſpread,
Are ranged long like to a ſlender thread,
They do not ſcatter'd fly, but joyn in length,
And being joyn'd, though ſmall, add to their ſtrength;
The further forth they ſtream, the more they waſte
Their ſtrength, though to the *Sun* they're tied faſt:
For all thoſe *Rays*, [b] which *Motion* down doth ſend,
Sharp Atomes are, which from the *Sun* deſcend;
And as they flow in ſeveral *Streams* and *Rays*,
They ſtick their *Points* in all that ſtop their ways:
Like *Needle points*, whereon doth ſomething *ſtick*,
No way they make, having no force [c] to *prick*,
And being ſtopt, they ſtraight ways back do run,
Drawing thoſe *Bodies* with them to the *Sun*.

[a] *I mean all* Rays *in general, of all ſorts of* Atomes *which move.* [b] *The* Sun's Rays. [c] *Although* looſe ſharp Atomes *have points to prick, yet they cannot peirce ſo forcibly, being looſe and ſcatter'd, as when united.*

Of the Attraction *of the* Earth.

WHy *Earth* draws like the *Sun*, if you intend
To know the cauſe, *Earth* doth ſharp *Atomes* ſend

From its *Circumference*, like *Bees* they riſe,
When from a *Swarm*, diſpers'd apart each flies;
Often with duller *Forms* they meet, and then
Having ſtuck in their *Points* go back agen:
For like a *Bee* that's Loaden on each thigh,
Hath a great weight, and cannot nimbly fly;
So when their *Points* are Loaden, then they grow
Heavy, can peirce no more, but backward go;
And, as their *Hives*, to *Earth* return again;
Thus by their Travel they the *Earth* maintain.

Of the Attraction *of the* Poles, *and of* Froſt.

THe *North* and *South* do with the *Sun* agree,
For in them all *contracting Motions* be;
The *Sun* as he with ſcorching *Heat* doth burn,
So *Cold* is ſharp, where *North* and *South-pole* turn:
For *Atomes* there are like to *Pincers* ſmall,
By which they do attract and pull withall,
When *Motion* from the *Poles* ſhoots them about,
Mixing with *porous Bodies* when they're out;
And with thoſe *Pincers* they do nip ſo cloſe
Thoſe Bodies, as they can no ways get looſe,
Unleſs ſome *Sharp* and *Fiery Atomes* get
Betwixt thoſe *Pincers* ſmall, and ſo do ſet
Thoſe Bodies free, juſt like an *Awl* that bores,
Or like a *Pick-lock* which doth open Doors;
For when they're open'd by thoſe *fiery Awls*,
They let them looſe, which *Man* a *Thaw* ſtrait calls,
If not, they pinch thoſe Bodies cloſe together,
And then we ſay 'tis *Cold* and *Froſty* weather.

Of

Of Vapour.

Looſe and *ſharp Atomes* [a] which do rove about,
To *porous Atomes* ſtick, and draw them out
From the more *cloſe*, for they [b] do higheſt lie;
Thus *Vapour*'s drawn towards the *Region high*:
But ſince they of an equal weight are all,
For want of ſtrength they cauſe them back to fall.

[a] *Which are fiery* Atomes. [b] *The fiery* Atomes.

Of Dews *and* Miſts *coming from the* Earth.

SOme *Atomes ſharp* thruſt from the *Earth* ſome (*round*,
And then a *Pearled dew* lies on the ground;
But if on their *ſharp Points* they bear them high,
They being rais'd a *Miſt* make in the *Skie*.
On the *Circumference* of th' *Earth* there lies
A number of *looſe Atomes*, apt to riſe,
Though not ſo high, as them the *Sun* may burn,
For being dull, they back to *Earth* return:
As water which is *ſhov'd* with force of ſtrength,
Is not ſo apt to *move* as *run* at length.

Wind *is made in the* Air, *not in the* Earth.

HOw can we think *Winds* come from th' *Earth* (below,
When from the *Sky* they down upon us blow?
If they came from the *Earth*, they muſt aſcend,
And back again their ſtrength againſt it bend;
They cannot freely blow, leſt *Earth* were made
Like to a *Bowling-green*, and *Level* laid;

But

But there are *Rocks*, and *Hills*, and *Mountains* great,
Which ſtop their ways and make them ſoon retreat:
Then ſure it is, the *Sun* draws *Vapour* out,
And makes it thin, then blows it all about;
By *Heat* condens'd it turneth into *Rain*,
And by Its *Weight* falls to the *Earth* again.

Of Cold Winds.

AS *water Rarified* doth make *Winds* blow,
So *winds* when *Rarified* do *Colder* grow;
For if they much be *Rarified*, than they
Do further *Blow*, and ſpread out every way;
So *Cold* they are as they like *Needles* prick;
Through *thinneſs* they do break, and cannot ſtick,
But into *Atomes* fall, whoſe *Figures* be
Sharp, and peirce *porous Bodies*, as we ſee.
Yet ſome will think, if *Air* were parted ſo,
The *winds* could not have ſuch ſtrong force to blow:
True, *Atomes* could not peirce, if they were found
To be all *Dull*, *Flat*, *Heavy*, *Blunt* or *Round*;
But by *Dividing* they ſo *Sharp* do grow,
Shat through all *porous Bodies* they do go;
But when the *Winds* are ſoft, they intermix
As *Water* doth, and in one Body fix;
They rather wave than blow, as *Fans* are ſpread,
Which *Ladies* uſe to cool their Cheeks when red:
Or like as *Water drops*, that diſunite,
Feel harder, than when mixt they on us light,
Unleſs ſuch *Streams* upon our heads do run,
As we a *ſhelter* ſeek, the *Wet* to ſhun;
But when a *Drop* congealed is with *Cold*,
As *Hail-ſtones* are, then it more ſtrength doth hold;

For

For *Flakes* of *Snow* may have more *quantity*
Than *Hail-ſtones*, yet they've no ſuch force thereby;
They fall ſo *Soft* that they ſcarce ſtrike our *touch*,
Hail-ſtones we feel and know their *weight* too much.
But *Figures* that are *Flat* are *dull* and *ſlow*,
Make weak *Impreſſions* whereſoe're they go;
For let ten times the quantity of *Steel*
Be beaten ſmall, no hurt by that you'l feel;
But if that one will take a *Needle* ſmall,
Whoſe *point* is *ſharp*, and prick the *Fleſh* withall,
Strait it ſhall hurt, and put the *Fleſh* to pain,
Which greater ſtrength doth not of what is *plain*;
For though you preſs it hard againſt the *Skin*,
'T may heavy feel, but cannot enter in:
And ſo the *VVind* that's thin and rarifi'd
May *preſs* us down, but never *peirce* the ſide.
Or take a *Blade* that's *Flat*, though ſtrong and great,
And with great ſtrength upon ones *Head* it beat,
You'l break the *Skul*, but not knock out his Brains;
Which *Arrows ſharp* ſoon do, and with leſs pains.
Thus what is ſmall, is ſubt'ler and more quick;
For all ſmall *Points* in *porous* Bodies ſtick.
VVinds broken ſmall to *Atomes*, when they blow,
Are *Colder* much than when they ſtreaming flow:
For all that's joyned and united cloſe,
Is ſtronger much, and gives the harder *Blows*.
This ſhews what's cloſeſt in it ſelf to be,
Although an *Atome* in its ſmall degree;
Take *Quantity* for *Quantity* alike,
And *Union* more than *Mixture* hard ſhall ſtrike.

Thunder

Thunder *is a* VVind *in the* Middle Region.

VVHo knows, but *Thunders* are great *Winds*,
Within the *middle Vault* above the *Skie*?
Which *Winds* the Sun by *Moiſture cold* begot,
When he was in his *Region Cancer* hot.
This *Child* [a] is thin and ſubtile, made by heat,
Its *Voice* is ſtrong, and makes a Noiſe that's great;
Its thinneſs makes it Agile, agile Strong,
And by its *force* doth drive the *Clouds* along,
And when the *Clouds* do meet, they each do ſtrike,
Flaſhing out *Fire*, as *Flints* do, or the like.
Thus in the *Summer* Thunder's caus'd by *wind*,
For *Vapour* drawn up high, no way can find
To paſs; In *Winter* time, when *Clouds* are looſe,
Then doth the *VVind* on *Earth* keep *Rendezvous*.

[a] *The* Wind.

Of Stars.

VVE find that i'th' *Eaſt-Indies Stars* there be,
Which we in our *Horizon* ne're did ſee,
Yet we do take great pains in *Glaſſes* clear,
To ſee what *Stars* do in the *Skie* appear;
But yet the more we ſearch, the leſs we know,
Becauſe we find our Work doth endleſs grow:
For who knows but thoſe *Stars* we ſee by *Night*,
Are *Suns*, which to ſome other *Worlds* give *Light*?
But could our outward *Senſes* pace the *Skie*,
As our *Imaginations* thither fly,
If we were there, we might as little know,
As thoſe which ſtay, and never up do go.

Then

Then let *no Man* in fruitleſs pains Life ſpend,
The moſt we know is, *Nature Death will ſend.*

Of the Centre *of the* World.

IN *Infinite* no *Centre* can be laid [a],
But if the *World* has *Limits*, *Centre*'s made:
For all that with *Circumference* is fac'd,
A *Centre* in the midſt muſt needs have plac'd;
This makes each *Form* that's *limited* and *bound*
To have a *Centre* and *Circumference* round,
And is the cauſe the *World* goes like a *Bowl*,
Becauſe it doth about its *Centre* rowl;
The *Centre*'s ſmall, the *Compaſs* big without,
Which by the *Weight* doth make it turn about.

[a] *Unleſs there be* Infinite Worlds, *then there may be* Infinite Centres, *but not a* Centre *in* Infinite.

All ſharp Atomes *do run to the* Centre, *and thoſe that ſettle not, by reaſon of the ſtraightneſs of the place, fly out to the* Circumference. Sharp Atomes *running to the* Centre *make the* Sun.

ALl *Atomes ſharp* to every *Centre* fly,
And in the midſt of th' *Earth* and *Planets* lye,
And in thoſe *Planets* there are *Centres* too,
Where the *ſharp Atomes* with quick *Motion* go,
And to the *Centre* of the *Earth* [a] they run,
There gathering cloſe, and ſo become a *Sun.*
This is the *Ax* whereon the *Earth* turns round,
And gives the *Heat*, which in the *Earth* is found,

[a] *Some Opinions hold that there is a* Sun *in the* Centre *of the* Earth.

A *world* of *Fire*; Thus may we gueſs the *Sun*,
If all *ſharp Atomes* to the *Centre* run:
For why, the *Sun* amongſt the *Planets* round,
Juſt as a *Centre* in the *midſt* is found;
And *fixed Stars*, which give a twinkling *Light*,
Are *Centre worlds* of *Fire*, which do ſhine bright.

A Fire *is in the* Centre *of the* Earth.

AS *Heat* about the *Heart* always keeps nigh,
So doth a *Fire* near the *Earth*'s *Centre* lye;
And as that *Heat* is through the *Body* round
Diſperſed, but when gone, no *Life* is found;
So this *Heat* makes all things to bud and bear,
Although the *Sun*'s hot *Beams* do ne're come there;
Yet doth the *Sun* nouriſh all things without,
Though *Fire* within the *Earth* gives *Life* no doubt:
Thus *Heat* within begets with Child the *Earth*,
And *Heat* without is *Midwife* to her *Birth*.

In the Centre Atomes *never ſeparate.*

JUſt in the *Centre* is a point that's ſmall,
Thoſe *Atomes* that are there, are wedg'd in all,
They lye ſo cloſe, and do ſo firmly bind,
As them no *Form* nor *Motion* can unwind;
For they are wreath'd ſo hard about that *point*,
As they become a *Circle* without *joynt* [a].

[a] *Without partition or ſeparation, for it is but one.*

If Infinite Worlds, *there muſt be Infinite* Centres.

IF *Infinites* of *VVorlds*, they muſt be plac'd
At ſuch a diſtance, as between lies waſte;

If

If they were joyned close, *Moving* about,
By justling they would *push* each other out;
And if they Swim in *Air*, as *Fishes* do
In *Water*, they would meet [a] as they did go.
But if the *Air* doth every *World* inclose
And compass all about, as *Water* flows,
It keeps them equal in their proper seat,
That as they *Move* shall not each other *beat*:
Or if like *Wheels* which turn by *Water* round,
So *Air* about these *Worlds* is running found,
Then by that *Motion* they do turn about,
No further, than that *Motion's* [b] strength runs out;
Like to a *Bowl*, which will not further go,
But runs according as that *strength* did throw.
And thus like *Bowls* the *Worlds* do turn and run,
But still the *Jack* and *Centre* is the *Sun* [c].

[a] *Beat against each other.* [b] *They are stinted according to the several* Strengths *of their* Motion. [c] *Which is as the* Jack *and* Mark *of them all.*

Of Infinite Matter.

IF *Matter* be no more, than we do see
This *World*, I pray, what must beyond it be?
For sure this *World* is *limited* and *bound*,
And like a *Ball* is made in *Compass* round;
But *Matter*, out of which the *World* is made,
If *Infinite*, then more *Worlds* may be said;
Nay, *Infinites* of *Worlds* there may be found,
If *Infinite* of *Matter* has no bound.

A World *made by four* Kinds *of* Atomes.

SHarp *Atomes* make *Fire subtile*, *quick*, and *dry*,
The *Long* like shafts still into *Air* do fly,

The *Round* do turn to *Water*, which is wet,
The *Square* to *Earth*, a *Figure* firmly ſet;
Sharp Atomes, they hard *Minerals* do make,
Soft *Vegetables* of *round Atomes* take;
In *Animals* none ſingly lie alone,
But all *four ſorts* do meet and joyn as one:
And thus *theſe four* the *Subſtance* are of all,
And with their *Figures* make a *worldly Ball.*

Thus the fancy of my *Atomes* is, that the four Principal Figures, as *Sharp*, *Long*, *Round* and *Square*, make the four *Elements*; not that they are of ſeveral Matters, but all of *one Matter, only their ſeveral Figures do give them ſeveral Proprieties; ſo likewiſe do the mixt Figures give them mixt Proprieties, and their ſeveral Compoſures give them other Proprieties, according to their Forms they put themſelves into by their ſeveral Motions. This I do repeat, that the Ground of my Opinion may be underſtood.

* *The ſeveral* Elements *are all of one* Matter.

Of the Elements.

SOme hold *four* perfect *Elements* there be,
Which do ſurmount each other by degree;
And ſome *Opinions* think that *One* is all,
The *reſt* from that and to that *One* do fall;
And that this *Element* it ſelf doth turn
To ſeveral qualities, as *Fire* to burn,
Then *Water* moiſt to quench that heat, and then
To ſubtile *Air*, and ſo to *Earth* agen:

Like

Like *fluid Water*, which when turn'd with *Froſt*
To *Snow* or *Ice*, its outward form has loſt,
But when as *Heat* doth melt that *Icy chain*,
Then into *Water* it doth turn again;
Or like as *Vapour* thick, which doth aſcend
From th' *Earth*, and to thin *Air* it ſelf doth ſpend,
Or elſe it ſelf condenſeth into *Rain*,
And by its *weight* falls to the *Earth* again;
So what is very *Thin*, doth *Subtile* grow,
Turns into *Fire* and a bright *Flame* doth ſhow;
But what is *Dull*, *Heavy*, and *Slow* to move,
Of a *Cold quality* doth often prove.
Thus by *Contracting* and *Dilating* parts,
Is all the Skil of *Nature*'s working *Arts*.

The Joyning *of* ſeveral Figur'd Atomes *make other* Figures.

WHen *ſeveral Figur'd Atomes*, well agreeing,
Do joyn, they give an other *Figure* being;
For as thoſe *Figures* joyn in ſeveral ways,
So they the *Fabrick* of each *Creature* raiſe.

What Atomes *make* Change.

'TIs ſeveral Figur'd *Atomes* that make *Change*,
When ſeveral *Bodies* meet, as they do range;
For if they *Sympathize*, and do agree,
They joyn togeth'r and as one *Body* be;
But if they meet, like to a *Rabble rout*,
Without all Order running in and out,
Then *Diſproportionable* things they make,
Becauſe they did not their right places take.

What

What Atomes *make* Heat *and* Cold.

SUch kind of *Atomes* as make *Heat* make *Cold*,
Like *Pincers ſharp* that nip and do take hold;
For ſharply pointed *Atomes* thorow go,
And *Atomes* which are *Sharp* and *Hookt* pull to;
Yet all muſt into *pointed Figures* turn;
For *Atomes blunt* will never freeze nor burn,
Becauſe to a ſoft Form *blunt Figures* bend,
And *ſoft* doth unto *Wet* or *Liquid* tend.

All things laſt *or* diſſolve *according to the* Compoſure *of* Atomes.

ATomes, which looſely joyn, do not remain
So long, as thoſe, which cloſeneſs do maintain;
Thoſe make all things i'th' *VVorld* to *ebb* and *flow*,
According as the *moving Atomes* go;
Others in *Bodies* they do joyn ſo cloſe,
As in long time they never ſtir nor looſe;
And ſome will joyn ſo cloſe, and knit ſo faſt,
As if unſtirr'd they would for ever laſt.
Looſe Atomes in *ſmall Vegetables* lye,
Which is the reaſon, they ſo quickly *Dye*;
In *Animals* much cloſer they are laid,
Which is the cauſe, their *Life* is longer ſtaid.
Some *Vegetables* and *Animals* do joyn
In equal ſtrength, if *Atomes* ſo combine;
But *Animals*, where *Atomes* cloſe lye in,
Are ſtronger, than ſome *Vegetables* thin;
And *Vegetables*, wherein *Atomes* faſt
Do ſtick, as in ſtrong *Trees*, they longer laſt.

In

In *Minerals* they ſo together cleave,
As they not any ſpace for *Motion* leave,
Being *pointed* all the cloſer they do lye,
Which makes them not like *Vegetables* dye.
Thoſe *Bodies* which *looſe Atomes* moſt move in,
Are *Soft* and *Porous* and many times *thin*,
And thoſe *ſoft Bodies* never do Live long,
Why ſo? *looſe Atomes* never can be ſtrong;
For *Motion*'s power toſſeth them about,
And from their places keeps; ſo *Life* goes out.

Of Light.

SOme think no *Light* would be without the *Eye*;
'Tis true, a *Light* our *Brain* could not deſcry:
But if the *Eye* makes *Light*, it may be ſaid
As well, that burning *Fire* by *touch* is made.

Of Light *and* Sight.

SOme *Learned men*, which think to reaſon well,
Say *Light* and *Colour* in the *Brain* do dwell;
That *Motion* in the *Brain* all *Light* doth give,
And if no *Brain* the *World* in *dark* would Live;
But be it, that the *Brain* hath *Eyes* to ſee,
Then *Eyes* and *Brain* would make the *Light* to be;
If ſo, poor *Donn* was out, when he did ſay,
If all the *World* were *Blind*, 'twould ſtill be *Day*:
Say they, then there no *Light* i'th' *Air* would reign,
Unleſs you'l grant, the *World* were one great *Brain*.
Some *Age* in ſome *Opinions* doth agree,
The *next* doth ſtrive to make them falſe to be;
For what is *New* doth all ſo *pleaſing* ſound,
That *reaſons Old* are as meer *Non-ſenſe* found:

But

But all *Opinions* are by *Fancy* fed,
And *truth* lies under thoſe *Opinions* Dead.

Of the Sound *and* Eccho.

Eccho ſeems nothing, yet a while it Lives,
And like a wanton *Lad mock-anſwers* gives,
Not like the *Souls*, that from the *Bodies* go,
For *Eccho's Body* is of *Air*, we know;
But ſtrange is is, that *Sounds* ſo ſtrong and clear,
Reſiſting Bodies have, and not appear;
Yet *Air*, which Subtile is, encounter may;
Thus *Words* as *Sounds* may with *Self-Eccho* play.
But they grow weary ſoon, hold not out long,
Seem out of Breath, and faulter with the Tongue.

What makes Eccho.

THat *Motion*, which doth from the *Mouth* proceed,
Runs through the *Air* and doth an *Eccho* breed;
As ſeveral *Letters* in one *Word* do joyn,
So ſeveral *Figures* through the *Air* combine.
The *Air* is *Wax*, *Words Seal* and give the *Print*,
And ſo an *Eccho* in the *Air* do mint;
And while thoſe *Figures* laſt, they *Life* maintain,
When *Motion* wears them out, is *Eccho* ſlain:
As *Sugar* in the *Mouth* doth *melt* with *taſte*,
So *Eccho* in the *Air* it ſelf doth waſte.

VVhat makes Eccho rebound.

WHen two *hard Bodies* 'gainſt each other move,
And cauſe *Rebounds*, they muſt *reſiſting* prove;
For *yielding Bodies* which do bow or break,
Can ne're *Rebound*, nor like an *Eccho* ſpeak:

Where-

Wherefore each *Word* i'th' *Air* is like a *Ball*,
And every *Letter* like a *Ball* doth fall;
Words are *condenſed Air*, which heard, do grow
As *Water*, which by *Cold* doth turn to *Snow*;
And like as *Snow*, when preſs'd, hard *Balls* doth make,
So *Words* as *Balls* their courſe do backwards take.

Of Shadow *and* Eccho.

PAle *Shadow* once in Love fell with bright *Light*,
Which makes *Her* ſtill walk always in *His* ſight,
And when *He*'s *abſent*, then, poor Soul, *ſhe* Dies,
But when *He* ſhews himſelf, *Her Life* revives.
She *Siſter* is to *Eccho* loud and clear,
Whoſe *Voice* is heard, no *Body* doth appear;
She hates to ſee or ſhew *Her ſelf* to men,
Unleſs *Narciſſus* could revive agen:
But theſe two *Souls* (for they no *Bodies* have)
Do wander in the *Air* to ſeek a *Grave*;
Silence would Bury one, the other *Night*,
But was denied by *Repercuſſion*'s ſpight;
And both are ſubject to the *Eye* and *Ear*;
For *one* we *ſee*, and th' *other* we do *hear*.

The Objects *of every* Senſe *are according to their* Motions *in the* Brain.

WE ſhould thoſe Men think Mad, which us ſhould (tell
That they did *ſee* a *Sound*, or *taſte* a *Smell*:
Yet reaſon proves a Man doth not err much,
When as he ſays his *Senſes* all are *Touch*.
If *Actions* in a *Picture* lively told,
The *Brain* ſtrait thinks the *Eye* doth them behold;

When *hungry Folks* their *Noſes meat* do *ſmell*,
Their *Brains* do think that *ſmell* the *Tongue taſts* well;
If we a *Thief* do ſee, and do him fear,
We ſtrait do think, breaking of Doors we hear.
Imaginations juſt like *Motions* make,
That every *Senſe* is ſtruck with a *miſtake*.

According as the Motions *of the* Heart *or* Brain *are, ſuch* Paſſions *are produced.*

THe *Eights* in *Muſick*, when they equal are,
If one be ſtruck, the other ſeems to jarr:
So the *Heart-ſtrings*, if *equally* all ſtretch'd,
Like thoſe of *Muſick*, *Love* from thence is fetch'd;
For when one's ſtruck, the other moves juſt ſo,
And with delight as *Evenly* doth go.

The Motion *of* Thoughts.

MUſing one time alone, mine *Eyes* were fixt
Upon the *Ground*, my *Sight* with *Gravel* mixt;
My *Feet* did walk without *Direction*'s guide,
My *Thoughts* did travel far, and wander wide;
At laſt they chanc'd up on a *Hill* to climb,
And being there, ſaw things that were *Divine*.
First when they ſaw, a *Glorious Light* did blaze,
Whoſe *Splendour* pain'd their *Sight* upon't to gaze;
No *Shadows* it, nor *Separations* made,
No *Darkneſs* did obſtruct this *Light* with ſhade;
This *Light* had no *Dimenſion*, nor no bound,
No *Limits*, but it fill'd all *places* round;
Always in *Motion* 'twas, yet *fixt* did prove,
Like to the *twinkling Stars* which never move;

This

This *Motion* working, running ſeveral ways,
Seem'd as if *Contradictions* it would raiſe;
For with *it Self* it ſeem'd not to agree,
Like to a *Skein* of *Thread* if't Knoted be;
For ſome did go ſtrait in an *even Line*,
But ſome again did *Croſs*, and ſome did *Twine*;
Yet at the laſt all ſeveral *Motions* run
Into the firſt *prime Motion*, which begun.
In various *Forms* and *Shapes* did *Life* run through,
Which was *Eternal*, but the *Shapes* were new;
And theſe not ſooner made, but paſs'd away,
Yet while they were, they did deſire to ſtay:
But *Motion*, which is *Life*, can never be
Conſtant to one, but loves *Variety*.
And as *firſt Motion* every thing can make,
But cannot *add* unto it Self nor *take*;
So it could not another *Matter* frame,
It ſelf was all, and in it ſelf *the ſame*.
Perceiving now this fixed point of *Light*,
I ſpied a *Union*, *Knowledge*, *Power* and *Might*,
Wiſdome, *Truth*, *Juſtice*, *Providence* all *One*,
No *attribute* was by it ſelf *alone*;
Not like as ſeveral *Lines* drawn to one *point*,
For what doth *meet*, may be again Disjoynt;
But this ſame *point*, from whence all *Lines* did flow,
Nothing can *Diminiſh* nor make it *Grow*;
'Tis its own *Centre* and *Circumference* round,
Yet neither has a *limit* nor a *bound*,
But *fix'd Eternally*, and ſo will laſt,
All *preſent* is, nothing *to come*, nor *paſt*.
A *fix't Perfection*, nothing can add more,
All things is *It*, and doth *It ſelf* adore.

My *thoughts* then wond'ring at what they did ſee,
Found at the laſt themſelves the ſame to be,
Yet were ſo ſmall a *Branch*, as they could not (got.
Know whence they ſprung, nor how they were be-
Some ſay, all what we know of *Heav'n* above,
Is, we ſhall have a perfect *Joy* and *Love*;
But who can tell that? for what we do call
Below here *Joy* and *Love*, theſe *Paſſions* all
May by *exceſs* ſuch other *Paſſions* grow,
None in the *VVorld* is capable to know;
Juſt like our *Bodies*, although they ſhall *riſe*,
And, as Saint *Paul* ſays, ſee *God* with our *Eyes*,
Yet may we in the *Change* ſuch *difference* find,
Both in our *Bodies* and alſo in *Mind*,
As if we never had been of *Mankind*,
And that thoſe *Eyes* we ſee with now, were *blind*.
Say, we can *meaſure* all the *Planets* high,
And *number* every *Star* that's in the *Skie*,
And we can Circle all the *VVorld* about,
And can find all th' *Effects* of *Nature* out:
Yet all the *Wiſe* and *Learned* cannot tell,
What's done in *Heav'n*, or how we there ſhall dwell.

The reaſon *why the* Thoughts *are only in the* Head.

EAch *Sinew* is a ſmall and ſlender *ſtring*,
Which to the *Body* all the *Senſes* bring,
And they like *Pipes* or *Gutters* hollow be,
Where *Animal Spirits* run continually;
Though *ſmall*, yet they ſuch *Matter* do contain,
As in the *Skul* doth lye, which we call *Brain*;

That

That makes, if any one doth ſtrike the *heel*,
The *thought* of that, *Senſe* in the *Brain* doth feel;
It is not *Sympathy*, but all one thing,
Which cauſes us to *think*, and pain doth bring;
For had the *Heel* ſuch quantity of *Brain*,
As doth the *Head* and *Skul* therein contain, (high,
Then would ſuch *Thoughts*, wch in the *Brain* dwell
Deſcend into our *Heels*, and there would lye.
In *Sinews* ſmall *Brain* ſcatter'd lies about,
It wants both *Room* and *Quantity* no doubt;
For if a *Sinew* ſo much *Brain* could hold,
Or had ſo large a *Skin* it to *Infold*,
As hath the *Skul*, then might the *Toe* or *Knee*,
Had they an *Optick Nerve*, both *hear* and *ſee*;
Had *Sinews* room *Fancy* therein to breed,
Copies of *Verſes* might from th' *Heel* proceed.

Of the Motion *of the* Blood.

SOme by their *Induſtry* and *Learning* found,
That all the *Blood* like to the *Sea* runs round;
From *two great Arteries* it doth begin,
Runs through all *Veins*, and ſo comes back again.
The *Muſcles* like the *Tides* do *ebb* and *flow*,
According as the ſeveral *Spirits* go;
The *Sinews* as ſmall *Pipes* come from the *Head*,
And they are all about the *Body* ſpread,
Through which the *Animal Spirits* are convey'd
To every *Member*, as the *Pipes* are laid;
And from thoſe *Sinews pipes* each *Senſe* doth take
Of thoſe pure *Spirits*, as they us do make.

Of many Worlds *in this* World.

JUſt like as in a *Neſt* of *Boxes* round,
Degrees of *Sizes* in each *Box* are found;
So in this *World* may many others be,
Thinner and leſs, and leſs ſtill by degree;
Although they are not ſubject to our *Senſe*,
A *World* may be no bigger than *Two-pence*.
Nature is curious, and ſuch works may ſhape,
Which our dull *Senſes* eaſily eſcape:
For *Creatures*, ſmall as *Atomes* may be there,
If every one a *Creature*'s *Figure* bear.
If *four Atomes* a *World* can make, then ſee,
What ſeveral *Worlds* might in an *Ear-ring* be:
For millions of thoſe *Atomes* may be in
The head of one ſmall, little, ſingle *Pin*.
And if thus ſmall, then *Ladies* may well wear
A *World* of *Worlds* as *Pendents* in each *Ear*.

A World *in an* Ear-ring.

AN *Ear-ring* may well a *Zodiack* be,
Wherein a *Sun* goes round, which we not ſee,
And *Planets* ſeven about that *Sun* may move,
And he ſtand ſtill, as *Learned men* would prove;
And *fixed Stars*, like *twinkling Diamonds* plac'd
About this *Ear-ring*, which a World is vaſt;
That ſame which doth the *Ear-ring* hold, the *hole*,
Is that, we call the *North* and *Southern-pole*;
There nipping *Froſts* may be, and *Winters* cold,
Yet never on the *Ladies Ear* take hold; (blow
And *Lightning*, *Thunder*, and great *VVinds* may
Within this *Ear-ring*, yet the *Ear* not know;

Fiſh

Fiſh there may ſwim in *Seas*, which *ebb* and *flow*,
And *Iſlands* be wherein do *Spices* grow;
There *Cryſtal Rocks* hang dangling at each *Ear*,
And *Golden Mines* as *Jewels* may they wear;
Earth-quakes may be, which *Mountains* vaſt down fling,
And yet ne're ſtir the *Ladies Ear* nor *Ring*;
Meddows may be, and *Paſtures* freſh and green,
And *Cattel* feed, and yet be never ſeen;
And *Gardens* fine, and *Birds*, which ſweetly ſing,
Although we hear them not, in an *Ear-ring*:
There may be *Night* and *Day*, and *Heat* and *Cold*,
As alſo *Life* and *Death*, and *Young* and *Old*;
And *Youth* may ſpring, and ſeveral *Ages* dye,
Great *Plagues* may be, and no *Infection* nigh;
Great *Cities* there may be, and *Houſes* built,
Whoſe inſide Gay and finely may be Gilt;
Churches may they've, wherein *Prieſts* teach and ſing,
And *Steeples* too, yet hear the *Bells* not *Ring*;
From thence may pious *Tears* to *Heav'n* up run,
And yet the *Ear* not know, which way they're gone:
Markets may be, where things are bought and ſold,
Though th' *Ear* not knows the price their Markets hold.
There *Governours* may rule, and *Kings* may reign,
And *Battels* may be fought, and many ſlain,
And all within the *Compaſs* of this *Ring*,
Whence they no Tidings to the *Wearer* bring.
Within this *Ring* wiſe Counſellours may ſit,
And yet the *Ear* not one wiſe word may get;
There may be *Dancing* all Night at a *Ball*,
And yet the *Ear* be not Diſturb'd at all:
Rivals may *Duels* fight, where ſome are ſlain,
And *Lovers* mourn, yet hear them not complain;

And *Death* may dig a *Lover*'s Grave, Thus were
A *Lover* dead in a fair *Ladies Ear* ;
But when the *Ring* is broke the *World* is done,
Then *Lovers* are into *Elyſium* gone.

It is hard to believe that there may be other
Worlds *in this* World.

NOthing doth ſeem ſo hard to *Nature*'s Eyes,
As to believe *Impoſſibilities* ;
Not that they 're not, but that they do not clear
Unto our *Reaſon*, and to *Senſe* appear :
For *Reaſon* cannot find them out, ſince they
Seem wrought beyond all *Nature*'s courſe and way ;
But many things our *Senſes* do eſcape ;
For they 're too Groſs to know each *Form* and *Shape* ;
As that another *World* in this may be,
Which we do neither *touch*, nor *hear*, nor *ſee* ,
Nor *taſte*, nor *ſmell* ; What *Eye*'s ſo clear, that ſaw
Thoſe little *Hooks*, that in the *Load-ſtone* draw
Hard *Iron* ? or what *Brain* can reaſon, why
The *Needle*'s point ſtill in the *North* will lye ?
As for example, *Atomes* in the *Air*
We ne're perceive, although the *Light* be fair :
For whatſoever can a *Body* claim,
Though ne're ſo ſmall, *Life* may be in the ſame ;
And what hath *Life* may *Underſtanding* have,
Though 't be to us as Buried in a Grave.
Then probably may *Men* and *Women* ſmall
Live in the *World*, which we not know at all ;
May *Build* them *Houſes* to *dwell* in, and make
Orchards and *Gardens* where they pleaſure take ;

Have

Have *Birds* which ſing, and *Cattel* in the field,
And *plowed Grounds*, which them *ſmall Corn* may yield;
They may have *Common-wealths*, and *Kings* to reign,
Make *Warrs* and *Battels*, where are many ſlain;
And all without our *Hearing*, or our *Sight*,
Or any of our other *Senſes* light;
And other *Stars*, and *Suns*, and *Moons* may be,
Which our *dull Eyes* ſhall never come to ſee.
But we are apt to Laugh at Tales ſo told;
For our groſs *Senſes Reaſon* back do hold:
Yet things which are 'gainſt *Nature*, we think true,
That *Spirits* change, and can take *Bodies* new;
That *Life* may be, yet in no *Body* live,
For which no *Senſe* nor *Reaſon* we can give;
And *Incorporeal Spirits Fancy* feigns,
Yet *Fancy* cannot be without ſome *Brains*;
And if it without *Subſtance* cannot be,
Then *Souls* are more than *Reaſon* well can ſee.

Several Worlds *in ſeveral* Circles.

THere may be many *VWorlds* like *Circles* round,
And many more in After-ages found;
If we by *Art* of *Shipping* could into
Each *Circle* ſlip, we might perhaps it know.
This *VWorld* compar'd to ſome may be but ſmall,
No doubt, for *Nature* made degrees of all;
If not, *Drake* ne're had made ſo quick a skip
About the largeſt *Circle* with his Ship:
But ſome may be ſo *Big*, as none can *ſwim*,
Had they the *Life* of Old *Methuſalem*;
Or had they *Lives* to number with each day,
They would want *Time* to compaſs half the way:

But if that *Drake* had liv'd in *Venus*'s Star,
His *Journey* might have *ſhorter* been by far.

The Claſp.

WHen I did write this *Book*, I took great pains;
For I did walk, and think, and break my Brains;
My *thoughts* run out of *breath*, then down did lye,
And panted with ſhort Wind, like thoſe that Dye;
When *time* had given them but ſome *eaſe* and *ſtrength*,
Then up they 'ld get and run another length;
Sometimes I kept them to a ſtricter *Diet*,
And made them *Faſt* with *eaſe*, and *reſt*, and *quiet*,
That they might run again with ſwifter ſpeed,
And by this courſe *new Fancies* they did breed:
But I do fear they 're not ſo *Good* to pleaſe;
Yet now they 're out, my *Brain* is more at eaſe.

The Circle *of the* Brain *cannot be* Squared.

A *Circle* round divided in four parts
Hath been great Study 'mongſt the *Men* of *Arts*;
Since *Archimed*'s or *Euclid*'s time, each *Brain*
Hath on a *Line* been ſtretch'd, yet all in vain;
And every *Thought* hath been a *Figure* ſet,
Doubts Cyphers were, *Hopes* as *Triangles* met;
There was *Diviſion* and *Subſtraction* made,
And *Lines* drawn out, and *Points* exactly laid,
But none hath yet by Demonſtration found
The way, by which to Square a *Circle* round:
For while the *Brain* is round, no Square will be,
While *Thoughts* divide, no *Figures* will agree.
And others did upon the ſame account,
Doubling the *Cube* to a great number mount;

But

But ſome the *Triangles* did cut ſo ſmall,
Till into equal *Atomes* they did fall:
For ſuch is *Man's curioſity* and *mind*,
To ſeek for that, which *hardeſt* is to find.

The Circle *of* Honeſty Squared.

WIthin the *Head* of *Man's* a *Circle* round
Of *Honeſty*, in which no end is found;
Some think it fit this *Circle* ſhould be ſquar'd,
Though to make *Honeſty* take ſides is hard;
Yet try, do *Fortitude* and *Prudence* take,
Juſtice and *Temperance*, four *Lines* they make;
If *Temperance* do prove too ſhort a Line,
Then do the *Figure* of *Diſcretion* joyn,
Which *Wiſdome's* point draw up, and you will find
Them make an *even Line*, when well Combin'd;
'Twixt *Fortitude* and *Prudence Truth* muſt point
Juſtice's Line towards that *Corner-joynt*
Of *Fortitude*, which *Line* do make agree
With *Prudence*, *Temperance* muſt alſo be
Of equal length with *Juſtice*, both muſt ſtand
'Twixt *Fortitude* and *Prudence* on each hand.
At every *Corner* muſt a *Point* be laid,
Where *Lines* do meet, that *Angles* may be made,
And when thoſe *Points* too high or low do fall,
Then muſt the *Lines* be ſtretch'd to make them all
Even; And thus the *Circle* round, you'l find,
Is Squar'd with the four *Virtues* of the *Mind*.

The ſame Circle Squar'd *in* Proſe.

A *Circle* is a *Line* without *Ends*, and a *Square* hath *four equal Sides*, not one longer or ſhorter

than another. To *Square* the *Circle*, is, to make the *Square Figure* to be equal with the *Round Figure*. *Honesty* is a *Circle* without *Ends*, that is, *By Respects*, for an *Honest man* is *Honest* for *Honestie's* sake. Now to *square* this *Circle* is very difficult, for it is hard for *Honesty* to take part with four Sides without *Faction*, for where there is *Siding*, there is *Faction*, and where *Faction* is, there is *Partiality*, and where *Partiality* is, there is *Injustice*, and where *Injustice* is, there is *VVrong*, and where *VVrong* is, *Truth* is not, and where *Truth* is not, *Honesty* cares not to Live. But let us see how we can Square this *Circle* of *Honesty*: First draw four Lines, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Justice*, these four Lines let them be *Parallels* to make a Square, and at each end of every Line make a Point, at the Line of *Justice* a Point of *Severity* at one end, and another of *Facility* at the other end; and at each end of *Fortitude*, one of *Rashness*, and another of *Timorosity*; and at each end of *Temperance*, *Prodigality* and *Covetousness*; at each end of *Prudence*, *Sloth* and *Stupidity*. Then draw out these *Points* and make them *Angles*, as *Severity* and *Timorosity* make an *Angle*, *Rashness* and *Stupidity* another; *Sloth* and *Prodigality* the third; *Facility* and *Covetousness* the fourth. Then exactly in the midst of either Line, set on each side of the *Line* a *Figure*; As *Distributive* on the outside of the Line of *Justice*, and *Commutative* within the Line: So on the Line of *Fortitude*, *Despair* on the outside, and *Love* within; On the outside of *Prudence* Line *Experience*, and *Indu-*

stry

ſtry within ; on *Temperance*'s Line, *Obſervation* on the outſide, and *Eaſe* within. Then draw a Line of *Clemency* from *Diſtributive*, and from *Obſervation* a Line of *Diſcretion*, and make an Angle of *Hope* ; Then from *Commutative* a Line of *Charity*, and from *Eaſe* a Line of *Comfort*, which make an Angle of *Peace* ; Then from *Deſpair* a Line of *Hope*, and from *Induſtry* a Line of *Fruition*, which make an Angle of *Tranquillity*. Then from the Point of *Love* a Line of *Faith*, and from the Point of *Eaſe* a Line of *Pleaſure*, this makes an Angle of *Joy*. Then ſet a Point at every *Angle*, as *Obebedience*, *Humility*, *Reſpect*, and *Reverence* ; and thus the *Square* meaſured with *Truth*, will be equal with the *Circle* of *Honeſty*.

The Traſection.

CUt the Line of *Wiſdome* into three parts, *Prudence*, *Experience*, and *Judgement* ; Then draw a Line of *Diſcretion*, equal to the Line of *Experience*, and a Line of *Induſtry*, equal to the Line of *Prudence*, and a Line of *Temperance*, equal to the Line of *Judgment*, and to *Temperance* an equal Line of *Tranquillity*, and to the Line *Induſtry* a Line of *Ingenuity*, and to the Line of *Diſcretion* draw an equal Line of *Obedience* ; Then all theſe Lines meaſur'd with the *Rule* of *Reaſon*, you'l find them equal to the Line of *Wiſdome*, joyn them together, and let *Truth* make the Angle. This is the *Traſection*.

The

The Arithmetick *of* Passions.

WIth *Numeration Moralists* begin
Upon the *Passions*, putting *Quotients* in;
Numbers divide with *Figures*, and *Substract*,
And in their *Definitions* are exact;
As for *Substracting*, take but *one* from *three*,
Add it to *four*, and it makes *five* to be:
Thus the *odd Numbers* to the *even* joyn'd,
Will make the *Passions* rise within the *Mind*.

PART

PART II.

Of Moral Philoſophy *and* Moraliſts.

Moral Philoſophy is a *ſevere School*, for there is no *Arithmetician* ſo exact in his Accounts, or doth *Divide* and *Subſtract* his *Numbers* more Subtilly, than they the *Paſſions*; and as *Arithmetick* can *multiply* Numbers above all uſe, ſo *Paſſions* may be divided beyond all *Practice*. But *Moraliſts* live the happieſt Lives of *Mankind*, becauſe moſt Contented; for they do not only ſubdue the *Paſſions*, but can make the beſt uſe of them, to the *Tranquillity* of the *Mind*: As for example, *Fear* to make them *Circumſpect*, *Hope* to make them *Induſtrious*, *Hate* to *Evil*, *Deſire* to *Good*, *Love* to *Virtue*, *Jealous* of *Indiſcretions*, *Angry* at *Follies*, and ſo of all the reſt: For they do not only ſubdue the Feirceſt of them, making them Slaves to execute ſeveral Works in ſeveral Places; but thoſe *Paſſions*, that are mild and of gentle Nature, they make perfect Friendſhip with; for the *Paſſions* are like *privy Counſellours*, where

ſome

ſome Counſel for *Peace*, others for *Warr*; and ſome being Bribed with the *VVorld*, and *Appetite*, perſwade to *Mutiny*, which cauſes a Rebellion. But *Moraliſts* are like powerfull *Monarchs*, which can make their *Paſſions* obedient at their Pleaſure, Condemning them at the Barr of *Juſtice*, and Cutting off their Heads with the Sword of *Reaſon*; or like Skilful *Muſicians*, making the *Paſſions Muſical Inſtruments*, which they can Tune ſo exactly, and Play ſo well and ſweetly, as every ſeveral Note ſhall ſtrike the Ears of the Soul with Delight; and when they Play *Concords*, the *Mind* Dances in meaſure the *Saraband* of *Tranquillity*; whereas when they are out of Tune, they do not only Sound *Harſh* and *Unpleaſant*, but when the *Notes* diſagree, the *Mind* takes *wrong Steps*, and keeps *falſe Time*, and the *Soul* is diſquieted with the Noiſe. But there is no *Humour* or *Paſſion* ſo troubleſome as *Deſire*, becauſe it yields no *ſound Satisfaction*, for it is mixt moſt commonly with pleaſing *Hopes*, and *Hope* is a greater Pleaſure than *Injoyment*, juſt as Eating is a greater Pleaſure to the *Hungry*, than when the *Stomack* is fully ſatisfied. But *Deſire* and *Curioſity* make a *Man* to be above other *Creatures*, for by deſiring *Knowledge Man* is much above a *Beaſt*, as want of perfect *Knowledge* makes him leſs than *God*; and *Man*, as he hath a *Tranſcending Soul* to Out-live the *VVorld* to all *Eternity*, ſo he hath a *Tranſcending Deſire* to Live in the *VVorlds Memory*, as long as the *VVorld* laſts, that he might not Dye like a Beaſt, and be forgotten, but that his *VVorks* may beget

beget an other *Soul*, though of ſhorter Life, which is *Fame*; for *Fame* is like the *Soul*, an *Incorporeal being*.

A Dialogue *between two Supernatural Opinions Concerning* Fame.

WHo know's, but that man's Soul with *Fame* is (pleas'd, 1 *Opin.*
When from the Bodie's priſon it is eas'd?
If we alow the *Soul* ſhall live, not die,
Although the *Body* in the grave doth lie,
And that ſome *Knowledge* ſtill it doth retain,
Why may not then ſome love of *Fame* remain?
There doth no *vanity* in *Souls* then dwell 2 *Opin.*
When ſeparate, they goe to *Heaven* or *Hell.*
Fame's Virtues Ofspring, or elſe ought to be, 1 *Opin.*
What comes not from *Her*, is an Infamy.
Souls of the *World* remember nought at all, 2 *Opin.*
Things that are paſt into oblivion fall.
Why may not *Souls*, as well as *Angels*, know, 1 *Opin*
And hear and ſee, what's done i'th' world below?
Souls neither have ambition nor deſire, 2 *Opin.*
When once in heav'n, nor after *Fame* inquire.
Who can tell that? ſince Heav'n doth love good 1 *Opin.*
And *Fame* of *Piety* from *Grace* proceeds. (deeds,

Another Dialogue of Fame *between two Natural Opinions.*

FAme to deſire, is a moſt noble thought, 1 *Opin.*
Wch *Nature* in the beſt of minds hath wrought.
Alas when men do dye, all Motion's gone, 2 *Opin.*
If Motion none, all thought of *Fame* is done.

1 *Opin.*

What if the Motion of the Body dye?
The Motion of the Mind may live on high,
And in the airy Elements may lye,
There though we know it not, about may flye.
And thus by Nature may the Mind aſpire
Its Fame to hear, its Pyramid deſire,
Or grieve and mourn when ſhe doth ſee and know
Her acts and Fame do to oblivon go.

A Simple Natural Opinion of the Mind.

Nature a *Talent* gives to every one,
As *Heav'n* gives *Grace* to work *Salvation*,
The Talent Nature gives, 's a Noble Mind,
Where Actions good a Current Coyn you find,
On which each Virtue ſtamps its Image ſo,
That all the world each ſeveral piece may know;
If man be lazie, let this Talent lye,
Seek no occaſion to improve it by,
Who knows, but Nature's puniſhment may be,
To make his Mind to grieve eternally?
That, when his Spirit's fled, and Body rot,
He know himſelf of friends and world forgot.
But when he hath us'd all his Induſtry,
Yet cannot get a Fame to live thereby,
Then may his Mind reſt fully ſatisfy'd,
That he hath left no means or way's untry'd.

The Purchaſe of Poets, or a Dialogue betwixt the Poets *and* Fame, *and* Homer's *Marriage.*

A Company of Poets ſtrove to buy
Parnaſsus Hill, upon which Fame doth lye,

And

And *Helicon*, a VVell that runs below,
Of which all thoſe that drink ſtrait Poets grow:
But Money they had none, for they 're all poor,
And Fancy which is Wit, is all their ſtore. (make,
Thinking which way this purchaſe they might
They all agreed they would ſome Counſel take;
Knowing that Fame was Owner to the Well,
And that ſhe always on the Hill did dwell,
They did conclude to tell her their deſire,
That they might know what price ſhe did require.
Then up the Hill they got, a Jorney long, (ſtrong,
Some had nimbler feet [a] had, and a breath [b] more
Which made them get before by going faſt,
But all did meet upon the Hill at laſt.
And when ſhe heard them all, what they could ſay,
She ask'd them, where their Money was to pay?
They told her, Money they had none to give,
But they had Wit, by which they all did live;
And though they knew ſomtimes ſhe bribes would take,
Yet *Wit* in *Honours* Court did Greatneſs make.
Said ſhe, This Hill I'l neither ſell nor give,
But they that have moſt Wit, ſhall with me live;
Then go you down, and get what friends you can,
That will be bound or plead for every man.
Then every Poet was twixt Hope and Doubt,
And envy ſtrove to put each other out.
Homer the firſt of Poets did begin,
For him was *Greece* and *Troy* bound; then came in
Virgil who brought *Æneas*, He all *Rome*;
For *Horace* all the Countrey-men did come:

[a] *Numbers.* [b] *Fancy.*

For *Juv'nal* and *Catull* all Satyrs Joynd,
And in firm bonds they all themſelves did bind;
Tibullus Venus and her Son did bring
For him, 'cauſe wanton verſes he did Sing.
Pythagoras his Tranſmigration brings
For *Ovid*, ſealing's bond with ſeveral things.
Lucan brought *Pompey*, th' Senate all in arms,
And *Cæſar*'s Army with his hot alarms,
Who muſtred all i'th' Parthian fields, their Hand
And Seal did freely ſet to *Lucan*'s band.
Poets which Epitaphes o'th' dead had made,
Their Ghoſts did riſe, & would fair Fame perſwade
To take their bonds, that they might live, though (dead,
To after ages, when their names were read.
The Muſes nine came at the barr to plead,
But partial were, according as th' were fee'd.
At laſt all Poets were caſt out but three,
Who did diſpute, wch ſhould Fame's husband be;
Pythagoras for *Ovid* thought it meet (Sweet,
To ſpeak, whoſe numbers Smooth and words were
Ladies, ſaid He, are for varieties,
And change as oft as he makes beaſts, birds, trees;
As many ſeveral ſhapes and forms they take
Some Goddeſſes and ſome do devils make,
Then let fair Fame ſweet *Ovid's* Lady be,
Since change doth pleaſe that ſex, none's fit but he.
Then ſpoke *Æneas* on brave *Virgil*'s ſide,
Declar'd he was the Glory and the Pride
Of all the Romans, who from him did ſpring,
And whoſe high praiſe he in his Verſe did ſing;
Then let him ſpeed even for *Venus* ſake,
Let him your Husband be, none other take.

Then

Then wiſe *Ulyſſes* in a Rhet'rick ſtile
Began his ſpeech, his tongue was ſmooth as oyl;
He bow'd his head, and thus to Fame did ſpeak:
I Come to plead, although my Wit is weak,
But ſince my Cauſe is Juſt, and Truth my Guide,
The way is plain, I ſhall not err aſide;
Homer his lofty ſtrain to heav'n flyes high,
And brings the Gods down from the airy sky,
And makes them ſide in factions for mankind,
He's now for *Troy*, then *Greece*, as pleas'd his mind;
Then walks he down to the Infernals deep,
And wakes the Furies out of their dead ſleep,
With Fancy's Candle ſeeks about all Hell,
Where every place and corner he knows well,
Opening the Gates where ſleepy Dreams do lye,
VValking into th' *Elyſian* Fields hard by;
Tells you how Lovers there their time imploy,
And how pure Souls in one another joy;
As Painters ſhadows make by mixing Colours,
So do the Souls mix of *Platonick* Lovers;
Shews how Heriock Spirits there do play,
Th' Olympick Games to paſs the time away:
As how they run, leap, wreſtle, ſwim and ride,
VVith many other Exerciſes beſide.
VVhat Poet ever did before him tell
The Gods in Heav'n, and Devils names in Hell?
Their Manſions and their Pleaſures he deſcribes,
Their Powers and Autorities divides;
Their Chronologies, elder much than time,
And their Adulteries he puts in Rhime:
Beſides, great Fame, thy Court he hath fill'd full
Of brave reports, which as an empty Skul

Elſe

Elſe would appear, and not like Heaven's Throne,
Nor like the Firmament with Stars thick ſtrown;
Makes Hell appear with a Majeſtick face,
Becauſe there are ſo many in that place:
Fame never could ſo great a Queen have been,
If VVits Invention had not Arts brought in;
Your Court by Poets Fire is now made light,
Which quench'd, you'ld dwell as in perpetual Night;
It heats men's Spirits, and inflames their Blood,
And makes them ſeek for Actions great and good:
Then be you juſt, ſince you the Ballance hold,
Let not the Leaden weights weigh down the Gold;
It were Injuſtice, *Fame*, for you to make
A *Servant* [a] low his *Maſter*'s place to take;
Or you ſhould *Thieves*, that pick the Purſe, preferr
Before the Owner, when Condemn'd they were:
His are not Servant-lines, but what he leaves,
Each from him Steals, and ſo the World deceives;
If ſo, *great Fame*, 'twill be a Hainous fact
To worſhip you, if you from Right detract;
Then let the beſt of *Poets* find ſuch Grace,
In your fair Eyes, to chuſe him firſt in place;
Let all the reſt come Offer at your ſhrine,
And ſhew your Self a Goddeſs that's Divine.
Then at your word, I'l *Homer* take, ſaid *Fame*,
And if he prove not good, be you too blame.
Ulyſſes bow'd, and *Homer* kiſs'd her Hands,
And they were joyn'd in Matrimonial bands;
And *Mercury* from all the Gods was ſent,
To give her Joy, and wiſh her much Content.

[a] *Becauſe all Poets imitate* Homer.

And

And all the Poets were Invited round,
All that were Known, or in the World but found;
In meaſure and in time they Danc'd about,
Each in their turn the Muſes nine took out;
In Numbers ſmooth did run their Nimble Feet,
Whilſt Muſick plaid, and Songs were ſung moſt ſweet:
At laſt the Bride and Bridegroom went to Bed,
And there did *Homer* get *Fame*'s Maiden-head.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Man *and* Nature.

Man.

'TT is moſt ſtrange,
How we do Change;
Firſt to Live, and then to Dye,
Is the greateſt miſery.
To give us Senſe, for nought but Pains to feel,
To makes our Lives only to be Death's Wheel;
To give us Reaſon, and yet not to know
What we are made for, or what we muſt do,
Whether to *Atomes* turn, or to Heav'n fly,
Or change into new Forms and never Dye;
Or elſe to the *prime Matter* fall again,
Thence take new Forms and ſo always remain:
Nature gives no ſuch Knowledge to Mankind,
But ſtrong Deſires, which do torment his Mind;
And Senſes, which like Hounds do run about,
Yet never can the perfect Truth find out.
O *Nature*, *Nature*, Cruel to Mankind,
Gives Knowledge none, but Miſery to find. (moan,

Nature.

Why doth Mankind complain, and make ſuch
May not I work my will with what's my own?
But men amongſt themſelves Contract, and make
A Bargain for my Tree, that Tree they take;

Which

Which cruelly they chop in pieces ſmall,
And form it as they pleaſe, then Build withall:
Although that Tree by me, to ſtand, was grac'd,
Juſt as it grows, by none to be Defac'd.

Man. O *Nature*, Trees are Dull, and have no Senſe,
And therefore feel no Pain, nor take Offence.

Nature. But Beaſts have Life, and Senſe, and Paſſions ſtrong,
Yet cruel Man doth Kill, and doth them VVrong;
To take that Life before the time, which I
Ordain'd for them, 's to me an Injury.

Man. What ill *Man* doth, *Nature* did make him do,
And he by *Nature* is prompt thereunto;
For it was in great *Nature*'s power and will,
To make him as She pleaſed, good or ill. (Live
Though Beaſts have Senſe, feel pain, yet whilſt they
They Reaſon want, for to diſpute, or grieve.
Beaſts have no pain but what in Senſe doth lye,
Nor troubled thoughts to think how they ſhall Dye.
Reaſon doth ſtretch Man's mind upon the Rack,
With Hopes & Joys pull'd up, with Fear pull'd back;
Deſire doth Whip and makes him run amain;
Deſpair doth Wound, and pulls him back again:
For *Nature*, thou mad'ſt *Man* betwixt extremes,
VVants perfect Knowledge, though thereof he
For had he been like to a ſtock or ſtone, (Dreams;
Or like a Beaſt to Live with Senſe alone,
Then might he Eat and Drink, and all be well,
Ne're troubled be, neither for Heav'n nor Hell;
Man Knowledge hath enough for to inquire;
Ambition great enough for to aſpire;
He hath this Knowledge, that he knows not all,
And of himſelf his Knowledge is but ſmall,

Which

Which makes him wonder, and think there are
Two ſeveral qualities in Nature fixt, (mixt
The one like Love, the other like to Hate,
And ſtriving both they do ſhut out wiſe Fate;
And then ſometimes man thinks as one they be,
Which makes that Contraries ſo well agree, (Hate,
That though the VVorld was made by Love and
Yet all is rul'd and governed by Fate. (high,
Theſe are man's Fears, man's Hopes run ſmooth and
VVho thinks his mind is ſome great Deity,
For though the body is of low degree,
In Senſe like beaſts, their Soul's like Gods ſhall be.
Says *Nature*, VVhy doth man complain and cry, *Nature.*
If he believes his Soul ſhall never Dye?

A Dialogue *betwixt the* Body *and the* Mind.

WHat Bodies els but Man's did Nature make, *Body.*
To joyn with ſuch a Mind, no reſt can take?
That ebbs and flow's with full and falling tide,
As minds dejected fall or ſwell with Pride;
In waves of paſſion roul to billows high,
Always in Motion, never quiet lye;
VVhere thoughts like Fiſhes ſwim the Mind about,
And Greater thoughts the Smaller thoughts eat out;
My Bodie's Barque rows in Mind's ocean wide,
VVhich VVaves of Paſſion beat on every ſide.
VVhen that dark Cloud of Ignorance hangs low,
And VVinds of vain Opinions ſtrong do blow,
Then ſhowrs of Doubts into the Mind rain down,
And Studies deep my Barque of fleſh do drown.
VVhy doth the Body thus Complain, when I
Do help it forth of every miſery? *Mind.*

Your barque muſt in this VVorld ſwim, for 't has (been
By Nature thus rigg'd out, to traffick in ;
Againſt hard rocks you'ld break in peeces ſmall,
If my Invention help'd you not in all.
The *Loadſtone* of *Attraction* I find out,
The *Card* of *obſervation* guides about,
The *Needle* of *diſcretion* points the way
Which makes that *Barque* get ſafe into each *Bay*.

Body. If I eſcape Drowning in th' VVat'ry main,
Yet in great mighty battels I am ſlain ;
By your ambition I am forc'd to Fight,
VVhen many VVounds upon my body light ;
For you Care not, ſo you a Fame may have
To live, if I be buried in a grave.

Mind. If bodies fight and Kingdom's win, then you
Take all the pleaſure that belongs thereto.
Upon that head a glorious Crown you bear,
And on that body you rich Jewels wear,
All things are ſought to pleaſe your *Senſes five*,
No *drugg* unpractis'd to keep you alive,
And I to ſet you up in high degree,
Invent all Engines, us'd in wars to be ;
'Tis I that do you make in Triumph great,
Above all other Creatures t' have your ſeat ;
By the Induſtrious Arts which I do find,
You other Creaturs in Subjection bind ;
You eat their Fleſh, and then you uſe their Skin,
VVhen winter comes, to lap your bodies in ;
And ſo in every thing, Nature doth make,
By my direction you great pleaſure take.

Body. VVhat though my Senſes all do take delight,
Yet you upon my Entrals always bite?

My

My fleſh y' eat up, and leave my bones all bare
VVith the ſharp teeth of *Sorrow*, *Grief* and *Care*;
You draw my blood from th' Veins with envious ſpight,
Decay my ſtrength with Shame, or extreme Fright;
Often with Love extremely Sick I lie,
And with a Cruel hate you make me dye.
Care keeps you from all hurt or falling low, *Mind.*
Sorrow and Grief are debts to friends we owe,
Fear makes man Juſt, to give each one his own,
Shame makes Civility, without there's none;
Hate makes good Laws, that all may live in peace,
Love brings Society, and gets increaſe;
Beſides with Joy I make the Eyes look gay,
VVith pleaſing ſmiles they dart forth every way;
With Mirth the cheeks are Fat, Smooth, Roſie-red,
Speech flows with Wit, when Fancies fill the head.
If I were gone, you'ld miſs my Company,
VViſh we were Joyn'd again, or you might dye.

A Complaint of VVater, Earth *and* Air *againſt the* Sun, *by way of* Dialogue.

THere's none hath ſuch an Enemy, as I, *Moiſture to the Earth.*
The Sun doth drink me up, when he is dry,
He Sucks me out of every hole I lye;

Draws me up high, from whence I down do fall,
In ſhowers of rain I'm broke in pieces ſmall,
Where I am forc'd to you for help to call.

You ſtrait your precious Door ſet open wide,
And take me in with haſt on every ſide,
Then Joyn my Limbs faſt in a Flowing tide.

Earth *to* Moisture. Alas, dear Friend, the Sun's my greateſt Foe,
Doth blaſt my tender Buds as they do grow;
He burns my Face, and makes it parch't and dry,
He ſucks my Breaſt, and ſtarves my *Young* thereby:
Thus I and all my Young for Thirſt were ſlain,
But that with Wet you fill my Breaſt again.

Air *to* Earth *and* Moisture. The Sun doth uſe me ill, as all the reſt;
For his Hot ſultry Beams do me moleſt;
Melts me into a thin and flowing Flame,
To make him Light, when Men it *Day* do name;
Corrupts me, makes me full of Plaguy ſores,
And Putrefaction on Men's Bodies pours;
Or elſe with ſubtile Flame Men's Spirits fills,
Which them almoſt with Rage or Madneſs kills;
Draws me into a Length and Breadth, till I
Become ſo thin, with windy Wings do fly;
He never leaves, till all my Spirits ſpent,
And then I Dye, and leave no Monument.

The Sun *to* Earth. O moſt unkind, and moſt ungrateful! *Earth*,
I am thy Midwife, bring thy Young to Birth;
I with my Heat do cauſe thy Young to grow,
And with my Light I teach them how to go:
My ſhining Beams are Strings, whereon to hold,
For fear they fall and break their Limbs on Cold;
All to Maturity I bring, and give (Live.
Youth, Beauty, Strength, and make Old Age to

The Sun *to* Water. Dull Moiſture I do Light and Active make,
And from it all Corrupt groſs Humours take;
All Superfluities I dry up clean,
That nothing but pure Cryſtal Water's ſeen;
The hard-bound Cold I looſen and untye,
When you in Icy Chains a Priſoner lye:

Your

Your Limbs when nipt with Froſt and bit with Cold,
Your ſmooth and glaſſie Face grows wrinkled, old,
Then I do make you nimble, ſoft, and fair,
Liquid, and Nouriſhing, and Debonair.
Air I do purge, and make it clear and bright, *The Sun to Air.*
Black clouds diſſolve, wch make the *day* ſeem *night*;
The Crude raw Vapours I digeſt, and ſtrain
The thicker part all into Showers of Rain;
The thinneſt part I turn all into Wind,
Which like a Broom ſweep out all Dirt, they find;
The cleareſt part I turn to Azure Sky,
Hang'd all with Stars; Thus next the Gods you lye.

A Dialogue *between* Earth *and* Cold.

O Cruel *Cold*, to Life an Enemy, *Earth.*
Troubler of Man, and Man's Poſterity;
Moſt envious *Cold*, to ſtupifie Man's Brain,
And ſpoil that Monarchy where Wit ſhould Reign;
Tyrant you are, and make the Waters clear
In Chains of Ice lye Fetter'd half the year,
Impriſoning each thing that dwells in me,
Shutting my porous Doors no Light can ſee;
I ſmother'd am, and almoſt at Death's Door,
Each Hole is ſtopt, and I can Breathe no more;
Congeal the Air to Maſſie Clouds of Snow,
And like great Mountains on my Body throw;
And all my Plants, and ſtrong, great, Fruitful Trees,
You nip to Death, or Cloath them in courſe freez;
My freſh green Robes, which make me fine and gay,
You ſtrip me of, or change to Black or Gray;
For fear of *Cold*, my Moiſture ſhrinks ſo low,
My Head wears Bald, no Hair thereon will grow;

You

You break the Sun-beams, do their Heat deſtroy,
And take away my Comfort and my Joy;
You make my Body ſtiff, and Numb it ſo,
That nothing Fluid in my Veins can go. (grieve?

Cold. VVhy do you thus complain, poor *Earth*, and
I give you Strength and make you long to Live;
I ſhelter you from the Sun's ſcorching Heat,
I give you breath, by me your ſtrength grows great;
I cloath you from the Cold with Milk white Snow,
Send down your Sap to Nouriſh you below;
If Heat with you ſhould dwell, and long time ſtay,
His thirſt would drink your Moiſture all away;
I take nought from you, nor do make you poor,
But like a Husband good, do keep your ſtore;
My Ice are Locks and Barrs, all ſafe to keep,
From buſie Motion 't gives you quiet Sleep:
For Heat is active, and doth you moleſt,
Does make you work, and never lets you reſt;
Heat ſpends your Spirits, makes you crackt and dry,
Drinks all himſelf, with Thirſt you almoſt Dye;
VVith ſweating Labour you grow weak and faint,
I wonder, why you make ſuch great Complaint.

Earth. Both *Heat* and *Cold*, each in extreme degree,
Two *Hells* they are, though contrary they be;
Two Devils they are, and Vex me with great pains,
One ſhoots hot Arrows, th' other ties in Chains.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Earth *and* Darkneſs.

Earth. O Horrid *Darkneſs*, and you powers of Night,
You direful ſhades made by Obſtructed Light,
Why ſo Cruel? what evil have I done,
To part me from my Husband, the bright Sun?

I do not part you, he me hither ſends, *Darkn.*
Whilſt he Rides round to Viſit all his Friends;
Beſides, he hath more [a] Wives to Love than you,
He never conſtant is to one, nor true.

[a] *There may be more* Earths, *for ought we know, and yet but one* Sun.

You do him wrong, for though he Journeys makes *Earth.*
For Exerciſe, yet Care he for me takes,
He leaves his Stars, and's Siſter in his place,
To comfort me, whilſt he doth run his Race;
But you do come, moſt wicked Thieviſh Night,
And Rob me of that fair and ſilver Light.

The Moon and Stars they are but Shadows thin, *Darkn.*
Small Cob-web Lawn they from his Light do ſpin,
Which they in Scorn do make, you to diſgrace,
As a thin Veil to cover your ill Face:
For Moon and Stars have no ſtrong Light to ſhow,
A Colour true, nor how you Bud or Grow,
Only ſome Ghoſts do riſe, and take delight
To walk about, when as the Moon ſhines bright.

You are deceiv'd, they caſt no ſuch diſguiſe, *Earth.*
But ſtrive to pleaſe me, twinkling in the Skies;
The Ghoſts my Children are, which being weak
And tender Ey'd, help from the Moon do ſeek;
For why? her Light is gentle, moiſt and cold,
Doth eaſe their Eyes, when they do it behold;
But you with Shadows fright, delude the Sight,
Like Ghoſts appear in Gloomy ſhades of Night,
And you with Clouds do caſt upon my back
A mourning Mantle of the deepeſt Black,
Which covers me with dark Obſcurity,
That none of my dear Children I can ſee,

Their

Their lovely Faces you hide from my ſight,
Which ſhew moſt Beautifull in the Day-light;
They take Delight each other's Face to ſee,
And with each other's Form in Love they be,
By which kind Sympathy they bring me ſtore
Of children young, wch when grown up, bring more;
But you are Spightfull to thoſe Lovers kind,
Muffle up their Faces, and their Eyes quite Blind.
Darkn. Is this my Thanks for all my love and care,
And for that great Reſpect to you I bear?
I am your faithfull, kind, and conſtant Lover,
I all your Faults and Imperfections cover,
I take you in my gentle Arms of reſt,
With cool freſh Dews I bathe your dry hot Breaſt;
The Children which you by the Sun did bear,
I lay to Sleep, and make them reſt from Care,
In Beds of Silence, where they take no harm,
With blankets ſoft, though black, I keep them warm;
Then ſhut them cloſe from the diſturbing Light,
And yet you Rail againſt your Lover, Night.
Beſides, if you had Light through all the year,
Though Beauty great, 'twould not ſo well appear:
For what is common, has not ſuch reſpect,
Nor ſuch regard; for uſe doth bring neglect;
Nought is admir'd, but what is ſeldome ſeen,
And Black, for Change, delights as well as Green.
Yet I ſhould conſtant be, if I might ſtay,
But the bright Sun doth beat me quite away:
For he is Active, and Runs all about,
Ne're dwells with one, but ſeeks new Lovers out;
He ſpightfull is to other Lovers, ſince
He by his Light doth give Intelligence;

I am Love's confident, and ſhady Bow'r,
Where Lovers meet and whiſper many a Hour :
Thus am I faithfull, kind to Lovers true,
And all is for your Sake and Love to you.
I'm Melancholy, yet my Love's as true,
As that great Light's, which is ſo dear to you ;
Then ſlight me not, nor do my Sute diſdain,
But when the Sun is gone, me entertain ;
Take me, ſweet Love, with Joy into your Bed,
And on your freſh Green breaſt lay my Black head.

A Dialogue *between an* Oak, *and a* Man *Cutting it down.*

WHy cut you off my Bows, which largely bend, *Oak.*
And from the ſcorching Sun you do defend ?
Which did refreſh your fainting Limbs from ſweat,
And kept you free from Thund'ring Rains and Wet;
When on my Bark your weary Head you'ld lay,
Where quiet Sleep did take all Cares away ;
The whilſt my Leaves a gentle Noiſe did make,
And blew cool Winds that you freſh Air might take?
Beſides, I did invite the Birds to Sing,
That their ſweet Voice might you ſome pleaſure bring,
Where every one did ſtrive to do their beſt,
Oft chang'd their Notes and ſtrain'd their tender Breaſt ;
In Winter time my Shoulders broad did hold
Off bluſtering Storms, that wounded with ſharp Cold;
And on my Head the Flakes of Snow did fall,
Whilſt you under my Bows ſat free from all :
And ſhall thus be requited my good will,
That you will take my Life, and Body kill ?

For all my Care and Service I have paſt,
Muſt I be Cut and laid on Fire at laſt?
See how true Love you Cruelly have ſlain,
And try'd all ways to Torture me with pain;
Firſt you do peel my Bark, and flay my Skin,
Chop off my Limbs, and leave me nak'd and thin,
With wedges you do peirce my Sides to wound,
And with your Hatchet knock me to the ground;
I minc'd ſhall be in Chips and Pieces ſmall,
And this doth *Man* reward good Deeds withall.

Man. Why grumble you old *Oak*, when you have ſtood
This hundred Years, as King of all the Wood?
Would you for ever Live, and not reſign
Your place to one that is of your own Line?
Your Acorns young, when you grow big and tall,
Long for your Crown, and wiſh to ſee your fall,
Think every Minute loſt, whilſt you do Live,
And grumble at each Office you do give;
Ambition doth fly High, and is above
All ſorts of Friendſhip and of Nat'ral Love:
Beſides, all Subjects do in Change delight, (ſlight,
When Kings grow Old, their Government they
Although in eaſe, and peace, and wealth they Live,
Yet all thoſe Happy times for Change they'l give,
Grow diſcontent, and Factions ſtill do make,
What Good ſo'ere he doth, as Evil take;
Were he as wiſe, as ever Nature made,
As pious, good, as ever Heav'n has Sav'd,
Yet when he Dyes, ſuch Joy is in their Face,
As if the Devil had gone from that place;
With ſhouts of Joy they run a new to Crown,
Although next day they ſtrive to pull him down.

Why, ſaid the *Oak*, becauſe that they are mad, *Oak.*
Shall I rejoyce, for my own Death be glad?
Becauſe my Subjects all Ingratefull are,
Shall I therefore my Health and Life impair?
Good Kings, who Govern juſtly at all times,
Examine not Men's Humours but their Crimes;
For when their Crimes appear, 'tis time to ſtrike,
Not to examine Thoughts what they do like;
Though Kings are never Lov'd till they do Dye,
Nor wiſht to Live, till in the Grave they lye,
Yet he that Loves hinſelf the leſs, becauſe
He cannot get every Man's high Applauſe,
Shall by my Judgement be Condemn'd to wear
The Aſſes Ears, and Burdens for to bear:
But let me Live the Life that Nature gave,
And not to pleaſe my Subjects, Dig my Grave.
But here, poor *Oak*, you Live in Ignorance, *Man.*
And never ſeek your Knowledge to advance,
I'l Cut you down, that Knowledge you may gain,
Shalt be a Ship to traffick on the Main;
There ſhall you Swim and Cut the Seas in two,
And trample down each Wave as you do go,
Though they do riſe, and big are ſwell'd with pride,
You on their Shoulders broad and Back ſhall Ride,
And bow their lofty Heads, their Pride to check,
Shall ſet your ſteddy Foot upon their Neck;
They, on their Breaſt your ſtately Ship ſhall bear,
Till your ſharp Keel the wat'ry Womb doth tear:
Thus ſhall you round the World, new Land to find,
That from the reſt is of another Kind.
O! ſaid the *Oak*, I am contented well, *Oak.*
VVithout that Knowledge in my Wood to dwell;

For I had rather Live, and Simple be,
Than run in Danger, ſome ſtrange Sight to ſee;
Perchance my Ship againſt a Rock may hit,
Then am I ſtrait in ſundry pieces Split:
Beſides, no reſt nor quiet ſhall I have,
The Winds will toſs me on each troubled Wave,
The billows Rough will beat on every ſide,
My Breaſt will ake, to ſwim againſt the Tide;
And greedy Merchants may me Over-fraight,
Then ſhould I Drowned be with my own weight;
With Sails and Ropes men will my Body tye,
And I a Priſoner have no Liberty,
And being always wet, ſuch Colds ſhall take,
My Ship may get a Poſe, through Holes, and Leak,
Which they to mend, will put me to great pain,
Beſides all patch'd and piec'd I ſhall remain;
I care not for that VVealth, wherein the Pains
And Troubles are far greater than the Gains;
I am contented with what Nature gave,
I'l not repine, but one poor wiſh I'ld have,
VVhich is, that you my Aged Life would ſave.

Man. To Build a ſtately Houſe, I'l cut you down,
Wherein ſhall Princes Live of great Renown,
There ſhall you Live with the beſt Company,
All their Delight and Paſtime you ſhall ſee; (ſhine,
Where Plays, and Maſques, and Beauties bright will
Your wood all Oyl'd with ſmoak of Meat & Wine;
There ſhall you hear both Men and VVomen ſing,
Far pleaſanter than Nightingales i'th' Spring;
Like to a Ball there Echoes ſhall rebound
Againſt the VVall, and yet no Voice be found.

Alas,

Alas, what Muſick ſhall I care to hear, *Oak.*
VVhen on my Shoulders I ſuch Burdens bear?
Both Brick and Tiles upon my Head are laid,
Of this preferment I am ſore afraid;
VVith Nails and Hammers they will often wound,
And peirce my Sides to hang their Pictures round;
My Face is Smutch'd with ſmoak of Candle lights,
In danger to be Burnt in VVinter Nights.
No, let me here a poor Old *Oak* ſtill grow,
Such vain Delights I matter not to know;
For fruitleſs Promiſes I do not care,
More honour 'tis, my own green Leaves to bear;
More honour 'tis, to be in Natures dreſs,
Than any Shape that Men by Art expreſs:
I am not like to Men would praiſes have,
And for Opinion make my Self a Slave.
VVhy do you wiſh to Live, and not to Dye, *Man.*
Since you no Pleaſure have, but Miſery?
Here you the Sun with ſcorching Heat doth burn,
And all your Leaves ſo Green to Drineſs turn;
Alſo with Winters Cold you quake and ſhake,
And in no Time or Seaſon reſt can take.
I'm happier far, ſaid th' *Oak*, than you Mankind, *Oak.*
For I Content in my Condition find;
Man nothing Loves, but what he cannot get,
And ſoon doth Surfet of one Diſh of Meat,
Diſlikes all Company, Diſpleas'd alone,
Makes Grief himſelf, if Fortune gives him none;
And as his Mind is reſtleſs, never pleas'd,
So is his Body Sick and oft Diſeas'd;
His Gouts and Pains do make him ſigh and cry,
Yet in the midſt of them would Live, not Dye.

Alas,

Man. Alas, poor *Oak*, you do not know, nor can
Imagine half the Miſery of Man;
All other Creatures only in Senſe joyn,
But man has ſomething more which is Divine;
He hath a Mind, and doth to Heav'n aſpire,
For Curioſities he doth inquire;
A Wit, that nimble is, and runs about
In every Corner, to ſeek Nature out;
For ſhe doth hide her Self, afraid to ſhow
Man all her Works, leſt he too powerfull grow;
Like as a King, his Favourite waxing great,
May well ſuſpect, that he his Pow'r will get;
And what Creates deſire in a Man's breaſt,
That Nature is Divine, which ſeeks the beſt;
For no Perfection he at all doth prize,
Till he therein the Gods doth Equalize:
If you, as Man, deſire like Gods to be,
I'l ſpare your Life, and not Cut down your Tree.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Birds.

AS I abroad in Fields and VVoods did walk,
I heard the Birds of ſeveral things did talk;
And on the Boughs would Goſſip, Prate, and Chat,
And every one Diſcourſe of this and that.
I, ſaid the *Lark*, before the Sun do riſe,
And take my Flight up to the higheſt Skies,
There ſing ſome Notes to raiſe *Apollo*'s Head,
For fear that he might lye too long in Bed;
And as I mount, or as I come down low,
Still do I Sing which way ſoe're I go;
My Body, as 't winds up, juſt like a Screw,
So doth my Voice wind up a Trillo too.

What

What Bird, beſides my Self, both Flies and Sings?
My Trilloes keep Tune to my Flutt'ring wings.
I, ſaid the *Nightingale*, all Night do watch,
For fear a Serpent ſhould my Young ones catch;
To keep back Sleep, I ſeveral Tunes do Sing,
VVhich are ſo Pleaſant, that they Lovers bring
Into the Woods, who Liſtning ſit and mark,
When I begin to Sing, they Cry, *Hark, hark*;
Stretching my Throat to raiſe my Trilloes high,
To gain their Praiſes, makes me almoſt Dye.
Then comes the *Owl*, which ſays, Here's ſuch a do
With your ſweet Voice, through ſpite crys Wit-a-woo.
In VVinter, ſaid the *Robin*, I ſhould Dye,
But that I in a good warm Houſe do fly,
And there do pick up Crums which make me fat,
But oft I'm ſcar'd away with the Puſs-cat;
If they moleſt me not, then I grow bold,
And ſtay ſo long, whilſt Winter Tales are told:
Man Superſtitiouſly dares not hurt me;
For if I'm kill'd or hurt, ill Luck ſhall be.
The *Sparrow* ſaid, Would our caſe were no worſe,
But men do with their Nets us take by force;
With Guns and Bows they ſhoot us from the Trees,
And by ſmall Shot we oft our Lives do leeſe,
Becauſe we pick a Cherry here and there,
VVhen God knows we do eat them in great fear;
But Men will eat untill their Bellies burſt,
And Surfets take; if we eat, we are Curſt;
Yet we by Nature are Revenged ſtill,
For Eating over-much themſelves they Kill.
And if a Child do chance to Cry and Brawl,
They do us Catch, to pleaſe that Child withall;

VVith

With threads they tye our Legs almoſt to crack,
And when we Hop away, they pull us back ;
And when they Cry, *Fip, Fip*, ſtrait we muſt come,
And for our pains they'l give us one ſmall Crum.
I wonder, ſaid *Mag-pye*, you Grumble ſo,
Dame Sparrow, we are us'd much worſe, I trow ;
For they our Tongues do Slit, their words to Learn,
And with this Pain our Food we dearly Earn.
Why, ſaid the *Finches*, and the *Linnets* all,
Do you ſo Prate, *Mag-pye*, and ſo much Bawl ?
As if no Birds beſides were wrong'd but you,
When we by Cruel men are Injur'd too ;
For we to Learn their Tunes are kept awake,
That with their VVhiſtling we no reſt can take ;
In Darkneſs we are kept, no Light muſt ſee,
Till we have Learn'd their Tunes moſt perfectly :
But *Jack-daws*, they may dwell their Houſes nigh,
And Build their Neſts in Elms, that do grow high,
And there may Prate and Fly from place to place ;
For why ? they think they give their Houſe a grace.
Lord ! ſaid the *Patridge*, *Cock*, *Puet*, *Snite* & *Quail*,
Pigeons and *Larks*, My Maſters why d'ye Rail ?
You're kept from Winters cold, and Summers heat,
Are taught new Tunes, and have good ſtore of Meat;
You have your Servants, yet give them no wages,
Which do make Clean your foul and dirty Cages,
When we poor Birds are by the Dozens kill'd,
Luxurious Men us Eat, till they be fill'd,
And of our Fleſh do make ſuch Cruel waſte,
That but ſome of our Limbs will pleaſe their Taſte;
In *Wood-cocks* Thighs they only take delight,
And *Patridge* wings, wch ſwift were in their Flight;

The

The ſmaller *Lark* they eat all at one bite,
But every part is good of *Quail* and *Snite*;
The murth'rous *Hawk* they keep, us for to catch,
And teach their Dogs to Crouch, and Creep, and Watch,
Untill they ſpring us into *Nets* & *Toils*,
And thus, poor Creatures, we are made man's Spoils.
O! Cruel Nature made us Tame and Mild,
They happy are, which are more Fierce and VVild;
O would our Fleſh had been like Carrion Coarſe,
VVhich to eat only Famine might inforce;
But now, when th' eat us, may they Surfeits take,
May they be Poor, when they Feaſts of us make;
The more they eat, the Leaner may they grow,
Or elſe ſo Fat, as not to ſtirr nor go.
O, Said the *Swallow*, let me mourn in Black,
For of Man's Cruelty I do not lack;
I am the Meſſenger of Summer VVarm,
Neither pick Fruit nor Corn, nor do I harm,
Yet Men will take us, when alive we be,
I Shake to tell, O horrid Cruelty!
Beat us alive till we an Oyl become;
Can there to Birds be a worſe Martyrdome?
O Man, O Man! if we ſhould ſerve you ſo,
You would againſt us your great Curſes throw.
But Nature ſhe is good, do not her blame,
VVe ought to give her Thanks, and not Exclame;
For Love is Nature's chiefeſt Law in Mind,
Hate but an Accident to Love we find.
'Tis true Self-preſervation is the chief,
But Luxury to Nature is a Thief;
Corrupted manners always do breed Vice,
VVhich by Perſuaſion doth the Mind intice;

No Creature doth uſurp ſo much as Man,
VVho thinks himſelf like God, becauſe he can
Rule other Creatures, and make them Obey;
Our Souls did never Nature make, ſay they, (ſure,
VVhat ever Comes from Nature's ſtock and Trea-
Created is only to ſerve their Pleaſure;
Although the life of Bodies comes from Nature,
Yet ſtill the Souls come from the Great Creator,
And they ſhall Live, when we to Duſt do turn,
Either in Bliſs, or in hot Flames to burn.

Then came the *Parrot* with her painted Wing,
Spake like an Oratour in every thing.
Siſter *Jay*, Neighbour *Daw*, and *Goſſip Pye*,
We taken are not like the reſt to Dye,
Only to Talk and Prate, the beſt we can,
To imitate to th' life the Speech of Man;
And Juſt like Men, we paſs our time away,
For many, but not one Wiſe word we ſay,
And ſpeak as gravely Non-ſenſe as the beſt,
As full of Empty words as all the reſt;
Then Nature we will praiſe, becauſe we have,
Tongues given us like to Men, our Lives to ſave.
Mourn not, my Friends, but Sing in Sun-ſhine gay,
And while you've time, Joy in your ſelves you may:
What, though your lives be Short, yet Merry be,
Do not Complain, but in Delights agree.

Strait came the *Tit-mouſe* with a frowning face,
And hopt about as in an angry pace,
My Maſters all, what's matter? are you mad?
Is no regard unto the Publick had?
Are Private home affairs caſt all aſide?
Your Young ones Cry for meat, 'tis time to chide;

For

For ſhame diſperſe your ſelves, ſome pains do take
Both for the Publick and your Young ones ſake,
And ſit not murmuring againſt great *Man*,
Unleſs ſome way revenge our ſelves we can;
Alas, alas! we want their Shape, for they
By it have power to make us all Obey;
They can lift, bear, ſtrike, pull, thruſt, turn and wind
What ways they will, which makes, new arts they find;
'Tis not their Wit, that doth Inventions make,
But 'tis their Shape, wch height, breadth, depth can take;
Thus they can meaſure this great Worldly Ball,
And Numbers ſet, to prove the Truth of all.
What Creature elſe has Arms, or goes Upright,
Or has all ſorts of Motion ſo unite?
Man by his Shape can Nature imitate,
Can govern, rule, and can new Arts create:
Then come away, ſince Talk no good can do,
And what we cannot Help, Submit unto.
Then ſome their Wives, ſome did their Husbands call,
To gather Sticks to Build their Neſts withall;
Some Shrews did ſcold; Winds had deſtroy'd their Neſt,
They had no place where to abide, or reſt;
For all they'd gather'd with great Pains and Care,
Thoſe ſticks & ſtraws were blown they knew not where.
But none did Labour like the little *Wren*,
To Build for her Young ones her Neſt agen;
For ſhe doth lay more Eggs than all the reſt,
And with much Art and Skil doth Build her Neſt.
The Young made Love, and Kiſs'd each others Bill,
The *Cock* catch'd Flies to give his Miſtreſs ſtill;
The *Yellow-Hammer* cried, *'tis Wet, 'tis Wet*,
For it will Rain before the Sun doth ſet;

Taking their Flight as each Mind thought it beſt,
Some flew Abroad, and ſome Home to their Neſt;
Some gather'd Corn which out of Sheaves was ſtrew'd,
And ſome did pick up Seed that new was Sow'd;
Some courage had a Cherry Ripe to take,
Others catch'd Flies when they a Feaſt would make;
And ſome did pick up Ants, and Eggs, though ſmall,
And brought them Home to feed their Young withall;
When every Crop was fill'd, and Night drew nigh,
Then did they ſtretch their VVings, faſt home to fly:
For like as Men, when they from Markets come,
Set out Alone, but every Mile adds ſome,
Untill a Troop of Neighbours get together,
So do a Flight of Birds in Sun-ſhine weather.
VVhen to their Neſts they got, Lord! how they Bawl'd,
And every one to his next Neighbour call'd,
Asking each other if they Weary wear,
Rejoycing at paſt Dangers and great Fear.
When they their Wings had prun'd, and Young ones fed,
Sate Goſſiping before they went to Bed;
The *Blak-bird* ſaid, Let us a Carol ſing,
Before we Sleep in this fine Evening;
The *Thruſhes*, *Linnets*, *Finches* taking parts,
A Conſort made by Nature, not by Arts:
But all their Songs were Hymns to God on high,
Praiſing his Name, bleſſing his Majeſty;
And when they ask'd for Gifts, to God did pray,
He would be pleas'd to give them a fair Day.
At laſt they Drowſie grew, ready to Sleep,
And then inſtead of Singing, cried *Peep*, *peep*;
As th' Eye, when Senſe is Locking up to reſt,
Is neither open wide, nor yet ſhut faſt;

So

So by degrees a Voice is falling found;
For as a Shadow, ſo doth waſte a Sound:
Thus went to reſt each Head under each Wing;
For Sleep brings Peace to every Living thing.

A Dialogue *between* Melancholy *and* Mirth.

AS I was Muſing by my Self alone,
My Thoughts brought ſeveral things to work upon,
Some did large Houſes build, and ſtately Towers,
And ſome made Orchards, Gardens, & fine Bowers;
Some did in Arts and Sciences delight,
And ſome in Contradiction, Reaſons Fight;
Some Govern'd, like as Kings do Rule a State,
And ſome as Republicks, which Monarchs hate;
Some Privy-Counſellours and Judges were,
And ſome, as Lawyers, pleaded at the Barr;
Some Prieſts, wch do preach Peace, and godly Life,
Others Tumultuous were, and full of Strife;
Some were Debauch'd, did Swagger, Wench, and Swear,
And ſome poor Thoughts did tremble out of Fear;
Some Jealous were, and all things did Suſpect,
And others Careleſs, every thing Neglect; (herdeſſes,
Some Thoughts turn'd Shepherds, Nymphs, and Shep-
So Kind, as they did give each other Kiſſes;
Th' expreſs'd all ſorts of Lovers, and their Paſſions,
And ſeveral ways of Courtſhip and fine Faſhions;
Some took ſtrong Towns, won Battels in the Field,
And thoſe that loſt, were forc'd to them to yield;
Some were Heroick, Generous and Free,
And ſome ſo Baſe, to crouch with Flattery;

Some

Some Dying were, half in the Grave did lye,
And ſome Repenting did for Sorrow cry : (Sad,
The *Mind* oppreſt with Grief, all Thoughts were
And Mourn'd in Black, no Light of Joy they had ;
Some with Deſpair did Rage, were almoſt Mad,
And ſome ſo Merry, nothing made them Sad ;
And many more, which were too long to tell ;
For ſeveral Thoughts in ſeveral places dwell ;
At laſt came two, which diverſly were Dreſs'd,
One *Melancholy*, th' other *Mirth* expreſs'd ;
Melancholy was all in Black array ,
And *Mirth* was all in Colours freſh and gay.

Mirth. *Mirth* Laughing came, and running to me, flung
Her fat white Arms about my Neck, there hung,
Imbrac'd and Kiſs'd me oft, and ſtroak'd my Cheek,
Saying ſhe would no other Lover ſeek ;
I'l Sing you Songs, and pleaſe you every Day,
Invent new Sports to paſs the time away ;
I'l keep your Heart, and guard it from that Thief,
Dull *Melancholy*, *Care*, or Sadder grief,
And make your Eyes with *Mirth* to overflow ;
With ſpringing Blood your Cheeks ſoon fat ſhall (grow;
Your Legs ſhall nimble be, your Body light,
And all your Spirits like to Birds in flight ;
Mirth ſhall digeſt your Meat, and make you ſtrong,
Shall give you Health, and your ſhort Days prolong:
Refuſe me not, but take me to your Wife ;
For I ſhall make you Happy all your Life.
But *Melancholy*, ſhe will make you Lean,
Your Cheeks ſhall Hollow grow, your Jaws be ſeen;
Your Eyes ſhall Buried be within your Head,
And look as Pale, as if you were quite Dead ;

She'l

She'l make you ſtart at every Noiſe you hear,
And Viſions ſtrange ſhall in your Eyes appear;
Your Stomack cold and raw, Digeſting nought,
Your Liver dry, your Heart with Sorrow fraught;
Shriveled your Skin, Brows cloudy, and Blood thick,
Your Sides be Lank, your Back to th' Belly ſtick:
Thus would it be, if you to her were Wed;
Nay, better farr it were, that you were Dead.
Her Voice is Low, and gives an Hollow ſound,
She hates the Light, and is in Darkneſs found;
Or ſits with blinking Lamps, or Tapers ſmall,
Which various Shadows make againſt a Wall.
She loves nought elſe but Noiſe, wch diſcord makes,
As Croaking Frogs, whoſe dwelling is in Lakes;
The Ravens hoarſe, and ſo the Mandrakes groan,
And Shreeking Owls, which fly i'th' Night alone;
The Touling Bell, which for the Dead Rings out;
A Mill, where Ruſhing Waters run about;
The Roaring Winds, which ſhake the Cedars Tall,
Plow up the Seas, and beat the Rocks withall.
She loves to walk in the ſtill Moon-ſhine Night,
And in a thick Dark Grove ſhe takes delight;
In hollow Caves, thatch't Houſes, and low Cells
She loves to Live, and there alone ſhe Dwells.
Her Ears are ſtopt with Thoughts, her Eyes pur-
For all ſhe Hears, or Sees, is in the Mind: (blind;
But in her Mind Luxuriouſly ſhe Lives,
Imagination ſeveral Pleaſures gives.
Then leave her to her Self alone to dwell,
Let you and I in Mirth and Pleaſure ſwell, (Bowl,
And Drink long Luſty Draughts from *Bacchus*'s
Untill our Brains on Vaporous Waves do Roul;

Lets

Lets Joy our ſelves in Amorous delights;
There's none ſo Happy as the Carpet Knights.
Melan. *Melancholy* with ſad and ſober Face,
Complexion Pale, but of a Comely grace,
With modeſt Countenance thus ſoftly ſpake:
May I ſo Happy be, your Love to take?
True, I am Dull, yet by me you ſhall know
More of your Self, and ſo much Wiſer grow;
I ſearch the depth and bottom of Mankind,
Open the Eye of Ignorance that's Blind;
I Travel farr, and View the World about,
I walk with Reaſon's Staff to find Truth out;
All Dangers to avoid, I watch with Care,
And do 'gainſt Evils that may come, prepare;
I Hang not on Inconſtant Fortune's Wheel,
Nor yet with unreſolving Doubts do Reel;
I Shake not with the Terrours of Vain fears,
Nor is my Mind fill'd with unuſefull Cares;
I do not Spend my time like Idle mirth,
Which only Happy is juſt at her Birth;
And ſeldome Lives ſo long as to be Old,
But if ſhe doth, can no Affections hold:
For in ſhort time ſhe Troubleſome doth grow,
Though at the firſt ſhe makes a pretty ſhow.
She loves to make a Noiſe, and keep a Rout,
And with Diſlike moſt commonly goes out.
Mirth good for nothing is, like Weeds doth grow,
Or ſuch Plants as cauſe Madneſs, Reaſon's Foe.
Her Face with Laughter crumples on a heap,
Wch makes great Wrinkles & plows Furrows deep;
Her Eyes do water, and her Skin turns red, (Dead;
Her Mouth doth gape, Teeth bare, like one that's

Her

Her Sides do ſtretch, as ſet upon a Laſt,
Her Stomack's heaving up, as if ſhe'ld Caſt;
Her Veins do ſwell, her Joynts ſeem as unſet,
Her Pores are open, whence ſtreams out a Sweat;
She Fulſome is, and Gluts the Senſes all,
Offers her Self, and comes before a Call;
Seeks Company, and hates to be alone,
Though on Unſent-for Gueſts affronts are thrown;
Her Houſe is Built upon the Golden Sands,
Yet no Foundation has whereon it ſtands;
A Palace 'tis, and of a great Reſort,
It makes a Noiſe, and gives a Loud report,
Yet underneath the Roof Diſaſters lye,
Beat down the Houſe, and many Kill'd thereby:
I Dwell in Groves, that Gilt are with the Sun,
Sit on the Banks by which clear Waters run;
In Summers hot, down in a Shade I lye,
My Muſick is the Buzzing of a Fly,
Which Flys do in the Sun-beams Dance all day,
And harmleſly do paſs their time away:
I walk in Meadows, where grows freſh green Graſs,
In Fields, where Corn is high, I often paſs;
Walk up the Hills, where round I Proſpects ſee,
Some bruſhy Woods, and ſome all Champains be;
Returning back, I in freſh Paſtures go,
To hear how Sheep do Bleat, and Cows do Low;
They gently Feed, and do no Evil know,
Have no Deſigns each other Wrong to do.
In Winter Cold, when Nipping Froſts come on,
Then I do Live in a ſmall Houſe alone,
Which being Little and Cloſe doth make it warm,
No VVind or VVeather cold can do it harm;

Although 'tis Plain, yet Cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a Soul that's pure and clear from Sin,
And there I dwell in quiet and ſtill Peace,
Not fill'd with Cares, how Riches to Increaſe:
I wiſh nor ſeek for vain and fruitleſs Pleaſures,
No Riches are, but what the Mind intreaſures.
Thus am I Solitary, Live alone,
Yet better Lov'd, the more that I am Known;
And though my Face b' Ill-favour'd at firſt Sight,
After Acquaintance it will give delight;
For I am like a Shade, who ſits in me,
He ſhall not Wet, nor yet Sun-burned be;
I keep off bluſtering Storms from doing hurt,
VVhen *Mirth* is often Smutch'd with Duſt and Durt:
Refuſe me not, for I ſhall Conſtant be,
Maintain your Credit and your Dignity.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Joy *and* Diſcretion.

Joy. GIve me ſome Muſick, that my Spirits may
Dance a fair Galliard whilſt Delight doth play;
Let every Voice ſing out, both Loud and Shril,
And every Tongue run too, what way it will:
For Fear is gone away with her Pale Face,
And Pain is Baniſh't out of every place.

Diſcre. O *Joy*, take Moderation by the hand,
Or elſe you'l be ſo Drunk as hardly ſtand;
Your Tongue doth run ſo faſt, no time can keep,
High as a Mountain many Words you heap;
Your Thoughts in Multitudes the Brain do throng,
That Reaſon is caſt down and muſt go wrong.

Joy. O wiſe *Diſcretion*, do not angry grow,
Great Dangerous Fears, alas! you do not know;

Fear

Fear being paſt, the Spirits ſoon are ſlack't,
For Fear's a ſtring, binds hard, but when once crack't,
Spirits get Liberty and Run about,
VVhich being ſtopt do ſuddenly burſt out,
And to Recover what they had before,
VVhence once unti'd, take Liberty the more;
Like VVater that is Pen't, when't paſſage finds,
Breaks out in Fury, like the *Northern* winds;
VVhat gathers on a Heap, ſo ſtrong doth grow,
That when 'tis Looſe it doth far ſwifter go.
But, dear *Diſcretion*, do not with me Scold,
Whilſt you do feel great Fears, your Tongue pray hold;
For *Joy* cannot contain it Self in reſt,
It never leaves untill it be expreſt.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Wit *and* Beauty.

MIxt Roſe and Lilly why are you ſo proud, *Wit.*
Since Fair is not in all Minds like allow'd?
Some do like Black, ſome Brown, and ſome like White,
Some Eys in all Complexions take delight;
Nor doth one Beauty in the VVorld ſtill Reign;
For Beauty is Created in the Brain.
But ſay there were a Body perfect made,
Complexion pure, by Nature's Pencil laid,
A Countenance where all ſweet Spirits meet,
A Hair that's Thick, and Long, Curl'd to the Feet;
Yet were it like a Statue made of Stone,
The Eye would weary grow to Look upon;
Had it no VVit, the Mind ſtill to delight,
It ſoon would weary be as well as Sight;
For VVit is freſh and new, doth ſport and play,
And runs about the Humour every way;

VVith all the Paſſions Wit can well agree,
Wit tempers them, and makes them pleas'd to be;
Ingenious 'tis, doth new Inventions find,
To eaſe the Body and divert the Mind.

Beauty. When I appear, I ſtrike the Optick Nerve,
I wound the Heart, and make the Paſſions ſerve;
Souls are my Pris'ners, yet do Love me well;
My company is Heav'n, my abſence Hell;
Each Knee doth Bow to me, as to a Shrine,
And all the World accounts me as Divine.

Wit. *Beauty*, you cannot long Devotion keep,
The Mind grows weary, Senſes fall aſleep;
As thoſe which in the Houſe of God do go,
Are very Zealous in a Pray'r or two;
But if they muſt an Hour-long kneel to Pray,
Their Zeal grows Cold, nor know they what they ſay;
So Admirations are, they do not laſt,
After Nine days the greateſt Wonder's paſt;
The Mind, as th' Senſes all, delights in Change,
They nothing Love, but what is new and ſtrange:
But ſubtile Wit can pleaſe both long and well;
For to the Ear Wit a new Tale can tell,
And for the Taſte doth dreſs Meat ſeveral ways,
To th' Eye it can new Forms and Faſhions raiſe;
And for the Touch, Wit ſpins both Silk and Wool,
Invents new ways to keep Touch warm and cool:
For Sent, Wit mixtures and compounds doth make,
That ſtill the Noſe a freſh new Smell may take.
I by Diſcourſe can repreſent the Mind
VVith ſeveral Objects, though the Eyes be Blind;
I'th' Brain I can Create Ideas, and
Thoſe make to th' Mind ſeem Real, though but Feign'd;

The

The Mind's a Shop, where ſorts of Toys I Sell,
VVith fine Conceits I fit all Humours well:
I can the VVork of Nature imitate,
And in the Brain each ſeveral Shape Create.
I Conquer all, am Maſter of the Field,
And make fair *Beauty* in Love's VVarrs to yield.

A Dialogue *between* Love *and* Hate.

BOth *Love* and *Hate* fell in a great Diſpute,
And hard it was each other to Confute,
VVhich did moſt Good, or did moſt Evil ſhun,
At laſt with frowning Brows *Hate* thus begun:
I Fly, ſaid ſhe, from wicked and baſe Acts, *Hate.*
And tear all unjuſt Bonds and ill Contracts;
I do abhorr all Murther, VVarr, and Strife,
Inhuman Actions and Diſorder'd Life,
Ungratefull and Unthankfull minds, that ſhun
All thoſe, from whom they have receiv'd a Boon;
From harſh and rude Diſcords my Ears I ſtop,
And what is Bad I from the Good do Lop;
I perjur'd Lovers brand with foul Diſgrace,
And from ill Objects do I hide my Face;
Things that are Bad I hate, or what Seems ſo;
But Love is contrary to this, I know.
Love loves Ambition, as the Mind's hot Fire,
VVould ruine Worlds only to riſe up higher;
You love to pleaſe your Appetite and VVill,
To Glut your *Guſto*, you delight in ſtill;
You love to Flatter, and be Flatter'd too,
And for your Luſt, poor Virgins would undo;
You love the Ruine of your Foes to ſee,
And of your Friends if they but Proſperous be;

You

You nothing love beſides your Self, though ill,
And with Vain-glorious Wind your Brain do fill:
You love no ways, but where your Bias tends,
And love the Gods only for your own ends.

Love. But, *Love*, in VVords as ſweet as Nature is,
Said, *Hate* was falſe, and always did amiſs;
For ſhe did Canker-fret, the Soul deſtroy,
Diſturb the Pleaſure wherein Life takes Joy;
Ruin the World with Wars, wch Peace would make,
Torment the Head and Heart, Revenge to take;
She never reſts till ſhe Deſcends to Hell;
For ſhe amongſt the Devils loves to dwell:
But I, ſaid *Love*, Unite and Concords make,
All Muſick was Invented for my Sake;
I Men by Laws in Common-wealths do joyn,
And 'gainſt a common Foe do them Combine:
To th' Sick, Lame, Weak and Aged I'm a Friend,
I Watch, Guard, Keep, and do them Safe defend;
For Honour's Sake I do high Courage raiſe,
And bring to Beauty's Shrine Offrings of Praiſe;
Compaſſion's Bowels I the World throughout
Do carry, and Diſtribute all about;
I to the Gods ſhew Rev'rence, Bow and Pray,
And in their Heav'nly Manſions bear great ſway:
Thus *Love* and *Hate* in ſome things Equal be,
Yet in Diſputes they always Diſagree.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Learning *and* Ignorance.

Learn. THou buſie Foreſter, that ſeek'ſt about
The World, to find the Heart of Learning out;
Or *Perſeus* like, foul Monſters thou doſt Kill,
Rude *Ignorance*, which nothing doſt but Ill.

Proud

Proud *Learning*, thou that ſtands on Tip-toes *Ignor.*
Yet canſt not reach to know the Deity, (high,
Nor where the Cauſe of any one thing lies,
But fill'ſt Man full of Care and Miſeries.
Learning inflames the Thoughts to take great pains,
Doth nought but make an Alms-tub of the Brains.
Learning doth ſeek about, new things to find, *Learn.*
In that Purſute doth Recreate the Mind;
It is a Perſpective, Nature to Spy,
Can all her Curioſity deſcry.
Learning's a uſeleſs Pain, unleſs it have. *Ignor.*
Some ways or means to keep us from the Grave;
For what is all the World if underſtood,
If we it do not Uſe, nor Taſte its good?
Learning may come to know the Uſe of things,
Yet not receive the Good which from them Springs;
For Life is ſhort, and Learning long; Ere we
May come to Uſe what's Learned, Dead we be.
O *Ignorance*, thou Beaſt, which Lazy lieſt, *Learn.*
And only Eat'ſt and Sleepeſt, till thou Dieſt.
The Leſſon, Nature taught, is, Moſt delight *Ignor.*
To pleaſe the Senſes and the Appetite.
I *Ignorance* am ſtill the Heav'n of Bliſs;
For in me lies the trueſt Happineſs:
Give me but *Ignorance*, that harmleſs 'ſtate,
That Paradiſe that's free from Envious hate;
Learning that Tree was, whereon Knowledge grew,
Taſting that Fruit, Man nought but Miſery knew;
Had Man to *Ignorance* but had more Love,
He Happy would have been, as th' Gods above.
O *Ignorance*, how Fooliſh doeſt thou Talk? *Learn.*
Is't Happineſs in *Ignorance* to walk?

Can

Can there be Joy in Darkneſs more than Light?
Or Pleaſure more in Blindneſs than in Sight?

A Dialogue *betwixt* Riches *and* Poverty.

Riches. I Wealth, can make all Men of each Degree,
To Crouch, and Flatter, and to Follow me;
I many Cities Build, High, Thick, and Large,
And Armies raiſe, againſt each other Charge;
I make them loſe their Lives for my dear Sake,
Though when they're Dead, they no Rewards can take;
I trample *Truth* under my Golden feet,
And tread down *Innocence*, that Flower ſweet;
I gather Beauty, when 'tis newly blown,
Reap Chaſtity before 'tis Over-grown:
I Root out Virtue with a Golden Spade,
I Cut off Juſtice with a Golden Blade.
Pride and Ambition are my Vaſſals low,
And on their Heads I tread as I do go;
And by Mankind much more Ador'd am I,
Although but Earth, than the bright Sun that's high.

Poverty. *Riches*, thou art a Slave, and Run'ſt about
On every Errant, thou Comeſt in, Goeſt out,
And Men of Honour ſet on thee no price,
Their Honeſty or Virtue to Intice.
Some fooliſh Gameſters, which do love to play
At Cards and Dice, Corrupt perchance you may;
A Silly Virgin gather here and there,
That does Gay Cloaths and Jewels love to wear:
The Poor, which hate their Neighbour brave to ſee,
Perchance may ſeek and love your Company;
And thoſe, that ſtrive to pleaſe their Senſes all,
If they want Wealth, and you paſs by, may Call.

On

On Age, 'tis true, you have a great ſtrong power ;
For they Imbrace you, though they Dye next hour.
You ſpeak, poor *Poverty*, meer out of ſpight, *Riches.*
Becauſe there's none with you doth take delight ;
If you into Man's Company will thruſt,
They call that Fortune ill, and moſt accurſt ;
Men are aſham'd of you, you are ſo mean,
You are ſo Ragged, Torn, and ſo Unclean :
When I come in, much welcome do I find,
Great Joy there is, and Mirth in every Mind ;
And every Door is Open ſet and wide,
And all within is buſily Imploy'd ;
There Neighbours all Invited are to ſee,
So proud they are in my dear Company.
'Tis Prodigality, you Brag ſo on, *Poverty.*
Which never lets you Reſt till you are gone ;
Calls in for help to beat you out of Doors
His dear Companions, Drunkards, Gameſters, Whores.
What, though you're Brave, and Gay in outward ſhow ?
Within you're Foul and Beaſtly, as you know ;
Beſides, Debauchery is like a Sink,
And you are Father to that filthy Stink.
True, I am Thread-bare, and am very Lean,
Yet I am Decent, Sweet, and very Clean ;
I Healthfull am, my Diet being ſpare,
You're full of Gouts, and Pains, and Surfeits fear :
I am Induſtrious, new Arts to find,
To eaſe the Body, and to pleaſe the Mind :
The World like to a Wilderneſs would be,
If it were not for the Poors Induſtry ;
For *Poverty* doth ſet awork the Brains,
And all the Thoughts to labour and take pains ;

The Mind ne're idle Sits, but is imploy'd,
Riches breed Sloth, and fill it full of Pride:
Riches, like Swine, in its own Mire doth lye,
Light *Poverty*, like Birds, on high doth Fly.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Anger *and* Patience.

Patience. ANger, why are you Hot and Fiery red?
Or elſe ſo Pale, as if you were quite Dead?
Your Spirits are diſturb'd, you Senſes lack, (ſlack;
Your Joynts unſet, Fleſh ſhakes, your Nerves grow
Your Tongue doth move, but Speaks no word that's
Or elſe they flow like Torrents caus'd by Rain. (plain,

Anger. Lord, what a Bead-roul of Diſlikes you tell!
If you were ſtung with Wrong, your Mind would
Your Spirits would be ſet on Flame with Fire, (ſwell:
Or elſe grow Chil with Cold, and back retire.

Patience. Alas, 'tis but your own Suſpicion,
Sometimes you have no Ground to Build upon;
Suſpicion is Deceitfull, runs about,
And often for a Truth takes VVrong, no doubt.
If you take Falſhood up, ne're ſearch things through,
You do great Wrong to Truth, and your Self too;
Beſides, you Blind and Undiſcerning fly,
On every Thing, though *Innocence* be by.

Anger. O *Patience*, you are ſtrict and ſeem preciſe,
And Counſels give, as if you were ſo Wiſe;
But you are Cruel, and fit times will take
For your Revenge, though you no ſhew do make;
Your Brows unknit, your Heart ſeems not to burn,
Yet on Suſpicion will do a ſhrewd turn:
But I am Sudden, and do all in haſte,
Yet in ſhort time my Fury all is paſt.

Though

Though *Anger* be not right, but ſometimes wrong,
The greateſt Miſchief lies but in the Tongue;
But you do Miſchief, and your time will find
To work Revenge, though Quiet in your Mind.
If I take time, I clearly then can ſee, *Patience.*
To view the Cauſe, and ſeek for Remedy;
If I have wrong, my Self I well may right,
But I do wrong, if *Innocence* I Smite;
The Knot of *Anger* by degrees unties,
Then falls that Muffler from *Diſcretion*'s Eyes:
My Thoughts run clear and ſmooth, as Cryſtal brooks,
That every Face may ſee which therein Looks;
Though I run Low, yet wiſely do I wind,
And many times through Mountains paſſage find;
When you Swell high, like to a flowing Sea,
For windy Paſſions ne're in Reſt can be,
Where you are Roul'd in Waves, and Toſt about,
Tormented, and can find no paſſage out.
Patience, your Mouth with good Words you do fill, *Anger.*
And preach Morality, but you Act ill;
Beſides, you ſeem a Coward full of Fear,
Or like an Aſs, which doth great Burthens bear;
Let every Poultron ſtrike and give you blows,
And every Fool in Scorn to wring your Noſe:
Moſt of the World do think you have no Senſe,
Becauſe not Angry, nor do take Offence;
When I am thought right Wiſe, & of great Merit,
Heroick, Valorous, and of great Spirit:
For every one doth fear me to Offend,
And for to Pleaſe me, all their Forces bend;
I Flatter'd am, make Fear to run away:
Thus am I Maſter whereſoe're I ſtay.

Away you Fooliſh *Patience*, give me Rage,
That I in VVarrs may all the VVorld ingage.

Patience. O *Anger*, you are Mad, there's none will Care
For your great Brags, but ſuch as Cowards are;
Fear doth in VVomen and ſmall Children dwell;
That you more Talk than Fight, VViſdome knows well;
Beſides, great Courage takes me by the hand,
That whilſt he Fights, I cloſe by him muſt ſtand:
I want no Senſe, Misfortunes to eſpy,
Although I Silent am, and do not Cry;
Ill Accidents and Grief I ſtrive to Cure,
VVith Courage, what I cannot help, indure;
VVhilſt you do Vex your Self with grievous Pains,
And nothing but Diſturbance have for gains:
Let me adviſe you, *Anger*, take't not Ill,
That I do Offer you my *Patience* ſtill;
For you in Danger live ſtill all your Life,
And Miſchief do, when you are hot in Strife.

A Dialogue *between a* Bountifull Knight *and a* Caſtle [a] *Ruin'd in Warr.*

Knight. ALas, poor *Caſtle*, how great is thy Change
From thy firſt Form! to me thou doeſt ſeem ſtrange;
I left thee Comely, and in perfect Health,
Now thou art Wither'd and Decay'd in Wealth.

[a] Bolſover *Caſtle.*

Caſtle. O Noble Sir, I from your Stock was Rais'd,
Flouriſh'd in Plenty, and by all Men prais'd;
For your moſt Valiant Father did me Build,
Your Brother furniſh'd me, my Neck did Gild;

Towers

Towers upon my Head like Crowns were plac'd,
VValls, like a Girdle, went about my VVaſte;
And on this pleaſant Hill he ſet me high,
To view the Vales below, as they do lye,
VVhere like a Garden is each Field and Cloſe,
VVhere freſh green Graſs, and yellow Cowſlip grows;
There did I ſee fat Sheep in Paſtures go,
And hear the Cows, whoſe Bags were full, to Low.
By Warrs I'm now Deſtroy'd, all Right's o're-powr'd,
Beauty and Innocency are Devour'd;
Before theſe VVarrs I was in my full Prime,
And held the greateſt Beauty in my Time:
But, noble Sir, ſince I did ſee you laſt,
VVithin me has a Garriſon been plac'd;
Their Guns and Piſtols all about me hung,
And in deſpight their Bullets at me flung,
VVhich through my Sides thoſe paſſages you ſee,
Made, and Deſtroy'd the Walls that Circled me,
And left my Rubbiſh on huge Heaps to lye;
VVith Duſt I'm Choak'd, for want of Water dry:
For thoſe ſmall Leaden Pipes, which winding lay
Under the Ground, the Water to convey,
VVere all Cut off, the Water murmuring,
Run back with Grief to tell it to the Spring.
My Windows broke, the Winds blow in, and make,
That I with Cold like Shivering Agues ſhake:
O pitty me, dear Sir, releaſe my Band,
Or let me Dye by your moſt Noble hand.
Alas, poor *Caſtle*, I ſmall help can bring, *Knight.*
Yet ſhall my Heart ſupply the former Spring,
From whence the Water of freſh Tears ſhall riſe,
To quench thy Drought, I'l ſpout them from mine Eyes.

That

That VVealth have I, for to releaſe thy Woe,
I'l offer for a Ranſome to thy Foe;
But to reſtore thy Health, and build thy VVall,
I have not Means enough to do't withall;
Had I the Art, no Pains then I would ſpare,
But all what's Broken down I would Repair.

Caſtle. Moſt noble Sir, you that me Freedome give,
May your great Name in After-ages Live;
This your great Bounty may the Gods requite,
And keep you from ſuch Enemies and Spight;
And may great Fame your Praiſes ſound aloud;
Gods give me Life to ſhew my Gratitude!

A Dialogue *betwixt* Peace *and* VVarr.

Peace. *Warr* makes the Vulgar multitude to Drink
In at the Ear, the Foul and Muddy ſink
Of Factious Tales, by which they Dizzy grow,
That the clear Sight of Truth they do not know,
But Reeling ſtand, know not what way to take,
And when they chuſe, 'tis wrong, ſo *War* they make.

Warr. Thou Flattering and moſt Unjuſt Peace, which
The Vulgar by thy Rhet'rick to hard Laws, (draws
VVhich makes them Silly, and Content to be
To take up Voluntary Slavery,
Thou mak'ſt great Inequalities beſide,
Some Bear like Aſſes, ſome on Horſe-back Ride.

Peace. O *Warr*, thou Cruel Enemy to Life,
Unquiet Neighbour, breeding always Strife;
Tyrant thou art, to Reſt wilt give no time,
And bleſſed Peace thou Puniſh'ſt as a Crime;
Factions thou mak'ſt in every Publick weal,
From Bonds of Friendſhip tak'ſt off Wax and Seal;

All

All Natural Affections are by thee
Maſſacred, none eſcapes thy Cruelty ;
The Root of all Religion thou pull'ſt up,
Doſt every Branch of Ceremony Lop ;
Civil Society to Manners baſe
Thou turn'ſt, no Laws nor Cuſtoms can get place ;
Each Mind within it Self cannot agree,
But all do ſtrive for Superiority :
In the whole World thou doſt Diſturbance make,
To ſave themſelves none knows what ways to take.
O *Peace*, thou idle Drone, which Lov'ſt to dwell, *Warr.*
If it but keep thee Safe, in a poor Cell ;
Thy Life thou Sleep'ſt away, Thoughts lazy lye :
Sloth buries Fame, makes all great Actions dye.
I am the Bed of Reſt, and Couch of Eaſe, *Peace.*
My Converſation doth all Creatures pleaſe ;
The Parent I'm of Learning and of Arts,
Religion's Nurſe, and Comfort to all Hearts ;
I am the Guardian Virtue ſafe do keep,
Under my Roof ſhe may ſecurely Sleep ;
I am Adorn'd with Paſtimes and with Sports,
Each ſeveral Creature ſtill to me Reſorts.
A School am I, where all Men may grow VViſe; *Warr.*
For prudent VViſdome in Experience lies ;
A Theatre, where Noble Minds do ſtand,
A Mint of Honour, Coyn'd for Valour's Hand :
I am a Throne, which is for Valour fit,
And a great Court, where Royal Fame may Sit ;
A Field, in which Ambition much doth run;
Courage ſtill ſeeks me, Cowards do me ſhun.

MORAL

MORAL DISCOURSES.

A Diſcourſe *of* Love, *the* Parent *of* Paſſions.

NO Mind can think, nor Underſtanding know,
To what a Height and Vaſtneſs Love can grow:
Love as a God all Paſſions doth Create,
Beſides it Self, and thoſe Determinate:
To Love bows down, and Prays devoutly, Fear;
Sadneſs and Grief Love's heavy Burthens bear;
Anger makes Rage, and Envy, Splene and Spight,
Like Thunder Roar, and in Love's Quarrels Fight.
Th' Informing Spie of Love is Jealouſie, (lye;
And Doubt its Guide, to Search where th' Foes do
Pity, Love's Child, whoſe Eyes with Tears do flow,
On every Object miſery doth ſhow:
Hate is Love's Champion, which oppoſeth all
Love's Enemies; their Ruine and their Fall.

A Diſcourſe *of* Love Neglected, *and* Burnt *up with* Grief.

LOve is the Cauſe, and *Hate* is the Effect,
Wch is produc'd, when *Love* doth find neglect;
For Love's like Fire, which doth on Fuel burn,
And Grief as Coals, wch quench'd to Blackneſs turn;
Whence

Whence Pale and Melancholy Aſhes grow,
Which every Wind, though weak, about doth blow;
For Life and Strength from thence is gone, and paſt
With th' Species, which did cauſe the Form to laſt;
Which Form, as it was firſt, comes ne're again:
Thus Love in Melancholy aduſt is Slain.

A Diſcourſe *of* Man's Pride, *or ſeeming* Prerogative.

WHat Creature's in this World beſides Mankind,
That can ſuch Arts and new Inventions find?
Or has ſuch Fancies as to Similize,
Or can ſo Rule and Govern as the Wiſe?
Or that can by his Wit his Mind indite,
Can Numbers ſet, and ſubtile Letters write?
What Creature elſe but *Man* can Speak true Senſe,
At Diſtance give and take Intelligence?
VVhat Creature elſe by Reaſon can abate
All Paſſions, can raiſe Doubts, Hopes, Love and Hate?
And can ſo many Countenances ſhow,
Which are the Ground by which Affections grow?
They're ſeveral Dreſſes which the Mind puts on,
Some ſerve as Veils, which over it are thrown.
What Creature is, that has ſuch peircing Eyes,
That mingles Souls, and in faſt Friendſhip ties?
VVhat Creature elſe but Man has ſuch delights,
So Various, and ſuch Strong, Odd appetites?
Man can Diſtill, and is a Chymiſt rare,
Divides and Sep'rates Water, Fire, and Air;
He can Divide, and doth Aſunder take
All Nature's Works, what ever ſhe doth make;

Can take the Breadth, Depth, Length, & Height of things,
And know the Virtue of each Plant that Springs;
Make Creatures all Submit unto his will,
And Live by Fame, though Death his Body Kill:
VVhat elſe, but Man, can Nature imitate,
VVith th' Pen and Pencil can new Worlds create?
There's none like Man; for like the Gods is he;
Then let the World his Slave and Vaſſall be.

Of Fooliſh Ambition.

TEn thouſand Pounds a Year will make me Live,
Fortune then muſt a Kingdome to me give;
I'l Conquer all, like *Alexander* Great,
And, like to *Cæſar*, my Oppoſers beat:
Give me a Fame, that with the VVorld may laſt,
Let all Tongues tell of my great Actions paſt;
Let every Child, that Learns to Speak, my Name
Repeat, to keep the Memory of my Fame;
And then great *Fortune*, give to me thy Power,
To ruine Man, and raiſe him in an Hour;
Let me Command the *Fates*, and Spin their Thread,
And *Death* to ſtay his Sith, when I forbid;
And *Deſtiny*, give me your Chains to tye,
Effects from Cauſes to produce thereby;
And let me like the Gods be high alone,
That nothing may but by my VVill be done.

Of Humility.

WHen with returning Thoughts I do behold
My ſelf, I find all Creatures of that Mould,
And for the Mind, which ſome ſay is like Gods,
I do not find 'twixt Man and Beaſt ſuch Odds,

Only

Only the Shape of Man is fit for uſe,
Which makes him ſeem much wiſer than a Gooſe;
For had a Gooſe, which ſeems of Simple Kind,
A Shape to form and fit things to her Mind,
To make ſuch Creatures as her would Obey,
Could hunt and ſhoot thoſe that would 'ſcape away,
As Wiſe ſhe'ld ſeem as Man, be as much Fear'd,
And when the Gooſe comes near, the Man be Scar'd.
Who knows, but Beaſts may Wiſer than Men be?
VVe no ſuch Errours or Miſtakes can ſee;
Like quiet Men they do Injoy their reſt,
To Eat and Drink in Peace, they think it beſt;
Their Food is all they ſeek, the reſt think Vain,
If they not to Eternity remain:
Deſpiſe not Beaſts, nor yet be proud of Art,
But Nature thank, for Forming ſo each Part;
And ſince all Knowledge by your Form you gain,
Then let not Pride above your Reaſon Reign;
VVhen you find Motion in your Brain works beſt,
Then ſlight not Beaſts, for being in them Depreſt;
Nor Boaſt of Speech, 'cauſe Reaſon it can ſhow,
For Beaſts have Reaſon too, for ought we know:
Shape doth Inform the Mind of what we find,
VVhich being taught, Man's wiſer than Beaſt kind.

Of Riches, *or* Covetouſneſs.

VVHat will not Riches in abundance do,
And make the Mind of Man ſubmit unto?
They Bribe out Virtue from her Strongeſt hold,
And make the Coward Valorous and Bold;
They corrupt Chaſtity, melt Thoughts of Ice,
And Baſhfull Modeſty they do Intice:

They make the Humble proud, and Meek to ſwell,
Deſtroy all Loyalty, make Hearts rebell;
They do untie the Knots of Friendſhip faſt,
All natural Affections forth they caſt;
They Kill the Innocent, do Hearts divide,
Buy Conſcience out, and every Cauſe decide;
They make that Man doth venture Life and Health,
So much deſir'd and dear to him is VVealth;
They buy out Heav'n, and do caſt Souls to Hell;
For Man to get this Droſs, his God will Sell.

Of Poverty.

MY Dwelling is a low Thatcht Houſe, my Cell
'S not big enough for Pride's great Heart to dwell;
My Rooms are not of Stately Cedars built,
No Marble Chimney-piece, no Wainſcot Gilt;
No Statues Cut, or Carv'd, or Caſt in Braſs,
Which had they Life, would Nature's Art ſurpaſs;
No Painted Pictures which *Apelles* drew,
There's nothing elſe but Lime and Hair to View;
No Agath-Table with a Tortoiſe frame,
Nor Stools ſtuft with Birds feathers, Wild or Tame;
But a Stump of an Old decayed Tree,
And Stools that have three Leggs, and half Lame be,
Cut with a Hatchet from ſome broken Boughs;
And this is all which *Poverty* allows:
Yet is it free from Cares, no Thieves doth fear,
The Door is Open, all are Welcome there;
Not like the Rich, who Gueſts do entertain
With Cruelty, when Birds and Beaſts are Slain,
Who Oyl their Bodies with their melted Greaſe,
And by their Fleſh their Bodies Fat increaſe:

We

We need no Cook, nor Skil to Dreſs our meat;
For Nature Dreſſes moſt of what we Eat;
As Roots and Herbs, not ſuch as Art doth ſow,
But which in Fields do Naturally grow:
Our wooden Cups we from the Spring do fill,
VVhich is the VVine-preſs of great Nature ſtill;
Rich men, when they for to delight their Taſte,
Suck out the Juice from th' Earth, her Strength they waſte;
For bearing oft ſhe'l grow ſo Lean and Bare,
That like a Sceleton ſhe will appear;
Into their Drink the ſubtile Spirits they
From Barley and the Full-ripe Grape convey:
Thus by their Luxury their Life they waſte,
And their Delight is ſtill to pleaſe their Taſte;
This heats the Mind with an ambitious Fire;
None Happy is, but in a Low deſire;
Their Longings do run out, and fix no where;
For what they have, or can have, nought they Care,
But Long for what they have not, this th' admire,
Oft Sick for want; ſo Reſtleſs is Deſire.
VVhen we from Labours come, we quiet Sleep,
No reſtleſs Thoughts our Senſe awake doth keep;
All's ſtill and ſilent in our Houſe and Mind,
Our Thoughts are chearfull and our Hearts are kind;
And Life, although 't in Motion ſtill does dwell,
Yet Reſt in Life a Poor man Loveth well.

Of Tranquillity.

THat Mind, which would in Peace and Quiet be,
Muſt caſt off Cares and fooliſh Vanity;
VVith right Honeſt deſires an Houſe 't muſt Build
Upon the Ground of Honour, which being Seel'd

With

VVith Conſtant Reſolutions, will laſt long,
If it on Pillars ſtands of Juſtice ſtrong;
Let nothing dwell there, but Thoughts truly holy,
Turn out dull Ignorance, and rude raſh Folly;
There will the Mind injoy it Self in pleaſure;
For to it Self it is the greateſt Treaſure:
But they are Poor, whoſe Mind is diſcontent,
VVhat Joy they have, it is to them but Lent.
The World is like unto a troubled Sea,
Life like a Barque made of a rotten Tree,
VVhere every Wave indangers it to Split,
And Drown'd it is, if 'gainſt a Rock it hit;
But if this Barque be made with Temp'rance ſtrong,
It mounts the Waves, and Travels far and long;
If Prudence it doth as a Pilot guide,
It 'ſcapes all Rocks, and goes with Wind and Tide;
There *Love*, the *Merchant*, Trafficks up to Heav'n,
And for his Prayers Mercies him hath given;
Conſcience, as *Factor*, ſets the Price of things,
Tranquillity, as *Buyer*, Money brings.

Of the Shortneſs of Man's Life, and his Fooliſh Ambition.

WAlking in Gardens ſweet, each Flow'r when I
Mark'd, how't did Spring, Bud, Blow, VVither and Dye,
I Contemplating was of Man's ſhort ſtay,
Since like thoſe Flow'rs I ſaw him paſs away;
Yet Builds he Houſes thick, and ſtrong, and high,
As if he ſhould Live to Eternity;
Hoards up a Maſs of Wealth, yet cannot fill
His empty Mind, but Covet he will ſtill.

To

To gain and keep, ſuch falſhood Men do uſe,
'Gainſt Right and Truth no baſe ways they refuſe.
I would not blame them could they Death out-keep,
Or eaſe their Pains, or cauſe a quiet Sleep;
Or purchaſe Heav'n, there like the Gods to Live,
And to the Sun, Moon, Stars, could Orders give,
Command the VVinds to Blow, Seas to Obey,
And Level all their VVaves, cauſe VVinds to ſtay;
But they no Power have unleſs to Dye,
And Care in Life is a great Miſery;
This Care's but for a Word, an empty Sound,
In which is neither Soul nor Subſtance found;
Yet as their Heir they make it to Inherit,
And all they have, they leave unto this Spirit;
To get this Child of Fame, and this bare Word,
They fear no Dangers, neither Fire nor Sword;
All horrid Pains and Deaths they will indure,
Or any thing, can it but Fame procure:
O man, O man! What high Ambition grows
Within his Brain, and yet how Low he goes!
To be Contented only with a Sound,
Where neither Life nor Body can be found!

A Moral *Diſcourſe of* Man *and* Beaſt.

MAn is a Creature by himſelf alone;
For in him joyn all Qualities as one;
When he is Injur'd and ſuſtains a Wrong,
He ſeems a Lion, Furious, Feirce and Strong;
He's Greedy, Covetous like Wolves and Bears,
Right he Devours and Truth in pieces Tears;
Or like as Crafty Foxes lye in wait,
To catch Young Novice Kids by their Deceit;

So

So ſubtile Knaves do watch, Errours to make,
That they thereby Advantages may take;
Not for Examples them to Rectifie,
But that much Miſchief they can make thereby:
Others like Crouching Spaniels cloſe will Set,
Creeping about, the Patridge to In-net;
Some Humble ſeem, and Lowly bend the Knee,
To Men of Power and Autority,
Not out of Love to Honour and Renown,
But to Inſnare, and ſo to Pull them down:
For as a Maſtiff flies at every Throat,
So Spight will Fly at all that are of Note; (Tear,
With ſlanderous Words, as Teeth, good Deeds they
No Power, Strength, nor Greatneſs do they ſpare;
And ſo Miſchievous they're, Love not to ſee
Any to Live without an Infamy.
Moſt do like Ravenous Beaſts in Blood delight,
And only to do Miſchief, Love to Fight;
But ſome are like to Horſes, ſtrong and free,
Will Gallop over Wrong and Injury:
For as they fear no Foe, nor Enemies dread,
But Fight in Battels till they fall down Dead;
Their Heart with noble Rage ſo hot will grow,
That from their Noſtrils Clouds of Smoak do blow,
And with their Hoofs they'l ſtrike the Ground, and
For anger, that they cannot go to Fight; (bite
Their Eyes like Flints will ſhoot out Sparks of Fire,
They'l Neigh out Loud, when Combats they deſire;
So Valiant Men their Foe aloud will Call,
To try their Strength, and grapple Arms withall;
And in their Eyes ſuch Courage doth appear,
As if God *Mars* did Rule that Hemiſphere.

Some

Some like to ſlow, dull Aſſes, full of fear,
Contented are heavy Burdens to bear,
And every Clown doth beat his Back and Side,
Becauſe he's Slow, when faſter he could Ride;
Then will he Bray out Loud, but dare not Bite,
Why ſo? 'cauſe he no Courage has to Fight;
Baſe Minds will yield their Heads under the Yoak,
Offer their Backs to every Tyrant's ſtroak;
Like Fools they'l Grumble, but yet dare not Speak,
Nor ſtrive for Liberty, their Bonds to break;
So Dull will thoſe, that Live in Slavery, grow;
Dejected Spirits make the Body ſlow.
Others, as Swine lye Grovelling in the Mire,
Have no Heroick Thoughts to riſe up higher,
And from their Birth do never Sport nor Play,
But Eat and Drink, and Grunting run away:
And Cruel are, as of a Boariſh brood;
Of Grumbling Natures, never doing good.
So Gluttons, Sluggards, care for nought but eaſe,
In Converſations ſeek no Man to pleaſe;
Ambition they do Slight to make them Live,
Nor have they Generoſity to give;
But are ſo Churliſh, that if any Pray
To help their Wants, they'l Curſing go away;
So Cruel, and ſo far from Death to ſave,
As they'l take Life away, that others have.
Some, as the fearfull Hart, or frighted Hare,
Shun every Noiſe, and their own Shadows fear:
So Cowards, which when ſent in Warrs to Fight,
Think not to Beat, but how to make their Flight;
The Trumpet, when to Charge the Foe it Calls,
Then with that Sound the Heart of th'Coward falls.

Others, as harmleſs Sheep, in Peace do Live,
Contented are, no Injury will give,
But on the tender Graſs do gently Feed,
And neither Spight, nor Rankled malice breed;
Which never in the ways of Miſchief ſtood,
To ſet their Teeth in Fleſh, or Drink up Blood;
But Grieve to walk alone, and Pine away,
Grow Fat in Flocks, and with each other Play;
Which do the Naked Cloath with their ſoft Wool,
The Ews do feed the hungry Stomacks full:
So gentle Natures, and ſweet Diſpoſitions,
Contented Live, and ſhun Fooliſh ambitions;
Full of Compaſſion, pitying the Diſtreſt,
And with their Bounty helping the Oppreſt;
They Swell not with the Pride of Self-conceit,
Nor for their Neighbour's Life do lye in wait;
Nor Innocence by their Extortions tear,
Nor fill the Widow's Heart with Grief or Care;
Nor any Bribes do take with Cov'tous hands,
Nor ſet they back the Mark of th' Owner's Lands,
But gratefully all Courteſies requite,
Free from all Envy, Malice, Splene and Spight;
In all their Converſations meek and mild,
Without Laſcivious words, or actions Wild;
And thoſe are Fathers to a Common-wealth,
Where Juſtice is Alive, and Truth in Health.
Others, as Apes do imitate the reſt,
And when they Miſchief do, ſeem but to Jeſt;
So are Buffoons, which ſeem for Mirth to Sport,
Whoſe Liberty makes Factions in a Court;
Thoſe that delight in Fools, muſt in good part
Take what they ſay, although their Words are Smart;

And

And many times they Rankled thoughts beget
In Hearts of Princes, and much Envy ſet
By praiſing Rivals, or elſe do reveal
Thoſe faults they ſhould with privacy Conceal:
For when a Fool unpleaſing Truth doth tell,
Or be it Falſe, if but like Truth it Smell,
It gets ſuch hold, e'n in a wiſe Man's Brain,
That hardly it will ever out again.
Some are like Worms, upon which others tread,
And ſome like Ven'mous Vipers do ſting Dead;
For like as ſubtile Serpents wind about,
To compaſs their Deſigns, crawl in and out,
And never leave untill ſome Neſt they find,
Suck out the Eggs, and leave the Shells behind;
So *Flatterers* with Praiſes wind about
A noble Mind, to get a Secret out;
And Flattery through every Ear will glide
Down to the Heart, and there ſome time abide,
And in the Breaſt with feigned Friendſhip lye,
Till to the Death it Stings it Cruelly.
Thus ſome like Beaſts, and ſome like Worms, are ſuch;
But ſome do Flying Birds reſemble much:
Some like a Soaring Eagle mount up high,
Wings of Ambition bear them to the Sky;
And ſome like Hawks fly round to catch their Prey;
Some like to Puttocks bear the Chick away;
Some are like Ravens, which on Carrion feed,
Feeding on Spight, wch Spight doth Slanders breed;
And like as Pea-cocks proud their Tails do ſhow,
So ſome, that Followers have, will Haughty grow:
Some Melancholy Owls, that hate the Light,
And like as Bats fly in the Shades of Night;

So envious Men their Neighbours hate to ſee,
When as they Shine in great Proſperity ;
Keep home in Diſcontent, Repine at all,
Untill ſome Miſchief on the Good do fall :
Others, like chearfull Larks Sing as they fly,
So they are Merry, and have no Envy ;
And ſome, like Nightingals do ſweetly Sing,
As Meſſengers, when they good News do bring.
Thus Men, Beaſts, Birds in Humours much agree,
Though in them all ſeveral Proprieties be ;
'Tis proper for a Lively *Horſe* to Neigh,
And for a ſlow, dull, fooliſh *Aſs* to Bray ; (ſqueak ;
For *Doggs* to bark, *Bulls* roar, *Wolves* howl, *Pigs*
For *Men* to Frown, to Weep, to Laugh, to Speak :
Proper for Flies to Buzz, Birds Sing and Chatter,
Only for Men to Promiſe, Swear and Flatter.
Thus can Man's Shape their Properties expreſs,
Yet they have ſome, which all his Skill ſurpaſs ;
For Men want Wings to fly up to the Sky ;
Nor can they like the Fiſh in Waters lye :
No Man like Roes can run ſo ſwift and long ;
Nor are they like to Horſe or Lions ſtrong ;
Nor have they Sent like Dogs, a Hare to find,
Nor Sight like Swine to ſee the ſubtile Wind :
Thus ſeveral Creatures, by their ſeveral Senſe,
Have better far, than Man, Intelligence ;
And ſeveral Creatures, ſeveral Arts know well,
But Man in gen'ral doth them far Excell ;
For Nature Arts as well to Man did give,
As other Qualities to Beaſts to Live ;
And from Man's Brains ſuch fine Inventions flow,
As in his Head all other Heads do grow.

What Creature Builds, like Man, a ſtately Tower,
And makes ſuch things, as Time cannot devour?
What Creature makes ſuch Engines, as Man's hand,
To Traffick, and to Uſe at Sea and Land?
To Kill or Spoil, or elſe Alive to take,
Deſtroying all that other Creatures make;
This makes Man ſeem of all the World a King,
Becauſe he Power hath of every thing;
He'l teach Birds words, in meaſure Beaſt to go,
Makes Paſſions in the Mind to Ebb and Flow;
And though he cannot fly as Birds with wings,
Yet can he take the Height and Breadth of things;
He knows the courſe and number of the Stars,
When Birds and Beaſts are no Aſtrologers.
And though he cannot Swim like Fiſh, he'l make
Angles and Nets, thoſe Fiſh withall to take;
And with his Ships the World he'l Circle round;
What Beaſt or Bird, that doth ſo, is yet found?
He'l fell down Woods, with Axes ſharp he'l ſtrike,
Whole Herds of Beaſts can never do the like.
What Beaſt can Plead to ſave anothers Life,
Or by his Eloquence can end a Strife?
Or Counſels give, how Dangers may be ſhun,
Or tell the Cauſe of the Eclipſed Sun?
He'l turn the Current of the Waters clear,
And make that they do like new Seas appear;
Where Fiſh do only in Old waters Glide,
He'l cut new Rivers out on any Side; (touch,
He'l Mountains make, which Clouds almoſt do
Small Hills of Moles or Ants ſcarce do ſo much.
What Creature like to Man can Reaſon ſhow,
Which makes him ſure, that he thereby doth know?

And

And who but Man makes uſe of every thing?
For Goodneſs out of Poyſon he can bring.
'Tis only Man that's fill'd with ſtrong deſire,
And by his Rhetorick ſets the Soul on Fire.
Beaſts no Ambition have to get a Fame,
Nor Build they Tombs t' Eternalize their Name;
They never VVarr, Honour and Fame to get,
But to ſecure themſelves, their Meat to Eat:
In ſhort, Men like to Gods, for ever ſhall
Live; but Beaſts like themſelves to Duſt muſt fall.

Of the Ant.

MArk but the little *Ant* how ſhe doth run,
In what a buſie Motion ſhe goes on,
As if ſhe Order'd all the VVorld's affairs,
VVhen 'tis but only one ſmall Straw ſhe bears;
And when a Fly doth on the Ground lye Dead,
Lord! How they ſtir, how full is every Head!
Some it along with Feet and Mouths do Trail,
And ſome thruſt on with Shoulder and with Tail;
And if a ſtranger Ant comes on that way,
She helps them ſtrait, ne're asketh if ſhe may,
Nor ſtays to have Rewards, but is well pleas'd
T' have Labour for her Pains, ſo they be Eas'd.
They Live as the *Lacedæmonians* did,
All is Common, nothing is forbid,
No private Feaſt, but altogether meet,
And wholſome Food, though plain, in publick Eat;
They have no Envy, all Ambition's down,
There is neither Superiour nor Clown:
No Palaces for Pride erect they will,
Their Houſe is common, called the *Ants Hill*;

All

All help to Build and Keep it in Repair,
No ſpecial VVork-men, but all Lab'rers are;
No Market's Kept, no Meat have they to Sell,
But what each Eats, all welcome is, and well;
No Jealouſie, each takes his Neighbour's VVife
VVithout offence, which never breedeth ſtrife;
They Fight no Duels, nor do give the Lie,
Their greateſt Honour is to Live, not Dye:
For they to Keep up Life through Dangers venture,
To get Proviſions in againſt the VVinter;
But many loſe their Life as chance doth fall,
None is perpetual, Death devoureth all.

A Moral *Diſcourſe of* Corn.

THe Yellow-bearded Corn bows down each Head,
Like Gluttons, when their Stomack's over-fed;
Or like as thoſe whoſe Wealth makes heavy Cares,
So doth the Full-ripe Corn hang down their Ears;
For Plenty makes Oppreſſion, gives ſmall Eaſe,
And Superfluity is a Diſeaſe;
Yet all that Nature makes doth ſtill aſpire
Forward to get, never doth Back retire,
Untill the Sithe of Death doth lay them low
Upon the Earth, from whence they firſt did Grow.
Then who would Hoard up Wealth, and take ſuch pains,
Since nothing but the Earth has all the gains?
No Riches are, but what i'th' Mind is found,
They are but Poor, who ſeek them under Ground;
For Time that Feeds on Life, makes all things fall,
Is never Satisfy'd, but Eats up all:
Then let the Minds of Men in Peace take reſt,
And count a Moderation ſtill the beſt;

And

And do not Grumble, or Covet Nature's ſtore;
For thoſe that are Content, can ne're be Poor;
But bleſs the Gods, ſubmit to their Decree,
Think all things beſt, what they are pleas'd, muſt be:
He that doth Grumbl' at what he cannot mend,
Is one, that takes a thing at the wrong end.

Of the Knowledge *of* Beaſts.

WHo knoweth, but that Beaſts as they do lye
In Meadows low, or elſe on Mountains high,
May Contemplations have upon the Sun,
And how his Daily, Yearly Circles run?
WVhether the Sun about the Earth doth Rove,
Or elſe the Earth on its own Poles doth move;
And in the Night, when twinkling Stars they ſee,
Like Man, imagine them all Suns to be;
And may the Stars and Planets number well,
And, could they Speak as Men, their Motions tell;
And how each Planet in its Orb doth move,
Againſt all Man's Aſtrology may prove;
For they may know the Stars and their Aſpects,
WVhat Influence they caſt, and their Effects.

Of Fiſh.

WHo knows, but *Fiſh* which in the Sea do Live,
Can a good Reaſon of its Saltneſs give?
And how it Ebbs and Flows, perchance they can
Shew Reaſons more than ever yet could Man.

Of Birds.

WHo knows, but Birds, which under th' Azure Skies
Do fly, know whence the bluſtring Winds do riſe?

And

And what a Thunder is, which no Man knows,
And what a blazing Star, or where it goes;
VVhether it be a Chip fall'n from the Sun,
And Vaniſh when its Aliment is done;
Or a Sulphureous Vapour drawn up high,
And when the Sulphur's ſpent, the Flame doth Dye;
Or whether 't be a Jelly ſet on Fire,
And waſting like a Candle doth expire;
Or whether 't be a Star whole and intire,
The Birds perhaps might tell, could we inquire.

Earths Complaint.

O Nature, Nature! Hearken to my Cry,
I'm VVounded ſore, but yet I cannot Dye;
My Children which I from my Womb did bear,
Do dig my Sides, and all my Bowels tear,
They Plow deep Furrows in my very Face,
From Torment I have neither time nor place;
No other Element is ſo abus'd,
Or by Mankind ſo Cruelly is us'd.
Man cannot reach the Skys to Plow and Sow,
Nor can they Set or make the Stars to grow;
But they are ſtill as Nature did them Plant,
Neither Maturity nor Growth they want;
They never Dye, nor do they yield their place
To younger Stars, but ſtill run their own Race:
The Sun doth never Groan, young Suns to bear,
For he himſelf is his own Son and Heir;
He in the Centre ſits juſt like a King,
Round him the Planets are as in a Ring;
The largeſt Orbs over his Head turn ſlow,
And underneath the ſwifteſt Planets go;

All ſeveral Planets ſeveral Meaſures take,
And with their Motions do ſweet Muſick make:
Thus all the Planets round about him move,
And he returns them Light for their kind Love.

A Diſcourſe *of a* Knave.

A Proſperous *Knave*, that Miſchief ſtill doth Plot,
Swells big with Pride, ſince he has Power got;
His *Conſcience* like a Purſe open and wide,
Falſe Hands do caſt in Bribes on every ſide;
And as his Guts are ſtuft with Excrement,
So is his Head with Thoughts of ill Intent;
No Pitty ſhews to Men oppreſt with Grief,
But yet is apt to Pitty much a Thief;
He thinks them Fools that VVickedneſs do ſhun,
Eſteems them VViſe that Evil ways do run;
The Noble he doth Scorn, if they be Poor,
The Rich, though ne're ſo Baſe, he doth Adore;
He always Smiles as if he Peace ſtill meant,
When all the while his Heart to Evil's bent;
He'l Friendſhip ſhew, and large Profeſſions make,
VVhere he doth think Advantages to take:
Thus doth a Gloſſing Knave the VVorld abuſe,
To work his end, the Devil his Friend he'l chuſe.

Of a Fool.

I Do hate *Fools*, for they my Brains do Crack,
And when they Speak my Patience's on the Rack;
Their Actions all from Reaſon quite do run,
Their Ends prove Bad, 'cauſe ill they firſt begun;
They fly from VViſdome, do her Counſels fear,
As if ſome Ruine near their Heads there were;

They

They ſeek the Shadow, let the Subſtance go,
And what is Good, or Beſt, they do not know:
Yet ſtiff in their Opinions are always,
Although you do them Bray, as *Salomon* ſays.
As in a Spiders VVeb a little Fly,
So Fools wrapt up in VVebs of Errours lye;
And as the Spider Flies with Poiſon fills,
So Miſchief, after Errours, Fools oft Kills.

Of Melancholy.

A Sad and Solemn Verſe doth pleaſe the Mind,
With Chains of Paſſions doth the Spirits bind.
As Pencil'd Pictures drawn preſent the Night,
VVhoſe Darker Shadows give the Eye delight;
A Melancholy Object draws the Eye,
And always hath a ſeeming Majeſty;
By its Converting qualities there grows
A perfect Likeneſs, when it Self it ſhows:
Then let the VVorld in Mourning ſit and weep,
Since only Sadneſs we are apt to keep;
In Light and Toyiſh things we ſeek for change,
The Mind grows weary, and about doth Range;
VVhat Serious is, there Conſtancy will dwell,
Which ſhews that Sadneſs Mirth doth far excell.
VVhy ſhould Men grieve, when they think on their Grave,
Since they no Settlement in Mirth can have?
The Grave, though Sad, in quiet ſtill they keep,
VVithout Diſturbing Dreams they lye Aſleep;
No rambling Thoughts do vex their reſtleſs Brains,
No Labour hard doth dry and ſcorch their Veins;
No Care to Search for that they cannot Find,
VVhich is an Appetite in every Mind:

Then wiſh, good Man, to Dye in quiet Peace,
Since Death in Miſery is a Releaſe.

A Diſcourſe *of the* Devils *Power.*

VVOmen and Fools fear in the Dark to be,
Leſt they the *Devil* in ſome Shape ſhould ſee;
As if like ſilly Owls he took delight
To ſleep all Day, and go abroad at Night;
Beat Pots and Pans, and Candles do Blow out,
And all the Night do keep a Revel-rout;
Do make the Sow to grunt, the Pigs to ſqueak,
The Dogs to bark, Cats mew, as if they Speak.
Alas, poor *Devil*, his Power is but ſmall,
Only to make a Cat or Dog to Bawl;
To make with Pewter, Tin, and Braſs a noiſe,
To ſtew with fearfull Sweat poor Girles and Boys.
Why ſhould we fear him, ſince he doth no harm?
For we may Bind him Faſt within a Charm.
Then what a Devil ails a Woman old,
To play ſuch Tricks, whereby her Soul is Sold?
Can he deſtroy Mankind, or new Worlds make,
Or alter States for an Old Woman's Sake?
Can he the Day benight, or ſtop the Sun,
Or make the Planets from their Courſe to run?
And yet me thinks 'tis Odd, and very Strange,
That ſince the *Devil* cannot Bodies change,
He ſhould have Power over Souls, to draw
Them from their God, and from his Holy Law,
Perſwading Conſcience to do more Ill,
Than the ſweet Grace of God to Rule the will;
To cut off Faith, by which our Souls ſhould clime
On high, and leave all Folly and all Crime;

Deſtroy-

Deſtroying honeſty, Diſgracing truth,
When he can neither make Old Age nor Youth;
He cannot add nor make a Minute ſhort,
And yet keep many Souls from Heaven's Court;
It ſeems his Power ſhall for ever laſt,
Becauſe 'tis over Souls which never Waſte:
And thus hath God the Devil power lent,
To puniſh Man, unleſs he doth Repent.

THE

THE CLASP.

GIve me a free and noble Style, that goes
In an Uncurbed Strain, though Wild it ſhows;
For though it Runs about it cares not where,
It ſhews more Courage than it doth of Fear:
Give me a Style that Nature frames, not Art,
For Art doth ſeem to take the *Pedants* part;
And that ſeems Noble, which is eaſie, free,
And not bound up with o're nice Pedantry.

The Hunting *of the* Hare.

BEtwixt two Ridges of Plowd-land ſat Wat,
Whoſe Body preſs'd to th' Earth, lay cloſe, and ſquat,
His Noſe upon his two Fore-feet did lye,
With his gray Eyes he glared Obliquely;
His Head he always ſet againſt the Wind,
His Tail when turn'd, his Hair blew up behind,
And made him to get Cold; but he being Wiſe,
Doth keep his Coat ſtill down, ſo warm he lies:
Thus reſts he all the Day, till th' Sun doth Set,
Then up he riſeth his Relief to get,
And walks about, untill the Sun doth Riſe,
Then coming back in's former Poſture lies.

At

At laſt poor Wat was found, as he there lay, (way,
By Huntſmen, which came with their Dogs that
Whom ſeeing, he got up, and faſt did run,
Hoping ſome ways the Cruel Dogs to ſhun;
But they by Nature had ſo quick a Sent,
That by their Noſe they Trac'd what way he went,
And with their deep wide Mouths ſet forth a Cry,
Which anſwer'd was by Echo in the Sky;
Then Wat was ſtruck with Terrour and with Fear,
Seeing each Shadow thought the Dogs were there,
And running out ſome Diſtance from their Cry,
To hide himſelf, his Thoughts he did imploy;
Under a Clod of Earth in Sand-pit wide
Poor Wat ſat cloſe, hoping himſelf to hide,
There long he had not been, but ſtrait in's Ears
The winding Horns and crying Dogs he hears;
Then ſtarting up with fear, he Leap'd, and ſuch
Swift ſpeed he made, the Ground he ſcarce did touch;
Into a great thick Wood ſtrait ways he got,
And underneath a broken Bough he Sat,
Where every Leaf, that with the Wind did ſhake,
Brought him ſuch Terrour, that his Heart did Ake;
That place he left, to Champain Plains he went,
Winding about, for to deceive their Sent,
And while they Snuffling were to find his Track,
Poor Wat being weary, his ſwift Pace did ſlack;
On his two hinder Legs for eaſe he Sat,
His Fore-feet rubb'd his Face from Duſt and Sweat,
Licking his Feet, he wip'd his Ears ſo clean,
That none could tell that Wat had Hunted been;
But caſting round about his fair gray Eyes,
The Hounds in full Career he near him 'Spies,

To Wat it was ſo Terrible a Sight,
Fear gave him Wings and made his Body light;
Though he was Tyr'd before by Running long,
Yet now his Breath he never felt more Strong;
Like thoſe that Dying are, think Health returns,
When 'tis but a faint Blaſt which Life out-burns;
For Spirits ſeek to Guard the Heart about, (out.
Striving with Death, but Death doth quench them
The Hounds ſo faſt came on, and with ſuch Cry,
That he no hopes had left, nor help could 'ſpy;
With that the Winds did pitty poor VVat's Caſe,
And with their Breath the Sent blew from that place;
Then every Noſe was buſily imploy'd,
And every Noſtril was ſet Open wide,
And every Head did ſeek a ſeveral way,
To find the Graſs or Track where the Sent lay;
For *Witty Induſtry is never Slack*,
'Tis like to Witch-craft, and brings loſt things back:
But though the VVind had tied the Sent up cloſe,
A buſie Dog thruſt in his ſnuffling Noſe
And drew it out, with that did fore-moſt run,
Then Horns blew Loud, the reſt to follow on;
The great ſlow Hounds their Throats did ſet a *Baſe*,
The Fleet, ſwift Hounds, as *Tenours* next in place,
The little Beagles did a *Treble* Sing,
And through the Air their Voices round did Ring,
VVhich made ſuch Conſort as they Ran along,
That, had they Spoken words, 't had been a Song;
The Horns kept time, the Men did ſhout for Joy,
And ſeem'd moſt Valiant, *poor Wat* to Deſtroy;
Spurring their Horſes to a full Career,
Swom Rivers deep, Leap'd ditches without fear,

Indan-

Indanger'd Life and Limbs, ſo faſt they'ld Ride,
Only to ſee how patiently VVat Dy'd;
At laſt the Dogs ſo near his Heels did get,
That their ſharp Teeth they in his Breech did ſet;
Then Tumbling down he fell, with weeping Eyes
Gave up his Ghoſt; and thus poor Wat he Dyes.
Men hooping Loud, ſuch Acclamations made,
As if the Devil they Impriſoned had,
When they but did a ſhiftleſs Creature Kill;
To Hunt, their needs no Valiant Souldiers Skill:
But Men do think that Exerciſe and Toil,
To keep their Health, is beſt, which makes moſt Spoil;
Thinking that Food and Nouriſhment ſo good,
Which doth proceed from others Fleſh and Blood.
When they do Lions, Wolves, Bears, Tigres ſee
Kill ſilly Sheep, they ſay, they Cruel be,
But for themſelves all Creatures think too few,
For Luxury, wiſh God would make more New;
As if God did make Creatures for Mans meat,
And gave them Life and Senſe for Man to Eat,
Or elſe for Sport or Recreations ſake
For to Deſtroy thoſe Lives that God did make,
Making their Stomacks Graves, which full they fill
With Murther'd Bodies, which in Sport they Kill;
Yet Man doth think himſelf ſo Gentle and Mild,
When of all Creatures he's moſt Cruel, Wild,
Nay, ſo Proud, that he only thinks to Live,
That God a God-like Nature him did give,
And that all Creatures for his Sake alone
Were made, for him to Tyrannize upon.

The Hunting *of a* Stag.

THere was a *Stag*, did in the Foreſt lye, (up high,
Whoſe Neck was long, whoſe Horns were Branch'd
His Haunch was broad, Sides large, and Back was long,
His Legs were Nervous, and his Joynts were Strong;
His Hair lay Sleek and Smooth, he was ſo Fair,
None in the Foreſt might with him Compare.
In Summer's Heat he in Cool Brakes him lay,
VVhich being High did keep the Sun away;
In Evenings Cool, and Dewy Mornings he
VVould early Riſe and all the Foreſt ſee;
Then was he VValking to ſome Cryſtal brook,
Not for to Drink, but on his Horns to Look,
Taking ſuch pleaſure in his ſtately Crown,
His Pride forgot that Dogs might pull him down;
From thence he to a Shady VVood did go,
VVhere ſtreighteſt Pines and taleſt Cedars grow;
Olives upright, imbrac'd by th' Loving Vines,
Birches which Bow their Heads to [a] Golden Mines;
Small *Aſpen* ſtalk, which ſhakes like Agues cold,
That from perpetual Motion never hold;
The ſturdy *Oak*, which on the Seas doth Ride;
Firr which tall Maſts doth make, where Sails are tied;
The weeping *Maple*, and the *Popler* green,
Whoſe cooling Buds in Salves have Healing been;
The fatting *Cheſtnut*, and the *Haſle* ſmall,
The ſmooth-rind *Beech*, which groweth Large and Tall;
The loving *Mirtle* fit for Amorous kind,
The yielding *Willow* for Inconſtant Mind;

[a] *Golden* Mines *are found out by the* Birche's *bowing.*

The

The *Cypreſs* Sad, which makes the Funeral Hearſe,
And *Sicomors*, where Lovers write their Verſe;
And *Juniper*, which gives a pleaſant Smell,
With many more, which were too Long to tell,
Which from their Sappy Roots ſprout Branches ſmall,
Some call it Under-wood, that's never Tall;
There walking through the *Stag* was hinder'd much,
The bending Twigs his Horns did often Touch;
While he on tender Leaves and Buds did brouſe,
His Eyes were troubled with the broken Boughs;
Then ſtrait he ſought this Labyrinth t' unwind,
Though hard it was his firſt way out to find;
Unto this Wood a Riſing Hill was near,
The ſweet wild *Thyme* and *Marjoran* grew there,
And *Winter-Sav'ry* which was never Set,
Of which the *Stag* took great delight to Eat;
But looking down into the Vallies low,
He ſaw, there Graſs and Cowſlips thick did grow,
And Springs, which Digg'd themſelves a paſſage out,
Much like as Serpents, wind each Field about;
Riſing in Winter high, they'ld over-flow
The flow'ry Banks, but make the Soil to grow;
And as he went thinking therein to Feed,
He 'ſpied a Field, which Sow'd was with VVheat-ſeed,
The Blades were grown a handfull high and more,
VVhich Sight to Taſte did ſoon Invite him o're;
In haſte he went, Fed full, then down did lye;
The Owner coming there, did him Eſpy,
Strait call'd his Dogs to Hunt him from that place;
At laſt it prov'd to be a Foreſt chaſe;
The Chaſe grew hot, the *Stag* apace did run,
The Dogs purſu'd, more Men for Sport came on;

At laſt a Troop of Men, Horſe, Dogs did meet,
Which made the Hart to try his Nimble feet ;
Full ſwift he was, his Horns he bore up high,
The Men did Shout, the Dogs ran Yelping by,
And Bugle Horns with ſeveral Notes did blow,
Huntſmen, to croſs the *Stag*, did Side-ways go ;
The Horſes beat their Hoofs againſt dry Ground,
Raiſing ſuch Clouds of Duſt, their ways ſcarce found,
Their Sides ran down with Sweat, as if they were
New come from Watering, ſo dropt every Hair ;
The Dogs their Tongues out of their Mouths hung long,
Their Sides did like a Feaveriſh Pulſe beat ſtrong,
Their ſhort Ribs heav'd up high, and then fell low,
As Bellows draw in Wind that they may Blow ;
Men Tawny grew, the Sun their Skins did turn,
Their Mouths were Dry, their Bowels felt to Burn ;
The *Stag* ſo Hot as glowing Coals may be,
Yet ſwiftly Ran when he the Dogs did ſee.
Coming at length unto a Rivers ſide,
VVhoſe Current flow'd as with a falling Tide,
There he Leap'd in, thinking ſome while to ſtay
To waſh his Sides, his burning Heat t' allay,
In hope the Dogs could not in VVater ſwim,
But was deceiv'd, for they did follow him
Like Fiſhes, which do Swim in VVaters deep ;
He Duck'd, but Out, alas! his Horns did Peep ;
The Dogs were cover'd over Head and Ear,
Nothing did of them but their Noſe appear ;
The *Stag* and River like a Race did ſhow,
He ſtriving ſtill the River to Out-go,
VVhilſt Men and Horſes down the Banks did run,
Encouraging the Dogs to follow on,

Where in the Water, like a Looking-glaſs,
He by Reflexion ſaw their Shadows paſs;
Fear did his Breath cut ſhort, his Limbs did ſhrink,
Like thoſe which the Cramp makes to th' Bottom ſink:
Thus out of Breath no longer could he ſtay,
But Leap'd on Land, and ſwiftly Run away; (*lives,*
For Change brings Eaſe, eaſe Strength, in Strength Hope
Hope joys the Heart, and joy light Heels ſtill gives.
His Feet did like a Feather'd Arrow fly,
Or like a winged Bird that mounts the Sky;
The Dogs like Ships, that Sail with Wind and Tide,
Do Cut the Air, and VVaters deep Divide;
Or like as Greedy Merchants, which for gain
Venture their Life, and Traffick on the Main;
The Hunters like to Boys, which without fear,
To ſee a Sight, will hazard Life, that's Dear:
For they are Sad when Miſchief takes no place,
And out of Countenance as with Diſgrace,
But when they ſee a Ruine and a Fall,
They come with Joy, as if they'd Conquer'd all:
And thus did their three ſeveral Paſſions meet;
Firſt the *deſire to Catch* the Dogs made Fleet,
Then *Fear* the *Stag* made Run, his Life to ſave,
Whilſt Men for *love of Miſchief* digg'd his Grave.
The angry Duſt flew in each Face about,
As if't would with Revenge their Eyes put out,
Yet they all faſt went on, with a huge Cry;
The *Stag* no hope had left, nor help did 'ſpy,
His Heart ſo heavy grew with Grief and Care,
That his ſmall Feet his Body ſcarce could bear,
Yet loath to Dye, or yield to Foes was he,
And to the laſt would ſtrive for Victory;

'Twas

'Twas not for want of Courage he did Run,
But that an Army was 'gainſt him alone;
Had he the Valour had of *Cæſar* ſtout,
Yet Yield he muſt to them, or Dye, no doubt;
Turning his Head, as if he Dar'd their ſpight,
Prepar'd himſelf againſt them all to Fight;
Single he was, his Horns were all his helps,
To Guard him from a Multitude of Whelps;
Beſides, a Company of Men were there,
If Dogs ſhould fail, to ſtrike him every where;
But to the laſt his Fortune he'ld try out,
Then Men and Dogs did Circle him about,
Some Bit, ſome Bark'd, all Ply'd him at the Bay,
Where with his Horns he Toſſed ſome away:
But Fate his Thread had Spun, he down did fall,
Shedding ſome Tears at his own Funeral.

A Deſcription *of an* Iſland.

THere was an *Iſland* Rich by Nature's Grace,
In all the World it was the Sweeteſt place,
Surrounded with the Seas, whoſe VVaves not miſs'd
To do her Homage, and her Feet they Kiſs'd;
Each Wave did ſeem by turn to Bow down low,
And proud to Touch her, when as they did Flow;
Armies of VVaves in Troops high Tides brought on,
Whoſe wat'ry Arms did Gliſter as the Sun,
And on their Backs burthens of Ships did bear,
Placing them in her Havens with great Care,
Not Mercenary, for no Pay they'ld have,
But as her Guard did Watch, to keep her Safe,
And in a Ring they Circled her about,
Strong as a Wall, to keep her Foes without;

The Winds did Serve her, and on Clouds did Ride,
Blowing their Trumpets loud on every ſide,
Serving as Scouts, they Search'd in every Lane,
And Gallop'd in the Foreſts, Fields and Plain;
While ſhe did pleaſe the Gods, ſhe did Live ſafe,
And they all kind of Pleaſures to her gave;
For all this Place was Fertile, Rich and Fair,
Both Woods, and Hills, and Dales in Proſpects were;
Birds pleaſure took, and with delight did Sing,
In Praiſes of this *Iſle* the VVoods did Ring;
Trees thriv'd with Joy, for ſhe their Roots well fed,
And Tall with Pride, their Tops did Over-ſpread;
Danc'd with the Winds, when they did Sing and Blow,
Play'd like a wanton Kid, or a ſwift Roe;
Their ſeveral Branches ſeveral Birds did bear,
Which Hop'd and Skip'd, and always Merry were;
Their Leaves did Wave, and Ruſhing make a Noiſe,
And many ways ſtriv'd to expreſs their Joys;
All Flowers there look'd freſh, and gay with Mirth,
Whilſt they were Danc'd upon the Lap of Earth;
Th' *Iſle* was their *Mother*, they her *Children* ſweet,
Born from her Loins, got by *Apollo* great,
Who Dreſs'd and Prun'd them often with great Care,
And waſh'd their Leaves with Dew to make them Fair;
Which being done, he wip'd thoſe Drops away
With Webs of Heat [a], which he Weaves every Day;
Paint [b] them with ſeveral Colours Intermixt,
Veil'd them with Shadows every Leaf betwixt;
Their Heads he Dreſs'd, their Hairy Leaves ſpread out,
Wreath'd round their Crowns his Golden Beams about:

[a] *Sun-beams.* [b] *There would be no* Colours *if no* Light.

For

For he this *Iſle* eſteem'd above the reſt;
Of all his Wives he had he Lov'd her beſt;
Daily he did preſent her with ſome Gift,
Twelve Ells of Light to make her Smocks [a] for Shift;
Which every time he came, he put on Fair,
That Lovely ſhe and Handſome might appear,
And when he from her went, the World to ſee,
He left his Siſter her for Company,
Whoſe name is *Cynthia*, though Pale yet Clear,
Which makes her always in Dark Clouds appear;
Beſides, he left his Stars to wait on her,
Leſt ſhe ſhould Grieve too much, when he's not there;
And from his bounty Cloath'd them all with Light,
Which makes them Twinkle in a froſty Night;
He never brought Hot beams to do her harm,
Nor let her take a Cold, but Lap'd her warm;
He Mantles Rich of equal Heat o'reſpread,
And cover'd her with Colour Crimſon Red;
He gave another o're her Head to lye,
The Colour is a pure bright Azure Sky;
And with ſoft Air did Line them all within,
Like Furs in Winter, in Summer Satin thin;
With Silver Clouds he Fringed them about,
And Spangled Meteors Gliſt'ring hung without:
Thus gave he Change, leſt ſhe ſhould weary grow,
Or think them Old, and ſo away them throw.
Nature adorn'd this Iſland all throughout
With Landskips, Riv'lets, Proſpects round about;
Hills over-top'd the Dales, which Level were,
And cover'd all with Cattel, Feeding there;

Turn 8 Leavs On

[a] *Thoſe* Smocks *are the* Days.

Graſs

Graſs grew up even to the Belly high,
Where Beaſts that Chew their Cud lay Pleaſantly;
Whisking their Tails about, the Flies to beat,
Or elſe to Cool them from the Sultry heat;
Nature, her Love to th' Gods willing to ſhow,
Sent Plenty in, like *Nile*'s great Overflow,
And temperate Seaſons gave, and equal Lights,
Warm Sun-ſhine Days, and Dewy Moon-ſhine Nights;
And in this pleaſant *Iſland* Peace did dwell;
No noiſe of VVarr, or ſad Tale could it tell.

The Ruine *of this* Iſland.

THis *Iſland* Liv'd in Peace full many a Day,
So long as ſhe unto the Gods did Pray;
But ſhe grew Proud with Plenty and with Eaſe,
Ador'd her Self, and did the Gods diſpleaſe;
She flung their Altars down, and in their ſtead
Set up her Own, and would be VVorſhipped:
The Gods grew angry, and commanded Fate
To Alter and to Ruine quite the State,
For they had Chang'd their Mind of late, they ſaid;
And did Repent, unthankfull Man th' had made;
Fates wondred much to hear what ſaid the Gods,
That they and mortal Men were at great Odds,
And found them apt to Change, thought it did ſhow;
As if the Gods did not poor Men fore-know;
For why, ſaid they, if Men do Evil grow,
The Gods, fore-ſeeing all, Men's hearts did know
Long, long before they did Man firſt Create;
If ſo, what need they change or alter Fate?
'Twas in their Power to make them Good or Ill,
Wherefore Men cannot do juſt what they will;

Then why do Gods complain againſt them ſo,
Since Men are made by them ſuch ways to go?
If *Evil* power hath *Gods* to oppoſe,
Two equal Deities it plainly ſhows;
The one Pow'r cannot keep Obedience long,
If Diſobedient power be as Strong;
And being Ignorant how Men will prove,
Know not how Strong or Long will laſt their Love:
But may't not be the Courſe of God's Decree,
To love Obedience, whereſoe're it be?
They from the firſt a Changing power Create,
And for that Work make Deſtiny and Fate;
It is the Mind of Man that's apt to Range,
The Minds of Gods are not ſubject to Change.
Then did the Fates unto the Planets go,
And told them they Malignity muſt throw
Into this *Iſland*, for the Gods would take
Revenge on them, who did their Laws forſake;
VVith that the Planets drew like with a Screw
Bad Vapours from the Earth, and then did View
What place to Squeeze that Poyſon on, which all
The Venom had, got from the VVorld's great Ball;
Then through Mens Veins like Molten Lead it came,
And did like Oyl their Spirits all Inflame,
VVhere Malice boyl'd with Rancor, Spleen and Spight,
In VVarr and Fraud, Injuſtice took delight,
Thinking which way their Luſts they might fulfill,
Committed Thefts, Rapes, Murthers at their will;
Parents and Children did Unnat'ral grow,
And every Friend was turn'd a Cruel Foe;
Nay, Innocency no Protection had,
Religious Men were thought to be ſtark Mad;

In

In Witches, Wizzards, they did put their truſt,
Extortions, Bribes were thought to be moſt Juſt;
Like *Titan*'s Race all did in Tumults riſe,
And 'gainſt the Heavens utter Blaſphemies;
The Gods in Rage unbound the Winds, to blow
In a ſtrange Nation, formerly their Foe,
Where they themſelves did Plant, the Natives all
Were by them Kill'd, for th' Gods had Sworn their fall;
Compaſſion wept, and *Virtue* wrung her hands,
To ſee that Right was Baniſh'd from their Lands:
Thus *Winds*, and *Seas*, the *Planets*, *Fates* and all
Conſpir'd to work her Ruine and her Fall;
But thoſe that keep the Laws of God on high,
Shall Live in Peace, i'th' Grave reſt Quietly;
And ever after like the Gods ſhall be,
Injoy all Pleaſure, know no Miſery.

The Third PART.

TO POETS.

THere is no Spirit *frights me ſo much, as* Poets Satyrs, *and their* Faiery Wits, *which are ſo* Subtile, Airy, *and* Nimble, *as they paſs through very ſmall* Creviſes *and* Crannies *of* Errours *and* Miſtakes, *and Dance upon every* Line, *and round every* Fancy, *which when they find to be Dull and Sleepy, they Pinch them* Black *and* Blew *with* Robbin-hoods *Jeſts; But I hope you will Spare me, for the* Hearth *is ſwept Clean, and a* Baſon *of* Water *with a* Clean Towel *ſet by, and the* Aſhes *rak'd up; Wherefore let my* Book *ſleep Quietly, and the* VVatch-light *burn Clearly, and not* Blew *and* Blinkingly, *nor the* Pots *and* Pans *be Diſturbed, but let it be ſtill from your Noiſe, that the* Effeminate Cat *may not* Mew, *nor the* Maſculine Currs Bark *and* Howl *forth Rail-*

ings,

ings, to Diſturb my Harmleſs Book's Reſt. *But if you will Judge my* Book *ſeverely, I doubt I ſhall be Caſt to the* Barr *of* Folly, *and there be Forced to hold up my* Hand *of* Indiſcretion, *and Confeſs* Ignorance *to my* Enemies *Diſlike, for I have no* Eloquent Orator *to Plead for me, as to perſwade a* Severe Judge, *nor* Flattery *to Bribe a* Corrupt *one, which makes me Afraid, I ſhall Loſe my* Sute *of* Praiſe; *Yet I have* Truth *to Speak in my Behalf for ſome Favour; which ſays, firſt, that* Women *Writing ſeldome, makes it ſeem* Strange, *and* Unuſual: *You will ſay, what is* Unuſual, *ſeems* Fantaſtical, *and what is* Fantaſtical, *ſeems* Odd, *and what is* Odd, *ſeems* Ridiculous: *But as* Truth *tells you, all is not* Gold *that Gliſters, ſo She tells you, all is not* Poor, *that hath not* Golden Cloaths *on, nor* Mad, *which is out of* Faſhion; *and if it be out of* Faſhion, *becauſe* Women *do not generally Write, yet before you* Laugh *at me, let your* Reaſon *View ſtrictly, whether the* Faſhion *be not* Uſefull, Gracefull, Eaſie, Comely *and* Modeſt, *and if it be any of theſe, Spare your* Smiles *of* Scorn *for thoſe that are* Wanton, Careleſs, Rude and Unbecoming; *for though her* Garments *are* Plain, *and* Unuſual, *yet they are* Clean *and* Decent. *Next,* Truth *tells you, that* Women *have ſeldome or never (eſpecially in theſe later Ages) Written* Books *of* Poetry, *unleſs it were in their* Dreſſings, *which can be no longer Read than* Beauty *laſts: Wherefore, it has ſeem'd hitherto, as if* Nature *had Compounded* Men's Brains *with more of the* Sharp Atomes, *which make the* Hot *and* Dry Element, *and* Wo-

mens

mens *with more of the* Round Atomes, *which Figure makes the* Cold *and* Moist Element; *And though* Water *is a usefull* Element, *yet* Fire *is the* Nobler, *being of an* Aspiring Quality. *But it is rather a* Dishonour, *not a* Fault *in* Nature, *for her* Inferiour Works *to move towards* Perfection, *though the Best of her* Works *can never be so* Perfect *as* Her Self; *yet she is pleased when they Imitate* Her, *and to Imitate* Her *I hope you will be pleased I* Imitate You. *'Tis true, my* Verses *came not out of* Jupiter's Head, *wherefore they cannot prove a* Pallas, *yet they are like Chast* Penelope's *Works, for I wrote them in my* Husbands *absence, to delude* Melancholy Thoughts, *and avoid* Idle Time. *The last thing,* Truth *tells you, is, that my* Verses *were Gathered too Soon, wherefore they cannot be of a* Mature Growth, *for the* Sun *of* Time *was only at that Height as to* Draw *them forth, but gave not* Heat *enough to* Ripen *them, which makes me fear they will Taste* Harsh *and* Unpleasant; *but if they were Strew'd with some* Sugar *of* Praise, *and Bak'd in the* Oven *of* Applause, *they might pass at a* General Feast, *though they do not Relish with* Nice *and* Delicate Palats, *yet the* Vulgar *may Digest them, for they care not what the* Meat *is, if the* Crust *be* Good, *or indeed* Thick, *for they Judge according to the* Quantity, *not the* Quality *or* Rarity; *but they are oft perswaded by the Senses of others more than their own; Wherefore if it be not worthy of* Commendations, *pray be* Silent, *and cast not out* Severe Censures, *and I shall give* Thanks *for what is* Eaten.

TO

TO THE READER.

I *Deſire all thoſe which Read this Part of my Book, to conſider, that it is thick of* Fancies, *and therefore requires the more* Study, *but if they Underſtand them not, I deſire they would do as thoſe, which have a troubled Conſcience, and cannot reſolve themſelves of ſome Doubts, and therefore are required by the Church to go to a Miniſter, to have them Explain'd, and not to Interpret them according to their own Imaginations: So I intreat thoſe that cannot find out the* Conceit *of my* Fancies, *to ask a* Poet, *where the* Conceit *lies, before they* Cenſure, *and not to accuſe my* Book *for* Non-ſenſe, *Condemning it with a* falſe Conſtruction *through an* Ignorant Zeal *of* Malice; *But I deſire them not to miſtake, and ask a* Rhimer *inſtead of a* Poet, *leſt I be Condemned as a* Traitor *to* Senſe *through the* Blindneſs *of the* Judges Underſtanding. *And if the Judge be Learned in the* Laws *of* Poetry *and* Honeſty *from* Bribes *of* Envy, *I ſhall not need to Fear, but that the* Truth *will be found out, and its* Innocence freed *at the* Barr *of* Cenſure, *and be ſent Home with the* Acquaintance *of* Applauſe. *Yet I pray do not think I am ſo* Preſumptuous.

ſumptuous, *as to compare* my Self *to the* Church, *I only compare* Truth *to the* Church, *and* Truth *may be compared from the* Loweſt *Subject to the* Higheſt. *At laſt I muſt intreat you, to Read this Part of my Book very Slowly, and to obſerve very Strictly every Word you Read, becauſe in moſt of theſe Poems every Word is a Fancy; Wherefore, if you Loſe by not Marking, or Skip by too haſty Reading, you will Intangle the Senſe of the whole* Poem.

Of Poets, *and their* Theft.

AS *Birds*, to Hatch their *Young* ones, ſit i'th' (Spring,
So do ſome Ages *Broods* of *Poets* bring,
Which to the World in Verſe do ſweetly Sing;

And as their Notes, not *Art*, but *Nature* taught,
So *Fancies* in the Brain by *Nature* wrought
Are *Beſt*; what *Imitation* makes is *Naught*:

For though theſe Sing as well, as well may be,
And make their *Notes* of what they Learn, agree;
Yet he that Teaches, has the *Maſtery*,

And ought to have the *Crown* of *Praiſe* and *Fame*,
In the long *Role* of *Time* to Write his Name;
But thoſe that Steal from him are much too blame.

There's none, ſhould places have in *Fame*'s High (*Court*,
But thoſe that firſt do Win *Invention*'s Fort:
Not *Meſſengers* which only make Report.

To

To Meſſengers rewards of Thanks are due
For their great Pains, telling their Meſſage true;
But not the Honour of Invention new.

Many there are, that Suits will make to wear,
Of ſeveral Patches, ſtolen both here and there;
That to the World they Gallants might appear:

And the poor Vulgar, which but little know,
Do Reverence all, that makes a Gliſt'ring ſhow;
Examine not, how it comes to be ſo:

Then do they call their Friends, and all their Kin,
And Factions make, the Ignorant to win;
VVith whoſe help they to Fame's High Court (crowd in.

Upon the ſame Subject.

SOme will a Line or two from *Horace* take,
And pick his Fancies, wch their own they make;
And ſome of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid* ſweet,
Will ſteal, and make them in their Books to meet;
Yet make them not in their right Shapes appear,
But like as Spirits in dark Shades to err:
Thus as Magicians Spirit-troublers they're,
And may the Name of Poet-Juglers bear,
Which th' Ignorant by Sorcery delude,
Shewing falſe Glaſſes to the Multitude,
And with a ſmall and undiſcerned Hair,
Do pull great *Truth* out of her place ſhe were:
Theſe ſhould by th' Poets Laws be Hang'd, and ſo
Into the Hell of Condemnation go.

Wherein Poetry *chiefly Conſiſts.*

MOſt of our Modern Writers now adays,
Conſider not the Fancy, but the Phraſe;
As if fine Words were Wit, or one ſhould ſay,
A Woman's Handſome, if her Cloaths be Gay,
Regarding not what Beauty's in the Face,
Nor what Proportion doth the Body grace;
As when her Shoos be high, to ſay ſhe's Tall,
And when ſhe is ſtrait Lac'd, to ſay ſhe's Small;
When Painted, or her Hair is Curl'd with Art,
Though of it Self but Plain, and her Skin ſwart,
We cannot ſay, that from her thanks are due
To *Nature*, nor thoſe Arts in Her we View,
Unleſs ſhe them Invented, and ſo Taught
The World to ſet forth that, which is ſtark naught;
But *Fancy* is the *Eye*, gives *Life* to all,
Words, the *Complexion*, as a whited Wall;
Fancy the *Form* is, *Fleſh*, *Blood*, *Skin* and *Bone*,
Words are but *Shadows*, Subſtance they have none:
But *Number* is the *Motion*, gives the *Grace*,
And is the *Count'nance* of a *Well-form'd Face.*

FAN-

FANCIES.

The ſeveral Keys of Nature, *which Unlock the ſeveral Boxes of her Cabinet.*

A *Bunch* of *Keys* did Hang by *Nature*'s ſide,
Which *She*, to open her [a] *five* Boxes try'd;
The firſt was *Wit*, which Key unlock'd the *Ear*,
Open'd the *Brain*, to ſee what things were there;
The *next* was *Beauty*'s *Key* unlock'd the Eyes,
Open'd the *Heart*, to ſee what therein lies;
The *third* was *Appetite*, which quick did go,
Opening the *Stomack*, to put *Meat* into;
The *Key* of *Sent* unlock'd the *Brain*, though hard,
For of a Stink the Noſe is much afear'd;
The *Key* of *Pain* did open *Touch*, but ſlow,
For *Nature*'s loath any Diſeaſe to ſhow.

[a] *The five Boxes are the five* Senſes, *and the Cabinet is the* Brain.

Nature's *Cabinet.*

IN *Nature*'s *Cabinet*, the *Brain*, you'l find
Many a *Toy*, which doth delight the *Mind*;
Several *Colour'd Ribbonds* of *Fancies* [a] new
To tye in *Hats* or *Hair* of *Lovers* true;

[a] *Love Verſes.*

Imagination's *Maſques*, where nothing's ſhown
But th' *Eyes* of *Knowledge*, all the reſt unknown;
Fans of *Opinion*, which do Waft the *Wind*,
According as the *Heat* is in the *Mind*;
Gloves of *Remembrance*, to draw off and on, (gone;
For *Thoughts* i'th' *Brain* are ſometimes there, then
Veils of *Forgetfulneſs* the Thoughts do hide,
Which when turn'd up, then is their Face eſpy'd;
Pendants of *Underſtanding* heavy there
Are found, but do not Hang in every Ear;
Patches of *Ignorance* to ſtick upon
The *Face* of Fools. This *Cabinet* is ſhown.

Nature's *Dreſs*.

THe *Sun* Crowns *Nature*'s *Head* with Beams (ſo fair,
The *Stars* do hang as *Jewels* in her *Hair*;
Her *Garment*'s made of pure Bright watchet *Sky*,
Which round her Waſte the *Zodiack* doth tye;
The *Polar Circles*, *Bracelets* for each *Wriſt*,
The *Planets* round about her *Neck* do twiſt;
The *Gold* and *Silver-mines Shoes* for her Feet,
And for her *Garters* are the *Flowers* ſweet;
Her *Stockings* are of *Graſs* that's freſh and green,
The *Rain-bow* is like *Colour'd Ribbonds* ſeen;
The *Powder* for her *Hair* is *Milk-white Snow*,
And when ſhe comes her *Locks* the *Winds* do blow;
Light, a thin *Veil*, doth Hang upon her *Face*,
Through which her Creatures ſee in every place.

Nature's *Cook*.

DEath is the Cook of *Nature*, and we find
Creatures dreſt ſeveral ways to pleaſe her Mind;

Some

Some *Death* doth *Roaſt* with *Feavers* burning hot,
And ſome he *Boyls* with *Dropſies* in a Pot;
Some are Conſum'd for *Felly* by degrees,
And ſome with *Ulcers*, *Gravy* out to Squeeze;
Some, as with *Herbs*, he *ſtuffs* with *Gouts* and *Pains*,
Others for tender Meat he hangs in Chains;
Some in the *Sea* he *Pickles* up to keep,
Others he, as *Sous'd Brawn*, in *Wine* doth *Steep*;
Some Fleſh and Bones he with the *Pox* chops ſmall,
And doth a *French* Fricaſſee make withall;
Some on *Grid-ir'ns* of *Calentures* are Broil'd,
And ſome are trodden down, and ſo quite ſpoil'd:
But ſome are *Bak'd*, when Smother'd they do Dye,
Some Meat he doth by Hectick Feavers fry;
In *Sweat* ſometimes he ſtews with Savory ſmell,
An *Hodge-podge* of Diſeaſes he likes well;
Some Brains he Dreſſeth with Apoplexy,
Or Sawce of Megrims, Swimming plenteouſly;
And Tongues he Drys with Smoak from Stomacks ill,
Which, as the ſecond Courſe he ſends up ſtill;
Throats he doth Cut, Blood Puddings for to make,
And puts them in the Guts, which Colicks Rack;
Some Hunted are by him for Deer, that's Red,
And ſome as Stall-fed Oxen knock'd o'th' Head;
Some Singd'd and Scall'd for Bacon, ſeem moſt rare,
When with Salt Rhume & Phlegm they Powder'd are.

Nature's Oven.

THe *Brain* is like an *Oven*, Hot and Dry,
Which Bakes all ſorts of *Fancies* low and high;
The *Thoughts* are *Wood*, which *Motion* ſets on Fire,
The Tongue a Peel, the Hand which draws, deſire;

By

By *thinking* much the *Brain* too Hot will grow,
And Burn them up, if *Cold*, *Fancies* are *Dough*.

A Poſſet *for* Nature's Breakfaſt.

Life Scums the *Cream* of *Beauty* with *Times* (*Spoon*,
And draws the *Claret-wine* of *Bluſhes* ſoon,
Then Boyls it in a *Skillet* clean of *Youth*,
And thicks it well with crumbled *Bread* of *Truth*;
Sets it upon the Fire of Life, which does
Burn clearer much, when Health her Bellows blows;
Then takes the *Eggs* of *Fair* and *Baſhfull Eyes*,
And puts them in a Countenance that's VViſe,
Cuts in a *Lemmon* of the *Sharpeſt Wit*,
Diſcretion, as a *Knife*, is us'd for it.
A Handfull of Chaſt Thoughts, double Refin'd,
Six Spoonfulls of a Noble 'nd Gentle mind,
A Grain of Mirth to give 't a little Taſte,
Then takes it off for fear the Subſtance waſte;
And puts it in a Baſon of good Health,
And with this Meat doth *Nature* pleaſe her Self.

An Olio *Dreſt for* Nature's *Dinner*.

Life takes a young and tender Lover's heart,
That hunted was, and ſtruck by *Cupid*'s Dart,
Sets it upon the Fire of Love, and Blows (grows;
That Fire with Sighs, by which the Flame high
And Boyls it with the Water of freſh Tears,
Flings in a Bunch of Hope, Deſires, and Fears;
More Sprigs of Paſſions throws into the Pot,
Then takes it off, when it is Seething hot,
And puts it in a clean Diſh of delight,
That Scowred was from Envy and from Spight;

Then

Then doth ſhe preſs and ſqueeze in Juice of Youth,
And caſts therein ſome Sugar of ſweet Truth;
Sharp Melancholy gives a quickning Taſte,
And Temperance doth cauſe it long to laſt;
Then ſhe with Smiles doth Garniſh it and Dreſs,
And ſerves it up a Fair and Beauteous meſs:
But *Nature*'s apt to Surfeit of this Meat,
Which makes, that ſhe doth ſeldome of it Eat.

A Bisk *for* Nature's *Table.*

A Fore-head which is high, broad, ſmooth, and (ſleek,
A large great Eye, that's black and very quick;
A Brow, which Arch'd, or like a Bow is bent,
A Roſie Cheek, and in the midſt a Dent;
Two Cherry Lips, whereon the Dew lies wet,
A Noſe between the Eyes, that's even Set;
A Chin that's neither ſhort, nor very long,
A ſharp and quick, and ready pleaſing Tongue;
A Breath of Musk and Amber, Breaſts which Silk
In ſoftneſs do reſembl', in whiteneſs Milk;
A Body plump, white, of an even growth,
That's active, lively, quick, and void of Sloth;
A Heart that's firm and ſound, a Liver good,
A Speech that's plain and eaſie underſtood;
A Hand, that's fat and ſmooth, and very white,
Whoſe Inſide moiſt and red, like Rubies bright;
A brawny Arm, a Wriſt that's round and ſmall,
And Fingers long, and Joynts not big withall;
A Stomack ſtrong, and eaſie to digeſt,
A Swan-like Neck, and an Out-bearing Cheſt;
All theſe when mixt with Pleaſure and Delight,
And ſtrew'd upon with Eyes moſt quick of Sight,

Are

Are put into a Diſh of Admiration,
And ſo Serv'd up with praiſes of a Nation.

A Hodge-podge *for* Nature's *Table.*

A Wanton Eye, that ſeeks but to allure,
Diſſembling Countenance, that looks demure;
A griping Hand, that holds what's none of his,
A jealous Mind, which thinks all is amiſs;
A purple Face, where Mattery pimples ſtood,
A ſlandering Tongue, that ſtill diſpraiſeth Good;
A frowning Brow, with Rage and Anger bent,
A Good, proceeding from an ill Intent;
Large promiſes, which for performance ſtaid,
And profer'd Gifts, which no acceptance had;
Affected words that ſignifie no thing,
And feigned Laughter which no Mirth doth bring;
Thoughts idle, fooliſh, unuſefull and vain,
Which are Created in a Lover's Brain;
Such Antick poſtures, where no Grace in is,
Well-meaning Minds, which always do amiſs;
A Voice that's Hoarſe, where Notes cannot agree,
And Squinting Eyes, that no true Shape can ſee;
Wrinkles which Time hath ſet in every Face,
Vain-glory brave, that falls in full Diſgrace;
A Self-conceited Pride without a cauſe,
A painfull, deſperate Act without applauſe;
Verſes wherein's no Fancy, Senſe, nor Rhime,
Ambitions falls, when higheſt Hopes do climb;
All theſe *Life* i'th' Pot of Diſlike boyls faſt,
And ſtirs them with the Ladle of Diſtaſt,
She makes therein the Fat of Gluttons flow,
And Roots of ſeveral Vices throws into,

With

With ſeveral Herbs, as aged Thyme that's dry,
Heart-burning Parſly, Funeral Roſemary;
Then pours it out into Repentant Diſhes,
And ſends it up by Shadows of Vain wiſhes.

A Heart *Dreſt.*

LIfe takes a Heart, and Paſſions puts therein,
And covers it with a Diſſembling Skin;
Takes Anger, which like Pepper keen doth Bite,
And Vinegar that's Sharp, and made of Spight,
Ginger of Revenge grated in is flung,
To which ſhe adds a Lying Cloven Tongue,
A lazy flake of Mace, which lies down flat,
Some Salt of Slander ſhe doth put to that;
Then ſerves it up with Sawce of Jealouſie,
In Diſhes of moſt carefull Induſtry.

Head *and* Brain *Dreſs'd.*

A *Brain*, wherein no Dulneſs doth appear,
From groſs Opinions waſh'd with Reaſons clear,
A Judgment hard and ſound grated therein,
Quick wit ſqueez'd into it, with Fancies thin;
A Bunch of Sent, Sounds, Colours tied up faſt
With threads of Motion, and ſtrong Nerves to laſt,
Stew'd with long Time in Memory cloſe ſhut,
Spirits inſtead of VVine into it put,
And then pour'd forth into a Diſh of Touch,
'Tis good and wholeſome Meat, although not much.

A Tart.

LIfe took ſome Flowr of white Complexions made,
Churn'd Nouriſhment, as Butter, ſhe did add,

And Knead it well, then on a Board it plac'd,
And rould it oft, untill a Pye was Rais'd;
Then did ſhe take ſome Lips like Cherries Red,
And Sloe-black Eyes from a fair Virgin's Head,
And Strawb'ry Teats from th'Banks of each white Breaſt,
And Fingers ends like Juice from Raſpes preſt;
Theſe ſhe put in the Pye, and did it Bake
Within a Heart, which ſhe ſtrait Hot did make;
Then drew it out with Reaſon's Peel, to ſend
It up; This Meat did *Nature* much commend.

Nature's *Diſſert.*

SWeet Marmalade of Kiſſes newly gather'd,
Preſerved Children, which were never Father'd;
Sugar of Beauty, which away Melts ſoon,
Marchpane of Youth, and Childiſh Macaroon;
Sugar-Plum-words, which fall Sweet from the Lips,
And Wafer-promiſes Mould'ring like Chips;
Biskets of Love, which crumble all away,
Gelly of Fear, which ſhak'd, and quivering lay:
Then was a freſh Green-ſickneſs Cheeſe brought in,
And tempting Fruit, like that which *Eve* made Sin,
With Cream of Honour, which was thick and good,
Firm Nuts of ſincere Friendſhip by it ſtood;
Grapes of Delight, dull Spirits to revive,
Whoſe Juice, 'tis ſaid, doth *Nature* keep alive:
All this Diſſert did *Nature* might'ly pleaſe,
She Eat and Drank, then went to reſt in Eaſe.

Nature's *Officers.*

ETernity as Uſher goes before,
And Deſtiny, as Porter, keeps the Door

Of

Of the great World, who lets Life out and in;
The Fates, her Maids, the Thread of Life do Spin;
Change Orders all with Induſtry and Care,
Motion, her Foot-boy, runneth every where;
Time, as her Page doth carry up her Train,
But in his Service he doth little gain;
The Days are the Surveyors, which do view
All *Nature*'s works, that are both Old and New;
The Seaſons four by turns their Circuits take,
Like Judges ſit, and Diſtributions make;
The Months as Pen-clerks write down every thing,
Make Deeds of Gifts, and Bonds of all that ſpring;
Life's Office is to Pay, and give out all
To her Receiver, Death, when he doth Call.

Nature's *Houſe*.

THe Ground, on which this Houſe is Built ſo Strong,
Is Honeſty, that hates to do a wrong;
Foundations deep were Laid, and very ſure,
By Love, which to all times doth firm indure;
The Walls, ſtrong Friendſhip, Hearts for Brick lay thick,
And Conſtancy as Mortar made them ſtick;
Free-ſtones of Obligations Pillars raiſe,
To bear High-roofed Thanks, Seiled with Praiſe;
VVindows of Knowledge let in Light of Truth,
Curtains of Joy are drawn by Pleaſant Youth;
Chimnies of th' Touch-ſtone of Affection made,
Wherein is Beauty, as Love's Fuel, laid;
The Harth is Innocent and Marble white,
On which Love's Fire burns clear and flames moſt bright;
The Doors are Cares, Misfortunes out to keep,
Leſt Poverty that's Cold might thorow Creep:

Beſides, there Rooms of ſeveral Paſſions ſtand,
Some on the Right, and ſome on th' other Hand.
This Houſe's Out-ſide's Tyl'd with noble Deeds,
With high Ambition cover'd, as with Leads;
Turrets of Fame are Built on every ſide,
And in this Palace *Nature* takes great Pride;
It is beſt Furniſh'd of all *Nature*'s Courts,
For it is Hung with Virtues of all ſorts,
With Moral Virtues, and with thoſe of Art,
The laſt from Acts, the firſt come from the Heart.

Nature's *Cellar.*

THe Head is like a Barrel, which will break
If th' Liquor be too Strong, but if 't be weak,
It will the Riper grow by Lying long;
For kept from Vent, the Spirits grow more Strong:
So Wit, which *Nature* Tuns up in the Brain,
Never leaves VVorking, if it cloſe remain,
'T will through Diſcretion burſt and run about,
Unleſs a Pen and Ink do Tap it out:
But if the VVit be Small, then let it lye;
For Broach'd too ſoon, the Spirits quickly Dye.

Nature's *Wines.*

MAlago Wits, which Pens do broach or peirce,
If ſtrong, run ſtrait into Heroick Verſe;
Sharp Claret Satyr ſearching runs about
The Veins of Vice, before it paſſes out,
And makes the Blood of Virtue freſh to ſpring
In noble Minds, fair Truths Complexions bring;

But

But all high Fancy is in Brandy Wits [a],
A Fiery heat in Underſtanding ſits.

[a] *Strong-waters.*

Nature's *Wardrope.*

IN *Nature*'s Wardrope, there hangs up great ſtore
Of ſeveral Garments, ſome are Rich, ſome Poor;
Some made of Beauty's Stuff, with Smiles well Lac'd,
With lovely Favour is the Out-ſide Fac'd;
Some freſh and new, by Sickneſſes were Rent,
Not taking any Care them to prevent,
But Phyſick and good Diet had again
Sow'd up the Slits, that none did yet remain;
Some worn ſo Bare with Age, that none could ſee
What Stuff 't had been, or what it yet might be;
Others were ſo Ill-ſhap'd, their Stuff ſo Coarſe,
As none would wear unleſs it were by force;
And ſeveral Mantles, *Nature* made, were there,
To keep her Creatures warm from the Cold Air,
As Sables, Martins, and black Fox good ſtore,
Ermins, and fierce wild Cats, and many more;
Moſt of her Creatures ſhe hath Clad in Furr,
Which need no Fire at all, if they but ſtir;
And ſome in Wool ſhe Clads, as well as Hair,
And ſome in Scales, others do Feathers wear:
But Man, his Skin ſhe made ſo ſmooth and fair,
He doth not need Feathers, Scales, Wool nor Hair.
The out-ſide of all things *Nature* keeps there,
For ſeveral Creatures, which ſhe makes them wear;
Death pulls them off, *Life* puts them on, but *Nature*
Takes care to fit each Garment for each Creature.

'Tis

'Tis true, there are but two Sorts, and no more
Of Stuffs[a], whereof are Garments made in Store;
But yet theſe of ſuch ſeveral Faſhions are,
That ſeldome any two alike appear;
And *Nature* ſeveral Trimmings for them makes,
And ſeveral Colours for each Trimming takes.

[a] *Fleſh and Fiſh.*

The Soul's *Garment.*

GReat *Nature* Cloaths the Soul, which is but thin,
With fleſhly Garments, which the Fates do Spin,
And when theſe Garments are grown Old and Bare,
With Sickneſs torn, Death takes them off with Care,
Doth Fold them up in peace and quiet reſt,
And lays them Safe within an Earthly Cheſt,
Then Scours them well, and makes them ſweet and clean,
Fit for the Soul to wear thoſe Cloaths again.

Nature's *Grange.*

GRounds of great Loſs with Sorrows were deep (Plow'd,
VVherein the fertil Seed of Care was Sow'd;
Horſes of Hopes did draw the Cart of Pains,
VVith Expectations fill'd, to th' Barn of Brains;
Cows of Content did give the Milk of Eaſe,
Curds preſt with Love did make a friendſhip Cheeſe;
Cream of Delight, put into Pleaſure's Churn,
In a ſhort time to Butter of Joy did turn;
Sweet VVhey of Tears from Laughing Eyes did flow:
Thus all her Huſwifry did *Nature* ſhow.
Eggs of Revenge were laid by ſome deſign,
Chickens of Miſchief hatch'd by words Divine;

Life

Life's Nouriſhment the Poultry fat doth Cram,
And ſo all Creatures elſe, both Wild and Tame;
The Fates doth *Nature* make to Sit and Spin,
And Deſtiny lays out and brings Flax in;
In this her Huſwifry doth *Nature* take
Such great delight, the Cloath of Life to make,
That every Garment ſhe her Self cuts out,
Giving them to her Creatures all about,
VVhere ſome wear them ſo Long, till they be Torn,
And ſome do Caſt them off before half worn:
Thus buſie *Nature* doth her Self imploy
On every Creature ſmall, untill they Dye;
And when one Dyes, that Work is at an end,
Then to a new ſhe doth her Study bend.

Nature's *Wheel.*

THe Tongue's a VVheel, to Spin words from the Mind,
A Thread of Senſe by th' Underſtanding's twin'd;
The Lips a Loom, theſe Words of Senſe to Weave
Into Diſcourſe, which to the Ears they leave.
This Cloath i'th' Cheſt of Mem'ry up is ſhut,
Till into Shirts of Judgements it be Cut.

Nature's *Garden.*

THe Brain's a Garden full of Sweet delight,
Wherein the Sun of Knowledge ſhineth Bright;
Where Fancy flows, and Runs in Bubbling ſtreams,
Where Flowers grow upon the Banks of Dreams,
VVhereon the Dew of Sleepy Eyes doth fall,
Bathing each Leaf, and every Flower ſmall;
VVhere various Thoughts, as ſeveral Flowers grow,
VVhere Innocence doth, like white Lillies, ſhow;

Fancies

Fancies as Painted Tulip's Colours fixt,
By *Nature*'s Pencil neatly Intermixt;
Some as ſweet Roſes, which are newly blown,
Others as tender Buds, not yet full grown;
Some, as ſmall Violets, much Sweetneſs bring:
Thus many Fancies from the Brain ſtill ſpring.
Wit is like Butter-flies, which Love do make,
And on each ſeveral Flower pleaſure take,
Which Dance about each Leaf in pleaſant ſort,
And paſs their Time away in amorous Sport;
Like *Cupids* Young, their painted Wings diſplay,
And with *Apollo*'s Golden Beams do Play.
Induſtrious pains, like Bees, ſuck out the Sweet,
Gath'ring Wax of Invention with their Feet;
Then on the Wings of Fame fly to their Hive,
VVhich from the VVint'r of Death keeps them Alive.
There Birds of Poetry ſweet Notes ſtill Sing,
Which through the World as through the Air do Ring;
And on the Branches of Delight they Sit,
Pruning their Wings which are with Study wet;
Then to the Cedars of high Honour fly,
Yet reſt not there, but mount up to the Sky.

Nature's Muſical Inſtruments.

THe Heart unto a Harp compare I may,
Paſſions to Strings, on which the Mind doth Play;
'Tis Harmony, when they juſt Time do keep;
With Notes of Peace they bring the Soul to Sleep.

The Head unto an Organ I compare,
The Thoughts, as ſeveral Pipes, make Muſick there;

Ima-

Turn 8 Leavs back

Imagination's Bellows drawn, do blow
Windy Opinions, which the Thoughts make go;
The little Virg'nal Jacks, which Skip about,
Are ſeveral Fancies that run in and out.

The Tongue's a Lute, ſtrung with the Strings of Breath,
The Words as Fingers play, the Pegs are Teeth;
Theſe moving all, a ſweet ſoft Muſick make,
Wiſe Sentences the Ground of Muſick take;
Witty light Airs are pleaſant to the Ear,
Strains of Deſcription all delight to hear;
In Similizing Quavers lies great Art,
Flour'ſhes of Eloquence are a ſweet part;
Stops of Reproof are uſed with great Skill,
Flatt'ring Diviſion doth the Mind pleaſe ſtill;
The Thoughts are ſeveral Tunes, which they do Play:
And thus the Mind doth paſs its Time away.

Nature's *Muſick*.

NO Muſick's better than the Winds do make,
If all their ſeveral Notes right places take;
The full, the half, the quarter Note they ſet,
The Tenor, Baſe, and Treble there are met;
The *Northern* Wind a ſtrong big Baſe doth Sing,
The *Eaſt* is Sweet, like a ſmall Treble-ſtring;
The *South* and *Weſt* the Tenor's Parts do take,
And ſo all Joyn'd a fine ſweet Conſort make;
All that this Muſick meets it moves to Dance,
If Bodies yielding be with Compliance;
The Clouds do Dance in Circle hand in hand,
And in the midſt the Worldly Ball doth ſtand;

The Seas do Dance with Ships upon their Back,
Where Cap'ring high they many times do Wrack;
As Men, which venture on the Ropes to Dance,
Oft tumble down, if they too high advance;
Duſt doth like Country-clowns no meaſure keep,
But rudely runs together on a Heap;
Trees Grave and Civil firſt Bow down their Head
Towards the Earth, then every Leaf out-ſpread,
And every Twig each other will Salute,
Embracing oft they Kiſs each other's Root;
And ſo all Plants beſides, and Flowers gay
Will ſweetly Dance, when as the Winds do Play;
But when they're out of Tune, they Diſcord make,
Diſorder all, nothing its place can take,
Untill *Apollo* with his Beams doth Play,
VVho places all again in the Right way.

A Picture *hung in* Nature's *Houſe.*

A Painter, who would draw the Firmament,
Did with a round plump Face the ſame preſent;
His Pencils were the Beams ſhot from fair Eyes,
Where ſome of them he in Red bluſhes Dies,
Which, as the Morning when the Heaven's clear,
Shew juſt ſo Red before the Sun appear;
The Veins he draws for a Blew Azure Sky,
And for the Sun a great and fair Gray Eye;
The Rain-bow like a Brow he Pencils out,
VVhich Circles half a weeping Eye about;
From pale Complexions taking a White,
Mixt with a Count'nance Sad, he Shades the Night:
Thus Heav'n he doth with ſuch a Face preſent,
That is adorn'd with Beauty Excellent.

Nature's *Exerciſe and Paſtime.*

GReat *Nature* doth by Variations Live,
For ſhe to none a Conſtant Courſe doth give;
We find, in Change ſhe ſwiftly Runs about,
To keep her Health, and get long Life (no doubt)
And we for *Nature* are the only Food,
Her Meat's our Fleſh, and her ſtrong Wine our Blood;
The Trees, and Herbs, Fruits, Roots, and Flowers ſweet,
Are but her Sallets, or ſuch Cooling meat;
The Sea's her Bathe, to waſh and cleanſe her in,
VVhen weary ſhe hath on a Journey been;
The Sun's her Fire, which ſerves her many ways,
His Light her Looking-glaſs and Beauty's praiſe;
The Winds, her Horſes, Pace as ſhe doth pleaſe,
The Clouds her Chariot, where ſhe Sits with eaſe;
The Earth's her Ball, which ſhe oft Trundles round,
She in this Exerciſe much good hath found;
Night is her Bed, her Reſt therein to take,
Silence doth watch leſt Noiſe might her awake;
The Spheres her Muſick, and the Milky way
Is, where ſhe Dances, whilſt thoſe Spheres do Play.

Nature's *City.*

NAture did of great Rocks and Mountains build
A City, with all ſorts of Creatures fill'd;
The Citizens are VVorms, which ſtir not far,
But ſit within their Shops and Sell their Ware;
The Moles, as Magiſtrates, do Mine about
Each ones Eſtate to find their Riches out,
And with Extortions do high Houſes make,
Called Mole-hills, wherein they Pleaſure take;

The lazy Dormouſe in her Houſe doth keep
The Gentry, which doth Eat, and Drink, and Sleep,
Unleſs it be to Hunt about for Nuts,
VVherein the Sport is ſtill to fill their Guts;
The Peaſant-Ants with their Induſtrious feet,
Proviſions get, made by hard Labours ſweet;
They Dig, they Draw, they Plow, and Reap with Care,
And what they get they to their Barns do bear:
But after all their Husbandry and Pains,
Extortion comes and Eats up all their Gains.
All ſorts of Bugs, as ſeveral Merchants, do
In all things Trade, and each place Travel to;
But Vapours, they are *Artiſans* with Skill,
And make ſtrong Winds to ſend which way they will;
They do round Balls of VVild-fire make to Run,
Which ſpreads about when that round Form's undone:
This is the City, which great *Nature* makes,
And in this City ſhe great Pleaſure takes.

Nature's *Market.*

IN *Nature*'s Market you may all things find,
Of ſeveral Sorts, in every ſeveral Kind;
Carts of Sickneſs bring Pains and Weakneſs in,
Of Surfeits many Baskets full are ſeen;
Fruits of Green-ſickneſs there are to be Sold,
And Colick-herbs, which are both Hot and Cold;
Of Lemmons of ſharp Pain there is great ſtore,
Sowr Orange Sores, and many many more.

Nature's *Fields and Meadows.*

THere were two Hearts, an hundred Acres wide,
Hedg'd round about, and Ditch'd on every ſide;

The

The one was very Rich and fertile Ground,
The other Barren, where ſmall Good was found.
In Paſtures Graſs of Virtue grew up high,
Where noble Thoughts did feed Continually;
Some grew like Horſes, nimble, ſtrong, and large,
Fit for the Manage, or in Warr to Charge;
Others like Kine, did give the Milk of Wit,
And Cream of Wiſdome, for Grave Counſels fit;
The Sheep of Patience had Wool thick and long
Upon their Backs and Sides to keep out wrong.
Meadows of Grace, where Hay of Faith did grow,
Which Hay the Sithes of Reaſon down did Mow;
Devotion Stackt it up on Hay-cocks high,
Leſt in the Wint'r of Death the Soul ſhould Dye.

The Barren Ground nothing but VVeeds did bear,
No Fruit, no Corn, no Seed that's Good grew there;
But ſowr Rye of ill Nature up did Spring,
Which doth the Colick of Diſpleaſure bring;
And Cruel Hemp-ſeed, Hanging Ropes to make,
And Treacherous Lin-ſeed, little Birds to take:
Theſe and ſuch many other Seeds grew there,
As Cole black Brank, and Melancholy Tare;
Nay, ſome Parts ſo Inſipid were and Dry,
That neither Furze nor Ling would Grow but Dye.

The Rich Ground, by good Education Plow'd,
Deep Furrows of Diſcretion had allow'd,
And then of ſeveral ſorts Seeds thrown into,
Crops of good Actions in full Ears made Grow.
The Wheat of Charity, a fruitfull Seed,
Making the Bread of Life, the Poor to Feed;

Barley,

Barley, whoſe Spirits ſtrong do Courage make,
For he that Drinks them no affront will take;
Peaſe Hoſpitable which firm Friendſhip breed,
And gratefull Oats reſtoring a good Deed:
This Corn by Fames ſharp Sithe is Reap'd and Cut,
And into Large great Barns of Honour put,
Where *Truth* doth Threſh it out from Groſs abuſe,
And *Honeſty* doth Grind it fit for uſe.

Nature's *Horſes.*

THe Airy Clouds do ſwiftly run a Race,
Each other following as in a Chaſe,
Like Horſes, ſome are Sprightfull, Nimbl' and Fleet,
Others ſwell'd Big with wat'ry Spavin'd Feet;
Some lag behind as Tyr'd in the Mid-way,
And ſome like Reſty Jades ſtock-ſtill will ſtay;
They all of ſeveral Shapes and Colours be,
Of ſeveral Tempers, ſeldome well agree;
And as thoſe Horſes which are highly Fed,
Do proudly Snort, their Eyes look Fiery red,
So Clouds exhal'd, and by the Sun fed, do
Feirce with Salt-peter and with Sulphur grow,
Flaſh out Fire when they on each other Light,
And with thoſe Flames the World with Terrour fright;
Meeting each other, they Encounters make,
And do with ſtrong Aſſaults each other break,
Falling upon each other's Head and Back,
Never do part till they with Thunder crack,
Then pouring down ſome Showrs of Rain, they do
Strong Guſts of Wind with their long Breath out-blow;
Boreas doth whip them up, and makes them Run,
Till all their Breath is ſpent, and Spirits gone;

Apollo

Apollo breaks and backs them, fit to Ride,
Bridling with his hot Beams, their Strength to Guide;
He gives them Heats untill they Foam and Sweat,
And wipes them Dry leſt they a Cold ſhould get;
Leads them into the middle Region Stable, (Able;
VVhere are all Sorts, Dull, Quick, Weak, Strong and
But when they Looſe do get, having no fears,
Then fall they all together by the Ears.

Nature's *Ships.*

BIrds from the Cedars Tall do take a Flight
On ſtretched Wings, to bear their Bodies light;
As Ships do Sail over the Ocean wide,
So do they Sail, and through the Air do Glide;
Their *Bodies* are the Keel, *Feet* Cabl' and Rope,
The *Head* the Steers-man which doth Guide the Poop;
Their Wings as Sails, with Wind are ſtretch'd out wide;
But it is hard to Fly againſt the Tide:
For when the Clouds do Flow [a] againſt their Breaſt,
They weary grow, and on a Bough [b] do reſt.

[a] Clouds *in the* Air *do move as* Water *doth in the* Sea, *and* Flow *and* Ebb *according to* Dry *and* Moiſt *Weather.* [b] *A* Bough *is their* Haven.

Nature's *Traffick.*

THe Mind's a Merchant, Trafficking about
The Brain, as th' Ocean, t' find Opinions out;
Remembrance is the VVare-houſe, where are laid
Goods, by Imaginations Ships conveigh'd,
VVhich every Tradeſman of belief ſtill Buys,
Gaining by Truth, but Loſing all by Lies;
Thoughts as the Journey-men and Prentice Boys,
Do help to Sort the VVares, and Sell the Toys.

Nature's

Nature's *Proſpect.*

ONce at Imaginations Windows I
Standing, a Proſpect in the Mind did Spy;
The Eye of Ignorance I ſhut up cloſe,
Leſt th' Eye of Knowledge ſhould this Proſpect loſe;
Drawing a Circle round of fine Conceit,
Extravagant Speeches Contracting ſtrait,
The more I View'd, my Eye the farther went,
Till Underſtanding's Sight was almoſt Spent.
An Iſle of Thoughts within a Church I View'd,
Fill'd full of Fancies light to me it ſhew'd,
Pillars of Judgement thick ſtood on a Row,
And in this Iſle *Motion* walk'd to and fro;
Fear, Love, Humility Kneel'd down to Pray,
Deſires did beg of all that paſs'd that way;
Poor Doubts did Shake as if they had ſome harm,
Yet Mantles of good Hope did keep them warm;
But generous Faith ſeem'd bountifull and free,
She gave to all that ask'd her Charity;
All ſorts of Sects in Pulpits ſeem'd to Preach,
Fables for Truth, no doubt, did many Teach:
But I heard not what their Opinions were;
For Proſpect's in the Eye, none in the Ear.

Nature's *Landskip.*

I Standing on a Hill of Fancies high,
And viewing round with Curioſity's Eye,
Under my Thoughts ſaw ſeveral Landskips lye.

In Champains of delight, I ſaw, did Feed
Pleaſures, as Weathers fat, and Ews to breed;

And

And Cows of Probability, which went
In Hope's green Paſtures, gave Milk of Content;
Some Fields, though Plow'd with care, Unſow'd did lye,
VVanting the fruitfull Seed of Induſtry;
In other Fields full Crops of Joys there grow'd,
VVhere ſome of them Fruition down had Mow'd;
Some by Ill accidents were Blaſted found,
Some blown with Sorrow down, lay on the Ground;
Then I Incloſures View'd, which cloſe did lye,
Hearts Hedg'd about with Thoughts of Secrecy;
Meadows of Youth did pleaſant ſhew and Green,
Innocency, as Cowſlips, grew therein:
Some ready with Old age to cut for Hay,
Some Hay cock'd high for Death to take away;
Clear Rivulets of Health ran here and there,
No ſign of Sickneſs in them did appear;
No Stones or Gravel ſtopt their paſſage free,
No *Weeds* of *Pain* or ſlimy Gouts could ſee.
VVoods did preſent my View on the left ſide,
VVith Trees of high Ambition and great Pride;
There ſhades of Envy were made of Dark Spight,
VVhich did Eclipſe the Fame of Honour's Light;
Faults ſtood ſo cloſe, that but few Beams of Praiſe
Could enter, and Spight ſtopt up all the ways;
But Leaves of pratling Tongues I did eſpy,
VVhich ſometimes Truth, for th' moſt part tell a Lye.
Then I a Garden did of Beauty view,
Where ſweet Complexion's Roſe and Lilly grew;
And on the Banks of Breaſts moſt perfect there
Did Violets of Azure-Veins appear;
Lips of freſh Gilly-flowers grew up high,
VVhich oft the Sun did Kiſs as he paſs'd by;

Hands of *Narciſſus* ſhew'd moſt perfect white,
Whoſe Palms fine Tulips were ſtreak'd with Delight.
Cloſe by this Gard'n a lovely Orchard ſtood,
Wherein was Fruit of Pleaſure rare and good;
All Colour'd Eyes grew there, as Bullice gray,
And Damſons black, which do Taſte beſt, ſome ſay;
Others there were of the pure bleweſt Grape,
And Pear-plum Faces of an Oval ſhape;
And Cheeks of Apricotes made Red with heat,
And Cherry-lips, which moſt delight to Eat:
But having View'd this Landskip round about,
And left this Fancy's Hill, Wit's Sight went out.

Thoughts Similized.

THoughts as a Pen do Write upon the Brain,
The Letters wch wiſe Thoughts do write, are plain;
The fooliſh Scribl' and Scrable, make many a Blot,
W^ch^ makes them ſometimes Speak they know not what.
Some Thoughts like Pencils draw to pleaſe the Sight,
And Fancies mixt as Colours, give delight;
The Sadder Thoughts are for the Shadows plac'd,
By which the Lighter Fancies are more Grac'd;
Like as through Dark and Wat'ry Clouds, more bright
The Sun breaks forth with his Reſplendent Light;
Or like as Nights black Mantle, where each Star
Doth clearer ſeem, ſo Lighter Fancies are;
And like as Rain-bows various Colours ſhow,
So round the Brain Fantaſtick Fancies grow.

The Actions of the Mind Similized.

IMaginations high like Cedars ſhow,
Where Leaves of new Inventions thick do grow;

Which

Which thoughts, as gentle Winds do Blow about,
And Contemplation makes thoſe Leaves to Sprout;
And Pleaſures with Delight, as Birds, do Sing
On every Bough, to think what Fame they bring.

Of Navigation.

THe Sea's like Deſerts that are wide and long,
Where Ships, as Horſes run, whoſe Breath is ſtrong;
The Stern-man holds the Rains, thereby to guide
The ſturdy Steed on Foamy Seas to Ride;
The Wind's his Whip, to make it forward run,
And on each Side for Stirrops ſerves a Gun;
The Sails as Saddles, ſpread upon the Back,
The Ropes as Girts, which in a Storm will Crack;
The Pump the Breech, where Excrements come out,
The Needle, as the Eye, guides it about.

The Sea Similized *to* Meadows *and* Paſtures, *the Mariners to* Shepherds, *the Maſt to a* May-pole, *the Fiſh to* Beaſts.

THe Waves like Ridges of Plow'd-Land are high,
Whereat the Ship oft Stumbling [a] down doth lye;
But in a Calm the Sea's like Meadows, ſeen
Level, its Saltneſs makes it look as Green;
When Ships thereon a ſlow Soft pace do walk,
Then *Mariners* as *Shepherds* Sing and Talk;
Some Whiſtle, and ſome on their Pipes do Play;
And thus with Mirth they paſs their time away:

[a] *Here the* Ship *is compared to a* Horſe.

And every Maſt is like a May-pole high,
Round which they Dance, though not ſo merrily
As Shepherds do, when they their Laſſes bring
Garlands, to May-poles ty'd with a Silk-ſtring;
Inſtead of Garlands they hang on their Maſt
Huge Sails, and Ropes, to tye theſe Garlands faſt;
Inſtead of Laſſes they do Dance with Death,
And for their Muſick they have *Boreas* breath;
Inſtead of Wine and Waſſals drink Salt tears,
And for their Meat they Feed on nought but fears:
For Flocks of Sheep great Sholes of Herrings ſwim,
The Whales as Ravenous Wolves do feed on them;
As ſportfull Kids skip over Hillocks green,
So Dancing Dolphins on the Waves are ſeen:
The Porpoyſe, like their watchfull Dog eſpies,
And gives them warning when great VVinds will riſe;
Inſtead of Barking, he his Head doth ſhow
Above the Waters when they Roughly flow;
And like as Men in time of ſhowring Rain
And Wind, do not in open Fields remain,
But quickly run for ſhelter to a Tree,
So Ships at Anchor lye upon the Sea.

A Storm upon the Seas compared to a Rebellion.

THus the Rough Seas, which Boiſterous winds inrage,
Aſſault a Ship, and in fierce VVarr ingage;
Juſt like rude Multitudes with Factions ſwell,
Caus'd by a rankled Spleen, and ſo Rebell
Againſt their Governour, thronging about
VVith hideous Noiſe, to throw his Power out;
And if their Power gets the upper-hand,
Do make him Sink, and then in Triumph ſtand,

Foaming

Foaming at Mouth, as if great Deeds th' had done,
When they were Multitudes, and he but One:
So Waves about a Ship do Foam and Fret,
And each doth ſtrive which ſhall the better get;
But Wiſdome, like Skill'd Mariners, through wide
And gaping Jaws of Death, the Ship doth Guide,
And brings it to a Haven ſafe, or home;
And thus it did through many Dangers come.

Man's Head Similized *to the Globe of the World.*

THe Head of Man is like the World made round,
And all the Elements are in it found;
The Brain's the Earth, from whence all Plants do Spring,
And from the Womb it doth all Creatures bring;
Fore-head and Noſe are Hills which do riſe high,
And over-top the Dales that Level lye;
The Hair like Trees, which much in length do grow,
And like their Leaves which Wind wave to and fro;
Wit, like to ſeveral Creatures, wild doth run
On ſeveral Subjects, which each other ſhun;
The Blood, as Seas, doth through the Veins run round,
The Sweat as Springs, by which freſh Water's found;
As Winds, which from the Hollow Caves do blow,
So through the Mouth the winded Breath doth go;
The Eyes are like the Sun, and do give Light,
When Senſes are aſleep it is dark Night;
When after Sleep half Open are the Eyes,
'Tis dawning Light, when firſt the Sun doth riſe;
When they do Drowſie grow, then Sets the Sun,
And when the Lids are ſhut it is quite gone;

When

When Heavy they 're and Dull, like Miſt it ſeems ;
Or a dark Cloud which hides the Sun's bright Beams ;
Which ſhews, that there ſome Showr of Tears will fall,
And moiſten th' Cheeks, as flowry Banks withall ;
As twinkling Stars ſhew in dark Clouds moſt Clear,
So Fancies quick do in the Brain appear ;
Imaginations like the Orbs move round,
VVhereof ſome quick, others are ſlower found :
But ſolid Thoughts like the twelve Signs do prove,
And round the Zodiack of Wiſdome move,
Where they as conſtantly in Wiſdome run,
As in the Line Ecliptick doth the Sun.

I to th' Ecliptick Line the Head compare,
Illuſtrious Wit unto the Sun's bright Sphere ;
The Brain I liken to the ſolid Earth,
From whence all Wiſdome hath its Life and Birth ;
And as the Earth, ſo is the Head's round Ball,
For it is Crown'd with Orbs [a] Celeſtial :
And thus the Head and World as one agree ;
For Nature made the Head a World to be.

[a] *The five Senſes.*

The Head of Man compared to a Hive of Bees.

THe Head of Man juſt like a Hive is made ;
The Brain is like a Comb exactly laid,
Where every Thought juſt like a Bee doth dwell,
Each by it Self, within a parted Cell ;
The Soul doth Govern all, as doth their King,
Imploys each Thought upon each ſeveral thing ;
And like as Bees ſwarm in the Hotteſt weather,
Hanging in great and round Heaps all together,

As

As if they kept wiſe Counſels for their Lives;
For when they Fly away they ſeek new Hives:
So Men, when they have any great Deſign,
Their Thoughts do gather, and in heaps Combine;
But when they are Reſolv'd, each one takes Flight,
And ſtriveth which firſt on *Deſire* ſhall Light;
And thus Thoughts meet and fly about, till they
For their Subſiſtence can find out a way:
But Doubting Thoughts, like Droans, live on the reſt
Of Hoping Thoughts, which Honey bring to Neſt;
For like as Bees, by their Stings induſtry
Get Honey, which the ſtingleſs Drones live by;
So Men without Ambition's Stings do live
Upon th' Induſtrious Stock their Fathers give;
And ſome do Steal another Poets VVit,
And Dreſs it up in their own Language fit:
But Fancy into every Garden flies,
And ſucks the Flowers ſweet from Lips and Eyes;
Sometimes it Lights on thoſe that are not Fair,
Like Bees on Herbs, that Dry and VVither'd are;
As pureſt Honey on ſweet Flowers lies,
So fineſt Fancies from young Beauties riſe.

The Prey of Thoughts.

IF Thoughts be the Mind's Creatures, as ſome ſay,
Then, like the reſt, they on each other Prey;
Ambitious Thoughts, like to a Hawk, fly high,
In Circles of Deſires mount to the Sky,
And when a Covy of young *Hopes* up Springs,
They ſtrive to Catch them with their ſwifteſt Wings:
Thus, as the Hawk on Patridges doth Eat,
So Hopefull Thoughts are for Ambition's Meat:

Thoughts

Thoughts of Self-love do Swim in Self-conceit,
Imaginary Thoughts on Praiſes bait,
Which baits the Thoughts of Pride do catch and eat,
Thinking it high and moſt delicious Meat;
Thoughts of Revenge are like to Lions ſtrong,
Which whet the Appetite with Thoughts of Wrong;
With Subtile Thoughts they Couch and Leap for Prey;
But Bloody Thoughts carry the Fleſh away.
The Spightful Thoughts, like Cats, which Mice do catch,
At each Corner of Imperfections watch;
When Spight perceives Detracting Thoughts do ſpeak,
It ſtrait Leaps on, no other Meat doth ſeek;
Suſpicious Thoughts like Hounds do hunt about,
To find and eat the Hare of Timorous doubt;
Obſerving Thoughts do Smell which way to Trace,
And Hatefull Thoughts do follow cloſe the Chaſe:
But Thoughts of Patience like to Dormice Live,
Eat little, Sleep them Nouriſhment doth give;
And when they Feed, they Thoughts of Sorrows crack,
Which Nuts being hard, their Teeth againſt them Knack;
The Grateful Thoughts on Thoughts of Thanks do feed,
And, by their Induſtry, like Ants, they ſpeed:
But Thoughts of Love do Live on ſeveral Meat,
Of Hopes, and Fears, and Jealouſies they Eat:
For like as Bees to ſeveral Flowers go,
Honey to Suck, ſo Thoughts of Lovers do.

Fancies Similized *to Gnats.*

SOme Fancies like ſmall Gnats buz in the Brain,
And by the Hand of Worldly cares are Slain:
But they do Sting ſo Sore the Poets Head,
His Mind is Bliſter'd, and his Thoughts turn Red;

Nought

Nought can take out this Burning heat and pain,
But Pen and Ink, to write on Paper plain;
Then take the Oyl of Fame, annoint the Mind,
And this to be a perfect Cure you'l find.

Of a Spider's Webb.

THe Spider's Huſwifry no VVebs doth Spin
To make her Cloath, but Ropes to hang Flies in;
Her Bowels are the Shop where Flax is found,
Her Body is the VVheel that goeth round;
Her Diſtaff, where ſhe ſticks the Thread, 's a VVall,
Her Feet the Fingers are ſhe pulls withall;
She's Buſie at all times, not Idle lies,
An Houſe ſhe Builds with Nets to catch the Flies,
Though it be not ſo ſtrong as Brick and Stone,
Yet ſtrong enough to bear light Bodies on;
VVithin this Houſe the Female Spider lies,
The whilſt the Male doth hunt abroad for Flies,
Ne're leaving till he Flies gets in, which are
Intangled ſoon within his ſubtile Snare;
Like treacherous Hoſts, which do much welcome make
Their Gueſts, yet watch how they their Lives may take.

A Compariſon between Gold and the Sun.

I Am the pureſt of all Nature's works,
No Droſs, nor ſluggiſh Moiſture in me Lurks;
I am within the Bowels of the Earth,
None knows of what, or whence I took my Birth;
And as the Sun, I ſhine in Glory bright,
Only I want his Beams to make a Light;
And as the Sun is chief of Planets high,
So on the Earth the chiefeſt thing am I;

And as the Sun rules there as Lord and King,
So on the Earth I Govern every thing;
And as the Sun doth run about the VVorld,
So I about from Man to Man am hurl'd.

Poets have moſt Pleaſure in this Life.

NAture moſt Pleaſure doth to Poets give,
If Pleaſure in Variety doth Live;
Each Senſe of theirs by Fancy new is Fed,
VVhich Fancy in a Torrent Brain is bred;
Contrary 'tis to all that's Born on Earth;
For Fancy is Delighted moſt at's Birth:
What elſe is Born, with Pain's accompanied,
Has neither Beauty, Strength, nor Growth beſide;
But Fancies need no time to make them Grow,
The Brain's like Gods from whence all things do flow.

A Garden they 've, which Paradiſe we call,
Forbidden Fruits, which tempt young Lovers all,
Grow on a Tree, which in the midſt doth ſtand,
Beauty on one, Deſire on th' other hand;
The Devil's Self-conceit, who Craftily
Doth take the Serpents ſhape of Flattery,
For to deceive the Female Sex thereby,
Which made is only of Inconſtancy;
The Male, high Credence, to the Female Sex
Yields fondly any thing which they do ask:
Two Rivers round this Garden run about,
The one is Confidence, the other Doubt;
And every Bank is ſet with Fancy's Flowers,
Wit Rains upon them fine refreſhing Showers;

Truth

Truth is the Lord and Owner of this place,
But Ignorance this Garden out will raze.

Then from this place they to a Foreſt go,
Where many Cedars of high Knowledge grow;
Oaks of ſtrong Judgment, Haſle-Wit, which Tree
Bears Nuts full of Conceits when Crackt they be;
And ſmooth-tongu'd Beech, kind-hearted Willow bows
And yields to all that Honeſty allows;
There Birds of Eloquence do Sit and Sing,
Build Neſts of Logick, Reaſons forth to bring;
Some Birds of Sophiſtry, till Hatch'd there lye,
Wing'd with falſe Principles away they Fly;
And here the Poet Hawks, Hunts, runs a Race,
Untill he weary grows, then leaves this place,
And goes a Fiſhing to a River's ſide,
Whoſe Water clear doth Flow with Fancy's Tide;
Angles with Wit to catch the Fiſh of Fame,
To feed his Mem'ry, and preſerve his Name;
Ships of Ambition he Builds, ſwift and ſtrong,
Sails of Imaginations drive 'em along;
With Winds of ſeveral Praiſes they fill'd full,
Swim on the Salt Brain's Sea round the World's Scull;
The Thoughts are Mariners, which, that they may
'Scape Ship-wracks of Diſlike, work Night and Day;
Some Ships are caſt upon the Sands of Spight,
And Rocks of Malice ſometimes Split them quite:
But Merchant-Poets, whoſe Ship-Maſter's Mind,
Do Compaſs take ſome unknown Land to find.

The Head of Man compared to a Church.

THe Head of Man's a Church where Reaſon preaches,
Directs the Life, and every Thought it Teaches;
Perſwades the Mind to Live in Peace and Quiet,
And not in fruitleſs Contemplation's Riot;
For why, ſays Reaſon, you ſhall Damned be
From all Content, for Curioſity;
To ſeek about for what you cannot find,
VVill be a Torment to a reſtleſs Mind.

The Mine of Wit.

'TIs ſtrange, Men think ſo Vain, and ſeem ſo Sage,
And Act ſo Fooliſh in this later Age;
Their Brains are always working ſome deſign,
Which Plots they Dig, as Miners in a Mine;
Fancies are Min'rals, and the Mine the Head,
Some Gold, ſome Silver, Iron, Tin, ſome Lead;
The Furnace which 'tis Melted in is great,
And Motion quick doth give a Glowing heat;
The Mouth's the Gutter, where Oar runs along,
The Hammer, which the Barrs do beat, the Tongue;
The Ear's the Forge, to Shape and Form it out,
And ſeveral Merchants ſend it all about;
And as the Metall's worth, the Price is ſet,
Scholars, which are the Buyers, moſt do get;
On Gold and Silver, which are Fancies fine,
Are Poets Stamp'd, as Maſters of that Coin;
Hard Iron of ſtrong Judgment's fit for uſe,
In Peace, or Warr, to joyn up Errours looſe;
Though Lead is Dull, yet of it there is made
Uſe by Tranſlatours, which in Language Trade;

Tin

Tin is but Weak, and of ſmall Strength we ſee,
Yet joyn'd with Silver Wits, 't makes Alchymy:
For Men half Witted, with ſtrong Wits joyn'd, grow
To be of Uſe, and make a Gliſt'ring ſhow.

The Concluſion of this Part.

GIve me a Wit, whoſe Fancy's not Confin'd,
That Buildeth on it Self, with no Brain joyn'd;
Not like two Oxen Yoak'd and forc'd to draw,
Or like two Witneſſes t' one Deed in Law;
But like the Sun that needs no help to Riſe,
Or like a Bird i'th' Air which freely flies;
For good Wits run like Parallels in length,
Need no Triang'lar points to give them Strength;
Or like the Sea which runneth round without,
And Graſps the Earth with twining Arms about:
Thus true Born Wits to others Strength may give,
Yet by their Own, and not by others Live.

Thoſe Verſes ſtill to me do ſeem the beſt,
Where Lines run Smooth, and Wit's with eaſe Expreſt;
Where Fancies flow, as gentle Waters glide,
And Flowry Banks of Rhet'rick on each ſide;
Which with Delight the Readers do invite
To Read again, wiſhing they could ſo VVrite:
For Verſes ſhould like to a Beauteous Face,
Both in the Eye and in the Heart take place,
That Readers may, like Lovers, wiſh to be
Always in their dear Miſtreſs Company.

THE

THE CLASP.

Phantaſm's Maſque.

THe Scene is Poetry.

The Stage is the Brain whereon it is Acted.

Firſt is Preſented a Dumb Shew, as a Young Lady in a Ship ſwimming over the Scene in Various Weather; Afterwards this Ship comes back again, having a Commander of Warr as its Owner; in Various Weather it being in great Diſtreſs, Jupiter *relieves it.*

Then appear ſix Maſquers in ſeveral Dreſſes; as Dreſt by Love, Valour, Honour, Youth, Age, Vanity. Vanity ſignifies the World, and Age Mortality.

Then there are Preſented in a Shew the nine Muſes, who Dance a Meaſure in four and twenty [a] *Figures, and nine Muſical Inſtruments, made of Gooſe-quills, Playing ſeveral Tunes as they Dance.*

[a] Which are the twenty four Letters of the Alphabet.

Then the *Chorus* ſpeaks.

The Bride and Bridegroom going to the Temple, Fancy ſpeaks the Prologue *to Judgment, as King; Vanity ſpeaks an* Epilogue *to the Thoughts, which are Spectators; Honour ſpeaks another.*

Fancy's

Fancy's Prologue *to Judgment.*

GReat King, we here preſent a Mask at Night,
To Judgments view, and for the Minds delight;
If it be Good, ſet Lights of Praiſe about,
If it be Bad, then put thoſe Torches out.

The Voyage of a Ship, under which the Fortune of a Young Lady is Expreſt.

A Ship of Youth into th' Worlds Sea was ſent,
Ballanc'd with Self-conceit, and Pride, it went;
Large Sails there hung of high Ambition,
To a Tall Maſt of Good Opinion;
And on the Waves of Plenty did it Ride,
With Winds of Praiſe, and Beauty's flowing Tide;
Unto the Land of Riches it was bound,
To ſee if Golden Fame might there be found;
And thus it Swam in a ſweet Calm of Peace,
No Boiſterous Storm of Warr did on it Seize:
But when nineteen Degrees it had but paſt,
Its Sight the Land of Happineſs had loſt;
For then Rebellious Clouds all Black did grow,
And Showres of Blood into theſe Seas did throw;
The Vapours of ſad Sighs full thick did riſe,
From Grief of Hearts which in the Bottom lies;
Fears like unto the *Northern* Winds blew high,
And Stars of Hopes were Clouded in the Sky;
Down went the Sun of all Proſperity,
And Reel'd i'th' troubled Seas of Miſery:
On Sorrow's Billows high this Ship was Toſs'd,
The Card of Mirth and Mark of Joy was loſt;

The

The Point of Comfort could not be found out,
Her Sides did Beat upon the Sands of Doubt;
Prudence was Pilot, and with much ado
A Haven of Great *France* ſhe got into;
Glad was this Ship of its ſafe Harbour there,
And then did Swim up the River of *Loire*:
For on this River it no Tempeſt fear'd,
But directly its Courſe to *Paris* ſteer'd,
Where it ſome time intended to remain,
To mend this Torn and Totter'd Barque again;
New Sails ſhe made, and all her Tacklings fit,
Trim'd her Self fine and gay reſpect to get;
At laſt a Noble Lord this Ship did Buy,
Who was reſolv'd with it to Live and Dye.

Another Voyage of the ſame Ship.

THen this ſame Ship another Voyage went,
Ballanc'd it was with Spice of ſweet Content;
The Maſt was Merit, Sails of Love tied thereon,
Which Sails by Virtue's Zephyrus were blown;
On the great Sea of Honour did it go,
Fame was the Land which it did Traffick to;
At laſt a Storm of Poverty did riſe,
And Showres of Miſeries fell from the Skys;
And Thund'ring Creditors a Noiſe did make
With Threatning Bills, as if the Ship they'ld break;
Forc'd it towards the *Northern* Pole, where Cold
And Icy wants did of this Ship take hold,
Untill the Sun of Charity did melt
Thoſe Icy wants, then Liberty it felt;
The Oars of honeſt Induſtry did Row,
And gentle Gales of Friendſhip made it go;

But

But when the Storms of Dangers all were paſt,
Upon the Coaſt of *Flanders* it was Caſt:
But this Ship was ſo Totter'd, Torn and Rent,
That none but Gods its Ruine could prevent.

A Lady Dreſt by Love.

HEr Hair with Lover's hopes Curl'd in long Rings,
Her Braids hard Plaited with his Proteſtings;
But often with her Lover's Damps of Doubt,
And windy Fears, theſe Curled Rings went out;
Strings round her Neck of threaded Tears ſhe wore,
Which, drop'd from th' Lover's Eyes, his Image bore;
His Sighs, as Pendants, did hang at each Ear,
Which did much Troubl' her when they heavy were;
Her Gown was made of Admiration,
Imbroideries of Praiſes plac'd thereon;
Ribbons hung of Love-Verſes here and there,
According as the ſeveral Fancies were;
VVith ſome ſhe tied her Looking-glaſs of Pride,
And Fan of Good Opinion by her Side;
Sometimes Love pleaſure took, a Veil to place
Of Glances, which did cover all her Face.

A Souldier Armed by Mars.

HIs Head-piece was of Prudence, where his Eye
Of Judgment Dangers and Miſtakes did Spy;
His Breaſt-plate made of Courage, did keep out
Bullets of Fear, and Blows of Timorous doubt;
The Gantlets on his Hands were Active Skil,
VVherewith he held a Pole-axe of Good will;
His Sword was Strong, and a ſtiff-metail Blade,
For it was all of pure bright Honour made;

A Scarf, which Fortune gave, his Waſte did tye,
Imbroyder'd thick with Scars of Purple Dye;
A Plume of Valour on his Head-piece wav'd,
A Cloak of Merit all his Body ſav'd;
His Spurs Rowel'd with Hope, did peirce the ſide
Of ſtrong Ambition, whereon he did Ride:
Thus was he Arm'd, and for Great Fame did Fight,
She was his Miſtreſs, he her Champion Knight.

A Lady Dreſt by Youth.

HEr Hair had Curls of Pleaſure and Delight,
Through wch her Skin did caſt a Glimm'ring light;
As Lace, her Baſhfull Eye-lids downwards hung,
A modeſt Count'nance [a] o're her Face was flung;
Bluſhes, as Coral Beads ſhe ſtrung, to wear
About her Neck, and Pendants for each Ear;
Her Gown was by Proportion cut and made,
With Veins Imbroyder'd, with Complexion laid;
Light Words with Ribbons of Chaſt Thoughts ſhe ties,
And Looſe Behaviour, which through Errours flies;
Rich Jewels of bright Honour ſhe did wear,
By Noble Actions placed every where:
Thus Dreſt, to Fame's great Court ſtrait ways ſhe went,
There Danc'd a Ball with Youth, Love, Mirth, Content.

[a] *As a Veil.*

A Woman Dreſt by Age.

A Milk-white Hair-lace wound up all her Hairs,
And a Deaf Coif did cover both her Ears;
A Sober Look about her Face ſhe tyes,
And a Dim Sight doth cover half her Eyes;

About

About her Neck a Kercher of Coarſe Skin,
VVhich Time had Crumpled, and worn Creaſes in;
Her Gown was turn'd to Melancholy black,
VVhich Looſe did hang upon her Sides and Back;
Her Stockings Cramps had Knit, Red Worſted Gout,
And Pains, as Garters, tied her Legs about;
A Pair of Palſie-Gloves her Hands did cover,
With Weakneſs ſtitch'd, and Numbneſs trim'd all over;
Her Shoes were Corns, and Hard Skin ſew'd together,
Hard Skin was Soles, and Corns the upper Leather;
A Mantle of Diſeaſes Laps her round;
And thus ſhe's Dreſt, till Death her lays i'th' Ground.

Chorus.

THus Love, and Warr, and Age, and Youth did meet
In Scenes of Poetry, and Numbers ſweet;
Warr took out Love, and Age did take out Youth,
And all did Dance upon the Stage of Truth.

The Bride's Dreſs.

A Crown of Jewels on her Head was put,
And every Jewel like a Planet Cut;
The Diamond, Carbuncle, and Saphyr,
Ruby, Topas, and Emerald was there;
Her Face was like the Sun, which Shined bright,
And all thoſe Jewels from her Face took Light;
A Chain of Gold was Link't by Deſtiny,
VVhere in each Link a Good Effect did lye;
And as the Zodiack round the World doth bind,
So did this Chain about her Body wind;
Silver Cloath for her Gown the Fates did Spin,
And every Thread was Twiſted hard therein;

Her Hair in Curls hung Looſe, by *Cupid* blown,
Between which Curls her Shoulders white were ſhown;
Youth ſtrew'd Green Ruſhes to the Temple Gate,
In Beauty's Chariot ſhe Rid in great State,
Which Great Applauſe, her Charioteer, drove on,
Eyes of Delight, as Lackies, by did Run:
Then to the Altar this fair Bride was led,
By bluſhing Modeſty in Crimſon Red,
And Innocency, Dreſt in Lilly-white;
Hymen did bear the Torch which burned Bright;
Her Train was Carried by the Graces three,
As Lovely Hope, Good Faith, and Charity.

The Bridegroom's Dreſs.

THe Bridegroom was all Dreſt by Honours fine,
And was attended by the Muſes Nine;
Virtue ſtrew'd Flow'rs of Diſpoſitions ſweet,
In Honeſt ways to walk on Gentle Feet;
A Crown of Loyalty was on his Head,
Both Fortitude and Juſtice did him Lead;
Over this Crown a Lawrel Fame was ſet,
Which Fortune often ſtriv'd away to get;
And many Bells of ſeveral Cenſures Rung,
And all the Streets were with Inquiry hung;
He in a Chariot of Good Deeds did Ride,
And many Thankfull Hearts run by his Side:
Thus Bride and Bridegroom to the Temple went,
Though Envy ſtrove the Mariage to prevent;
Hymen did Joyn their Hands, and their Hearts ty'd,
Not to Diſſolve untill their Bodies Dy'd;
The Gods did Joyn their Souls in Wedlock bands,
In Heaven's Record their Love for ever ſtands.

A Maſquer Dreſt by Vanity.

THe Perfum'd Powder in's long Curls of Hair,
Were like Lime-twigs to catch a Maid that's Fair;
His Gliſt'ring Suit, whoſe Seams by Pride were Lac'd,
Was made a Bawd for to Corrupt the Chaſt;
A Cut-work Band, which Vanity had wrought,
The Price, by which his Miſtreſs's Love was bought;
Silk-Stockings, Garters, Roſes all of Gold
Were Bribes, by which his Miſtreſs's Love did hold;
The ſeveral Colour'd Ribbons he did wear,
Were Pages, which to her did Letters bear;
Feathers, like Sails, did wave with every Wind,
Yet by theſe Sails he finds his Miſtreſs kind;
His Flatt'ring Tongue perſwades a ſimple Maid;
That all is Truth, when all is Falſe he ſaid.

Vanity's Epilogue *to the Thoughts.*

Nobleſt, You ſee how finely I am Dreſt,
Yet all is Counterfeit that's here expreſt;
Vanity Cheats you all, and doth take Pride
For to allure you from fair Virtue's Side.

A Maſquer Dreſt by Honour and Time.

HIs Hair did white, like Silver-Ribbons ſhow;
Knots of Experience were Tied into;
His Head was cover'd all with Wiſdome's Hat,
Good Management the Hatband was round that;
His Garments Looſe, yet Manly did appear,
Though Time had Crumpled them, no Spots were there;
His Cloak made of a Free and Noble Mind,
Within with Generoſity was Lin'd;

And

And Gloves of Bounty, which his Hands did cover,
Were ſtitch'd with Love, with Free Hearts trim'd all over;
A Sword of Valour hung cloſe by his Side,
To Cut off all baſe Fears, and haughty Pride;
His Boots were Honeſty, to Walk or Ride,
And Spurs of Good Deſires them firmly Ty'd:
And thus both Time and Honour did their beſt;
Time gave him Wit, Honour him Finely Dreſt.

Honour's Epilogue.

NOble Spectators, pray Learn this by me,
All Things by Time and Honour perfect be;
Honour doth Dreſs the Mind with Virtuous weeds,
And is the Parent to all Noble Deeds;
Time doth the Body Dreſs with Youth and Age,
And is great Nature's Chamber-maid and Page;
If in Time's Cabinet [a] great Spoils you find,
The fault is Ignorance, Stupid and Blind,
And Careleſs, which doth Tumble all about,
Miſplacing all, and taking Wrong things out:
But Time's a Huſwife good, and takes much Pain,
To Order all, as Nature did Ordain;
On ſeveral Heaps ſhe ſeveral Ages lays,
And what ſhe takes from Life to Death ſhe Pays;
But if Diſorder'd Life doth run in Debt,
Then Death his Sergeants doth, Diſeaſes, ſet,
Which Time do cauſe to give a double Pay,
'Cauſe Life is Spent ſo much before Rent-day.

[a] *Time's Cabinet is Opportunity.*

The

The Fourth PART.

To the Reader,

Concerning Fairies.

Worthy Readers,

I Wonder any ſhould Laugh, or think it Ridiculous to hear of Fairies, *and yet verily believe there are* Spirits, *which* Spirits *can have no Deſcription, becauſe no Dimenſion; And ſo of* Witches, *which are ſaid to Change themſelves into ſeveral Forms, and then to Return into their firſt Form again Ordinarily, which is altogether againſt Nature, and yet Laugh at the Report of* Fairies *as Impoſſible, which are only Small Bodies, not ſubject to our Senſe, although they be to our Reaſon; for Nature can as well make Small Bodies as Great, and Thin Bodies as well as Thick: We may as well think there is no Air, becauſe we do not See it, or believe there is no Air in an empty Barrel, or the like, becauſe, when we put our Hands or Arms into the ſame, we do not Feel it:*

it. And why ſhould not they get through Doors or Walls as well as Air doth, if their Bodies were as Thin? And if we can Grant there may be a Subſtance, although not Subject to our Senſe, then we muſt Grant, that Subſtance muſt have ſome Form, and if ſome Form, why not of Man as well as of any thing elſe? and why may not Rational Souls Live in a Small Body as well as in a Groſs, and in a Thin as well as in a Thick? Shall we ſay Dwarfs have Leſs Souls, becauſe Leſs or Thinner Bodies? And if Rational Souls, why not Saving Souls? Wherefore there is no Reaſon in Nature, but that there may not only be ſuch things as Fairies, *but theſe be as Dear to God as we.*

UPON

UPON THE THEAM OF LOVE.

O Love, how thou art Tyred out with Rhime!
Thou art a Tree, whereon all Poets Clime,
And from thy Tender Branches every one
Doth take ſome Fruit, which Fancy feeds upon:
But now thy Tree is left ſo Bare and Poor,
That they can hardly gather one Plum more.

The Brain compar'd to the Elyſium.

THe Brain is like th' Elyſian Fields, for there
All Ghoſts and Spirits in ſtrong Dreams appear;
In Gloomy Shades do Sleepy Lovers walk,
And Souls do entertain themſelves with Talk;
And *Heroes* their great Actions do relate,
Telling both their Good Fortune and Sad Fate,
What Chanc'd to them, when they Awake did Live;
Their World the Light did Great *Apollo* give;
And what in Life they could a Pleaſure call,
Here in theſe Fields they paſs their Time withall;

Where Memory, the Ferry-man, with him
Brings Company, which through the Senſes Swim;
The Boat, Imagination, 's always full,
Which *Charon* Roweth in the Region Scull,
In which the Famous River *Styx* doth Flow,
Wherein who's Dipt, ſtrait doth Forgetfull grow.
And this Elyſium Poets happy Call,
Where, as Great Gods, they do Regiſter all
The Souls of thoſe, which they will Chuſe for Bliſs,
And their Sweet Number'd Verſe their Paſport is;
And thoſe that ſtrive this Happy place to have,
Muſt go to Bed, and Sleep as in a Grave.
Yet what a Stir do Poets make, when they
By their Wit, *Mercury*, thoſe Souls Convey!
But what, cannot the God-head Wit Create,
VVhoſe Fancies are both Deſtiny and Fate?
Fame is the Thread, which long or ſhort they Spin,
The World, as Flax, for th' Diſtaff is brought in;
This Diſtaff Spins fine Canvas of Conceit,
VVherein the Senſe is VVoven ev'n and ſtrait;
But if't in Knots and Snarls intangled be,
The Thread of Fame doth run Unevenly.
Thoſe that care not to Live in Poets Verſe,
Let them lye Dead upon Oblivion's Hearſe.

A Deſcription of a Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes Life.

THe Shepherdeſſes which great Flocks do keep,
Are Dabled high with Dew following their Sheep;
Milking their Ews their Hands doth Dirty make,
For they being Wet, Dirt from their Duggs do take;

Through

Through the Sun's Heat their Skin doth Yellow grow,
Their Eyes are Red, Lips Dry with Winds that blow;
Their Shepherds ſit on Tops of Mountains high,
And on their Feeding Sheep do Caſt an Eye,
Which to the Mount's ſteep Sides they Hanging feed
On ſhort Moſs-graſs, not ſuffer'd to bear Seed;
Their Feet are Small, but Strong each Sinews ſtring,
Which makes them faſt to Rocks and Mountains cling;
The while the Shepherds Leggs hang Dangling down,
He ſets his Breech upon the Hill's high Crown.
Like as a Tanned Hide, ſo is his Skin,
No melting Heat, or numming Cold gets in;
And with a Voice that's Harſh againſt his Throat,
He ſtrains to Sing, yet knows not any Note;
He Lazy, Yawning lies upon his Side,
Or on his Back, and hath his Arms ſpread wide,
Or Snorting Sleeps, and Dreams of *Joan* his Maid,
Or of Hobgoblins, wakes, as being afraid;
Motion in his Dull Brains doth Plow and Sow,
Not Plant and Set, as Skilfull Gardners do.
Then takes his Knife half-broke, but Ground agen,
And whittles Sticks, his Sheep-coat up to Pin;
Or Cuts ſome Holes in Straw, to Pipe thereon
Some amorous Tunes, which pleaſeth his Love, *Joan*:
Thus Ruſtick Clowns are pleas'd to Spend their times,
And not as Poets Feign, in Verſe and Rhimes,
Making great Kings and Princes Paſtures keep,
And Beauteous Ladies follow Flocks of Sheep,
And Dance 'bout May-poles in a Ruſtick ſort,
When Ladies ſcorn to Dance without a Court;
They would their Lovers hate, if they ſhould come
With Leather-Jerkins, Breeches made of Thrum,

And Buskins made of Freeze, that's Coarſe and Strong,
And Clouted Shoes, ty'd with a Leather-thong;
Thoſe that are Nicely Bred, Fine Cloaths ſtill love,
A Fair white Hand doth hate a Dirty Glove.

The Allegory of Shepherds is too Mean for Noble Perſons.

TO Cover Noble Lovers with the Weeds
Of Ragged Shepherds, too Low Thoughts it breeds;
Like as when Men make Gods to come below,
Takes off all Rev'rence and Reſpect we Owe;
Then rather make Ladies fair Nymphs to be,
Who're Cloath'd with Beauty, Bred with Modeſty,
Whoſe Treſſes Long hang on their Soulders white,
Which, when they Move, do give the Gods delight;
Whoſe Quivers, Hearts of Men which faſt are ty'd,
And Arrows of Quick-flying Eyes beſide;
Buskins, which Buckled cloſe with Plates of Gold,
With ſtrength their Legs from Baſe ways back do hold;
And make Men Champions, Knights, which Honour (prize
Above the Tempting of Alluring Eyes;
VVhich ſeek to Kill, or at the leaſt to Bind
All Evill Paſſions in a VVand'ring mind,
And take thoſe Caſtles, kept by Scandals ſtrong,
That have by Errours been Enchanted long;
Rout Monſtrous Vices, which do Virtues eat,
Theſe Lovers worthy are of Praiſes great;
So will high Fame aloud thoſe Praiſes Sing,
Cupid thoſe Lovers ſhall to *Hymen* bring;
At Honours Altar Joyn both Hearts and Hands,
The God will Seal their Matrimonial Bands.

The

The Houſe of Shame wherein Diſhonour Lives.

DIſhonour in the Houſe of Shame doth Dwell,
The way is Broad and Open like the Hell;
The Porter's he, whom Baſeneſs we do call,
And Idleneſs is Uſher of the Hall;
The Houſe with Dark Forgefulneſs is hung,
And round about Ingratitude is flung;
Windows of Boldneſs which Out-face the Light,
The Curtains are Diſſembling, drawn with Spight;
Covetouſneſs hath Gilded all the Roof,
The Weather-Cock, Inconſtancy, doth move:
Inſtead of Pillars Obſtinacy ſtands,
Carved with Perjury by Cunning hands;
And Luſt on Beds of Luxury doth lye,
The Chamberlain, that Waits, is Jealouſie.
Gardens of Riot, where the VVanton VValks,
Laſcivious Arbours, where Obſceneneſs Talks;
The Store-hous's Theft, Ill gotten Goods lye in,
A ſecret Door's Bolted with a Falſe Pin;
The Bake-houſe doth Ill Conſciences make,
Falſe Hearts, as Ovens Hot, them hard do Bake;
The Brew-houſe yields Deſigns of wicked Brains,
With Corrupt Meaſures and Deceitfull Grains;
Drunkneſs the Cellar, Stomacks for Barrels go,
Mouths are the Taps, whence Spue for Drink doth flow;
Kitchens of Slander, where Good Names are Burn'd,
Spits of Revenge, on which Ill Deeds are turn'd;
The Slaughter-houſe of horrid Murder's Built,
A Knife of Cruelty, by which Blood's Spilt;

The

The Matrimonial Bands Diſhonour link
VVith Infamy, which is as Black as Ink.

The Temple of Honour.

HOnour's brave Temple's Built both high and wide,
Whoſe Walls are of Clear Glaſs on every Side,
Where Actions of all Sorts are perfect ſeen, (been,
Where Truth, the Prieſt, Approves, which Worthieſt
Who on the Altar of the VVorld them lays,
And Offers them with Sacrificing praiſe,
Which Offerings are ſo Clean, and without Stain,
As Honour's God-head cannot them Diſdain;
As pious Tears, with Thoughts moſt Chaſt and Pure,
And patient Minds, Afflictions to indure;
Wiſe Brains, which things bring to a Good Effect,
And helping Hands, where Bribes are not ſuſpect;
A Tongue, which Truth in Eloquence doth Dreſs,
And Lips, which worthy Praiſes do expreſs;
Eyes, that Pry out, and Spie Examples Good,
Feet, that in ways of Miſchief never ſtood;
Hair from thoſe Heads, that Shav'd for *Holy Vow*,
Which as a *Witneſs*, Bleſſing Gods allow;
Breaſts, from which do proceed all Good Deſires,
And Lock all Secrets up, if need requires;
And Hearts, from whence Clear Springs of Love do riſe,
VVhere Loyal Courage in the Bottom lies;
With Spleens, which never any Malice bore,
And Shoulders, which Diſtreſſed Burdens wore;
And humble Knees, that Bow to Ruling-Powers,
And Hands of Bounty, which on Miſery Showres;
Kings Crowns, which Rule with Juſtice, Love, and Peace,
Whoſe Power ſerves from Slavery to Releaſe.

Deep

Deep Speculations, which from Muſing grow,
And Reaſons proof, and Times experience ſhow;
Witty Inventions, which Men Profit bring,
Inſpired Verſe, Poets to the Gods Sing;
VVhite Innocence, as Virgins Girdles wear,
Which *Hymen* only from their VVaſt doth Tear;
And *Hymen*'s Torches, which Burn bright and clear,
Shew Jealouſie and Falſhood ne're come near;
Garlands of Laurel, which keep ever Green,
And for the Beſt of Poets Crowns have been.
The Olive-Branch, which is th' Emblem of Peace,
Is offer'd there for the VVorld's good Increaſe;
Mirtle is laid for Lovers that are True,
And for Misfortunes is the Bitter Rue;
Sighs, which from deep Compaſſion do flow out,
And Faith, which never knew to make a Doubt;
Theſe Offer'd all with Gratefull Hearts in Ranks,
VVere Sprinkled with the pure Eſſence of Thanks:
Of Pen'tent Tears was th' Holy-water made,
Love's Flaming Fire was on the Altar laid;
The Prieſts, which all the Ceremonies there
Did execute, the four chief Virtues were:
Theſe in Proceſſion Honour high did Raiſe,
And with their Anthems ſweetly Sung her Praiſe.

Fame.

FAme on her nimble Wings doth Actions bear,
Which Fly about and Carry 'em every where;
Some time ſhe Over-loaden is with all,
And then ſome down into Oblivion fall:
But thoſe that will to Fame's high Temple go,
Muſt firſt Great Honours Temple quite paſs through.

The

The Temple of Fame.

THis Temple is Divided in two parts,
Some Open lye, others are Hid as Hearts;
Some Light as Day, others are Dark as Night,
By times Obſcurity worn out of Sight:
The outward Rooms are Glorious to the Eye,
In which Fames Image placed is on High,
And all the VVindows are Triangulars Cut,
Where one Face into Millions is put;
Its Form is Square, and like a Cube doth ſhow,
Which how to Doubl', is hard for Men to know;
Echoes therein do like as Balls rebound,
From every Corner making a great Sound;
The Walls are hung with Chapters all of Gold,
In Letters Great all Actions there are Told;
The Temple Door is of Proſpective Glaſs,
Through which a ſmall Beam of our Eye can paſs,
And this makes Truth ſo Difficult to know,
As a New World in the Bright Moon to ſhow;
The Steepl' and Pillars are of Gooſe-quils Built,
And Plaiſter'd over with white Paper Gilt:
The Painting is with Ink as Black as Jet,
In ſeveral Works and Figures like a Net;
The Steepl' is High, and yet not very Light,
But as an Evening is 'twixt Day and Night.
Five Tongues, like Bells, through all the World do Ring,
And to each ſeveral Ear much News do bring;
Philoſophers, their Tongue ſounds Grave and Deep,
Th' Hiſtorians Tongue no better Sound doth keep;
Th' Oratours Tongue doth make great Noiſe; the Sound
Of Criticks harſh, as full of Flaws, is found;

The

The Poets Tongue is a ſmall Bell, which oft (ſoft;
Doth change, whoſe Motion's quick, ſmooth, ev'n and
The Ropes, they Hang by, one cannot well ſee,
For they are long ſmall Threads of Vain-glory:
And when they Ring they make a fine Sweet Chime,
Eſpecially when Poets Tongues do Rhime;
The Belfrey-man's a Printer by his Skil,
Who, if he pleaſes, may Ring when he will.
When Prieſts to Mattens or to Veſpers go,
To the High Altar they Bow very Low;
This Altar, where they Offer unto Fame,
Is made of Arms, Brains, Hearts without a blame,
On which lies Wiſdome, Wit, Strength, Courage, Love,
As Sacrifices to Great Fame above:
Virtues, Arts, Sciences, as Prieſts here ſtand;
But Fortune Prioreſs doth all Command;
Incenſe of Noble Deeds to Fame ſhe Sends,
Nothing is Offer'd, but what ſhe Commends;
For Fortune brings more into Fames high Court,
Than all the Virtues with their great Reſort.

Fame's Library within the Temple.

IN Fame's great Library are Records plac'd,
What Act's not there, into Oblivion's caſt;
There ſtand the Shelves of *Time*, where Books do lye,
Which Books are ty'd by Chains of *Deſtiny*.
The *Maſter* of this place they *Favour* call,
Where *Care* the Door-keeper doth Lock up all,
Yet not ſo faſt, but Brib'ry in doth Steal,
Couſenage, Partiality, and Truth, not reveal;
For Brib'ry doth through all the World take place,
And Offerings, as a Bribe, in Heaven find Grace:

Then let not Men diſdain a Bribe to take,
Since Gods do Bleſſings give for a Bribe's ſake.

The Fairy Queen's Kingdome.

THe Fairy Queens large Kingdome got by Birth,
Is in the Midſt and Centre of the Earth,
Where there are many Springs, and running Streams,
Whoſe Waves do Gliſter by the Queen's bright Beams,
VVhich makes them Murmur as they paſs away,
Becauſe by Running round they cannot ſtay:
But they do ever Move, and like the Sun,
Do conſtantly in Circulation run;
And as the Sun gives Heat, to make things Spring,
So VVater doth give Moiſture every thing:
For theſe two Elements give Life to all,
Creating every thing on th' Earth's round Ball;
And all along, this Liquid Source doth flow,
Stand Mirtle Trees, and Banks where Flowers grow;
'Tis true, there are no Birds to Sing ſweet Notes,
Yet Winds do Whiſtl', as Birds do with their Throats,
VVhoſe Sounds and Notes, by Variation, oft
Make better Muſick than the Sphears aloft;
Nor is there any Beaſt of Cruel Nature,
But a ſlow, Crawling Worm, a gentle Creature,
VVho fears no hungry Bird to pick him out,
But ſafely Graſps the tender Twigs about;
There Mountains are of pure Refined Gold,
And Rocks of Diamonds perfect to behold;
VVhoſe Brightneſs is a Sun to all about,
VVhich Glory makes *Apollo*'s Beams keep out;
Quarries of Rubies, Saphyrs there are ſtore,
Cryſtals, and Amathiſts, and many more;

There

There poliſht Pillars nat'rally appear,
Where Twining Vines are Cluſter'd all the Year ;
The Axel-tree, whereon the Earth turns round,
Is one great Diamond, by Opinion found ;
And the two Ends which we do call the Poles,
Are pointed Diamonds, turning in two Holes,
Which Holes are Rings of pure Refined Gold,
And all the weight of that Vaſt World up-hold,
Which makes the Sun ſo ſeldome there appear,
For fear thoſe Rings ſhould melt, if he came near ;
And like a Wheel the Elements are found,
In even Lays, and many Turnings round ;
Firſt Fire is in the Circle, as the Spoak,
And then comes Water, Air is but the Smoak,
Begot of both ; for Fire doth Water boyl,
And cauſes Clouds and Smoak, which is the Oyl :
This Smoaky Child ſometimes is Good, then Bad,
According to the Nouriſhment it had.
The outward Circle as the Earth ſuppoſe,
Which is the Surface, where all plenty Grows ;
Yet Earth is not the Cauſe of its Self-turning,
But Fire within, nor is there fear of Burning
The Axel-tree, for that Grows hard with Heat,
And by its Quickneſs turns the Wheel, though great,
Unleſs its Outward weight do preſs it down,
Raiſing the Bott'm, and Bowing down the Crown.
But why, this while am I ſo long of proving,
Only to ſhew how this Earth ſtill is Moving ;
For not the Earth, but Heav'ns, as Wheels, likewiſe
Do turn, which we ſee daily with our Eyes :
Thus is made Good the Proverb, which doth ſay,
That all the World on Wheels doth Run its way ;

And by this Turn ſuch blaſts of Wind do blow,
As we may think, they do like Wind-mills go;
But Winds are made by *Vulcan*'s Bellows ſure,
Which makes the Earth ſuch Colicks to endure:
For he a Smith, ſits at the Forge below,
And is Ordain'd, the Centre-fire to Blow;
But *Venus* Laughs, to think what Horns he wears,
Though on his Shoulders half the Earth he bears;
Nature makes him to Hammer Metall out,
Which ſhe doth ſend through Mines the World about;
For He's th' Old Man, that doth i'th' Centre dwell,
She Proſerpine, that's thought the Queen of Hell:
Thus *Venus* is a Tinkers Wife, we ſee,
Not a Goddeſs, as ſhe was thought to be,
When all the World to her did Offrings bring,
And her high Praiſe in Proſe and Verſes Sing,
And Prieſts in Orders on her Altars tend,
And to her Image all Wiſe Heads did bend.
But O Vain ways, that Mortal Men did go,
To worſhip Gods, which themſelves did not know!
'Tis true, her Son's a pretty Lad, and he
Doth wait as Foot-boy on Queen *Mab*, whom ſhe
Makes to enkindle Fires, and ſet up Lights,
And keep the Door for all the Carpet Knights:
For when the Queen is gone to Bed aſleep,
Then a great Revel Rout the Court doth keep;
Yet heretofore Men did ſo ſtrive to prove,
That *Cupid* was the only God of Love;
But if Men could but to the Centre go,
They ſoon would ſee, that it were nothing ſo.
Here Nature Nurſes, and doth ſend in Seaſon
All things abroad, as ſhe her Self thinks Reaſon;

When

VVhen ſhe Commands, all things do her Obey,
And by her Countermand ſome things do ſtay;
For ſhe ſtays Life by Druggs well us'd, beſide
By healing Balms to deadly Wounds apply'd:
There *Mab* is Queen of all by Nature's will,
And by her Favour ſhe doth Govern ſtill.
O happy *Mab*, that is in Nature's Grace;
For ſhe is always Young, being in this place.
But leaving Her, let's go and ſee the Sport
That's Acted in the Queen of *Fairy*'s Court.

The Paſtime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies *in* Fairy-Land, *the Centre of the Earth.*

QUeen *Mab*, and all her Company
Dance on a pleaſant Mole-hill high,
To ſmall Straw-pipes, wherein great Pleaſure
They take, and keep juſt Time and Meaſure;
All Hand in Hand, Around, Around,
They Dance upon this Fairy-ground;
And when ſhe leaves her Dancing Ball,
She doth for her Attendants call,
To wait upon Her to a Bower,
VVhere ſhe doth Sit under a Flower,
To Shade her from the Moon-ſhine bright,
VVhere Gnats do Sing for her Delight,
Some High, ſome Low, ſome Middle ſtrain,
Making a Conſort very Plain;
The whilſt the Bat doth Fly about,
To keep in Order all the Rout,
And with her VVings doth Soundly pay
Thoſe, that make Noiſe, and not Obey.

A Dewy waving Leaf's made fit
For the Queen's Bathe, where ſhe doth Sit,
And her white Limbs in Beauty ſhew,
Like a new fallen Flake of Snow;
Her Maids do put her Garments on,
Made of the pure Light from the Sun,
Which do ſo many Colours take,
As Various Objects Shadows make:
Then to her Dinner ſhe goes ſtrait,
Where all *Fairies* in Order wait;
A Cover of a Cob-web made,
Is there upon a Muſh-room laid;
Her Stool is of a Thiſtle-down,
And for her Cup an Acorn's Crown,
Which of ſtrong Nectar full is fill'd,
That from Sweet Flowers is Diſtill'd;
Flies of all Sorts both Fat and Good,
As Quails, Snipes, Partridge, are her Food;
Pheaſants, Larks, Cocks, and any Kind,
Both Wild and Tame, you there may find;
And Amelets made of Ants Eggs new,
Of theſe high Meats ſhe Eats but few;
The Dormouſe yields her Milk good ſtore,
For Butter, Cheeſe, and many more;
This Milk makes many a fine Knack,
When they freſh Ants Eggs therein Crack;
Pudding, and Cuſtard, and Seed-Cake,
Her well-Skill'd Cook knows how to make;
To Sweeten them the Bee doth bring
Pure Honey, gather'd by her Sting;
But for her Guard ſerves Groſſer meat,
Of Stall-fed Dormice they do Eat;

When

VVhen Din'd, ſhe goes to take the Air
In Coach, which is a Nut-ſhell fair ;
The Lining's Soft and Rich within,
Made of a Gliſtering Adders Skin,
And there ſix Crickets draw her faſt,
VVhen ſhe a Journey takes in haſte ;
Or elſe two ſerve to Pace a Round,
And Trample on the Fairy Ground.
In Hawks ſometimes ſhe takes Delight,
VVhich Hornets are moſt Swift in Flight ;
VVhoſe Horns inſtead of Talons will
A Fly, as Hawks a Partridge, Kill.
But if ſhe will a Hunting go,
Then ſhe the Lizzard makes the Doe,
Which is ſo Swift and Fleet in Chaſe,
As her Slow Coach cannot keep Pace :
Then on a Graſhopper ſhe'l Ride,
And Gallop in the Foreſt wide ;
Her Bow is of a VVillow Branch,
To Shoot the Lizzard on the Haunch ;
Her Arrow Sharp, much like a Blade,
Of a Roſe-mary Leaf is made :
Then Home ſhe's Called by the Cock,
VVho gives her warning what's the Clock ;
And when the Moon doth hide her Head,
Their Day is done, ſhe goes to Bed ;
Meteors do ſerve, when they are Bright,
As Torches do, to give her Light ;
Glow-worms for Candles Lighted up,
Stand on her Tabl', while ſhe doth Sup ;
And in her Chamber they are plac'd,
Not fearing how the Tallow waſte :

But

But Women, that Inconſtant Kind,
Can ne're fix in one place their Mind;
For ſhe Impatient of Long ſtay,
Drives to the Upper-Earth away.

The Paſtime of the Queen of Fairies, *when ſhe comes upon the Earth out of the Centre.*

THis Lovely, Sweet, and Beauteous Fairy Queen,
Begins to Riſe, when *Heſperus* is ſeen;
For ſhe is Kin unto the God of Night,
Unto *Diana*, and the Stars ſo Bright;
And ſo to all the reſt in ſome Degrees,
Yet not ſo near Relation as to theſe:
As for *Apollo*, ſhe Diſclaims him quite,
And Swears, ſhe ne're will come within his Light;
For they fell out about ſome fooliſh Toy,
Where ever ſince in him ſhe takes no Joy;
She ſays, he always doth more harm than good,
If but his Malice were well underſtood:
For he brings Dearths by Parching up the Ground,
And Sucks up Water, that none can be found;
He makes poor Men in Feav'riſh Plagues to lye,
His Arrows hot make Men and Beaſts to Dye,
So that to him ſhe never will Come near,
But Hates to ſee, when as his Beams appear:
This makes the Cock give notice, as they ſay,
That when he Riſes, ſhe may go her way;
And makes the Owl her Favourite to be,
Becauſe *Apollo*'s Face ſhe hates to ſee:
For Owls do Sleep all Day, and in the Night
They Shout and Hollow, that th' are out of Sight;

And

And ſo the Glow-worm all Day hides his Head,
But Lights his Taper-tail, when he's Abed ;
To wait upon the Faireſt *Fairy Queen*,
VVhilſt ſhe is Sporting on the Meady-Green :
Her Paſtime only is, when She's on Earth,
To Pinch the Sluts, which make Hobgoblin mirth ;
Or changes Children, while the Nurſes ſleep,
Making the Father Rich, whoſe Child they keep :
This Hobgoblin's the Queen of *Fairies* Fool,
Turning himſelf to Horſe, Cow, Tree, or Stool ;
Or any thing to Croſs by harmleſs Play,
As to lead Travellers out of their way ;
To Kick down Milk-pails, cauſe Curds not to turn
To Cheeſe, or hinder Butter in the Churn,
Which makes the Farmers Wife to Scold and Fret,
That ſhe can neither Cheeſe nor Butter get ;
And then he doth Hold up, as they do ſay,
Hens Rumps, leſt they their Eggs too faſt ſhould lay ;
The Good-wife Sad, ſquats down upon a Stool,
Not at all thinking it was Hob the Fool,
And frowning Sits, then Hob gives her a Slip,
And down ſhe Falls, whereby ſhe hurts her Hip :
Thus many Pranks doth Hob play on our Stage,
VVith *Tom Thumb*, his Companion, the Queen's Page,
VVho doth like Piece of Fat in Pudding lye,
And almoſt Choaks the Eater going awry ;
And when he's down the Guts, he Wind blows out,
Putting the Standers by into a Rout,
And ſhames the Eater with a foul Diſgrace,
That never after he dare ſhew his Face ;
Beſides, in many places puts himſelf
In Baggs, and Budgets, as a little Elf,

To make his Bearers ſtart away with fear,
To think that any thing Alive be there:
In this the Queen of *Fairies* takes delight,
In Summers even, and in Winters night;
And when as ſhe is weary of theſe Plays,
She takes her Coach and doth go on her ways,
Unto her Paradiſe the Centre deep,
VVhere ſhe the Store-houſe doth of Nature keep.

The Palace of the Fairy Queen.

THe Palace of the Queen wherein ſhe dwells,
Its Fabrick's built all of Hodmandod Shells;
The Hangings of a Rain-bow made, that's thin,
Shew wrondrous fine, when one firſt enters in;
The Chambers made of Amber that is Clear,
Do give a fine ſweet Smell, if Fire be near;
Her Bed, a Cherry-ſtone, is Carv'd throughout,
And with a Butter-fly's VVing hung about;
Her Sheets are of the Skin of Doves Eyes made,
Where on a Violet Bud her Pillow's laid;
The Doors are Cut all of Tranſparent Glaſs,
Where the Queen may be ſeen, when ſhe doth paſs:
Theſe Doors are Lock'd up faſt with Silver-pins,
And when ſhe goes to Sleep, our Day begins;
Her Time in Pleaſure ſhe doth paſs away,
And will do ſo, untill the VVorld's laſt Day.

The Windy Gyants.

THe four chief Winds are Gyants high in Length,
And as Broad ſet, and wondrous Great in Strength;
Their Heads are more (as it doth clear appear)
Than all the Moneths or Seaſons of the Year;

Nay,

Nay, ſome ſay more than all the Days and Nights,
And ſome, th' are Numberleſs and Infinites.

The firſt four Heads are Largeſt of them all,
The Twelve are next, the Thirty two but ſmall;
The reſt ſo Little, and their Breath ſo weak,
Their Mouths ſo Narrow, that they hardly Speak:
Theſe Gyants are ſo Luſtfull and ſo Wild,
As they by Force do get the Earth with Child;
Whereof her Belly Swells, and Big doth Grow,
Untill her Time to which ſhe hath to go;
Which being near, ſhe doth ſo Groan and Shake,
Till ſhe be brought to Bed of an Earth-quake:
This Child of Wind doth Ruine all its meets,
Rents Rocks and Mountains like to Paper-ſheets;
It Swallows Cities, and the Heav'ns doth Tear,
It Threatens *Jove*, and makes the Gods to fear.

The *North*-wind's Cold, his Nerves are (Strong, Dry and
He pulls up Oaks, and lays them all along;
In Icy Fetters he binds Rivers faſt,
And doth Impriſon Fiſh in th' Ocean Vaſt;
Plows up the Seas, and Hail for Seed in flings,
Whence Crops of Over-flows the Tide in brings;
He drives the Clouds in Troops, and makes them Run,
And Blows, as if he would put out the Sun.

The *Southern*-wind, who is as Fierce as he,
And to the Sun as Great an Enemy,
Doth raiſe an Army of thick Clouds and Miſts,
With which he thinks to do juſt as he Liſts;

Flinging up Waters to quench out his Light,
And in his Face black Clouds to hide his Sight:
But the Bright Sun cannot endure this Scorn,
But doth them all in Showres of Rain return.

The *Weſtern*-wind without Ambitious ends,
Doth what he can to Joyn and make them Friends;
For he is of a Nature Sweet and Mild,
And not ſo Head-ſtrong, Cruel, Rough and Wild;
He's Soft to Touch, and Pleaſant to the Ear,
His Voice Sounds Sweet, and Small, and very Clear,
And makes Hot Love to young freſh Buds that Spring,
They give him Sweets, wch he through th'Air doth fling,
Not through Diſlike, but for to make them known,
As Pictures are for Beauteous Faces ſhown.

But O! the *Eaſtern*-wind, he's full of Spight,
Diſeaſes brings, which Cruelly do Bite;
Kills Buds, and Corn, as in the Blade it ſtands,
To Sheep the Rot, to Men the Plague he ſends;
Nay, he's of ſuch Ill Nature, that he would
Deſtroy the World with Poyſon, if he could.

Of the Witches in Lapland *that make Winds.*

Lapland, this is the place, where Winds (as ſome
Believe) from Witches not from Caves do come;
For they do Draw the Air into high Hills,
And Beat it out again by certain Mills;
Then Sack it up, and Sell it out for Gain
To Mariners which Traffick on the Main.

Of the Sun and the Earth.

THe Sweat of th' Earth through Porous Holes doth (paſs,
And is the Dew that lies upon the Graſs,
Which (like a Lover Kind) the Sun wipes Clean,
That her Fair Face may to the Light be ſeen;
This Water for her ſake he ſo eſteems,
That all the Drops upon his Silver-beams
He Threads, like Ropes of Pearls, which to his Sphere
He draws, and turns to Cryſtal, when they're there;
Yet what he Gathers, he cannot keep all,
But of thoſe Drops ſome down again do fall;
And then, when they upon her Head do Run,
He Clouds his Brows, as if he Ill had done;
For Lovers think they always do amiſs;
Although this Water her Refreſhment is:
When ſhe by Sweat exhauſted Grows and Dry,
Then doth the Sun moiſt Clouds ſqueeze in the Sky;
Or elſe he takes ſome of his Sharpeſt Beams, (ſtreams;
And breaks the Clouds, from whence pour Cryſtal
And then th' Earth Drinks too much, yet never Reels,
Nor Dizzy grows, although ſhe Sickneſs feels.

Of a Garden.

THe Garden, which ſome Paradiſe do call,
Is plac'd juſt under th' Equinoctial;
Echoes there are moſt Artificial made,
And cooling Grottoes from the Heat to Shade;
The Azure Sky is always Bright and Clear,
No Groſs thick Vapours in the Clouds appear;
There many Stars do Comfort the Sad Night,
The Fixt do Twinkl', and with the reſt give Light;

No

No Noiſe is heard, but what the Ear delights,
No Fruits are there, but what the Taſte invites;
Bruis'd Flowers through the Noſe Fume to the Brain,
And Honey Dew doth fall like Showr's of Rain;
Various Colours by Nature intermixt,
Divert the Eyes ſo, as none can be Fixt;
Here Atomes Small on Sun-beams Dance all Day,
Whilſt the ſweet *Zephyrus* on th' Air doth Play;
Which Muſick from *Apollo* bears the Praiſe,
And *Orpheus* at its Sound his Harp down lays;
Apollo yields, and not Contends with Spight,
Preſenting *Zephyrus* with twelve Hours Light;
The Night, though Sad, in quiet Pleaſure takes,
Liſtening with Silence when he Muſick makes;
And when the Day doth come, ſhe's Grieved ſo,
That ſhe cannot hear *Zeph'rus* longer Blow;
And with her Mantle Black her Self inſhrouds,
VVhich is Imbroyder'd all of Stars in Clouds:
Fine intermixing Walks there are of Pleaſure,
Of Graſs, and Sand, Broad, Short, and of all Meaſure;
Some Shaded for a Lovers Muſing Thought,
VVhen his Mind is with Love's Idea fraught;
The VValks all Firm and Hard as Marble are,
Yet Soft as Down by Graſs that Groweth there;
VVhere Daiſies grow as Muſhrooms, in a Night,
Mixt Yellow, White and Green to pleaſe the Sight;
VVhen it begins to Dawn, thoſe Daiſie's Heads
The Dew with little Drops all Over-ſpreads;
As thick as Stars are placed in the Sky,
So Daiſies on the Earth as cloſe do lye.
Here Emerauld Banks are, whence fine Flowers ſpring,
VVhoſe Sents and Colours Various Pleaſures bring;

Prim-

Prim-roſes, Cowſlips, Violets, and Daffadillies,
Roſes, and Honey-ſuckles, and white Lillies;
Wall-flowers, Pinks, and Mary-golds beſide,
Grow on the Banks Inrich'd with Nature's Pride:
On other Banks grow Simples, which are good
For Med'cines, well Applied and Underſtood;
There Trees do Grow, which Proper are and Tall,
Whoſe Barks are Smooth, and Bodies Sound withall;
Whoſe Spreading Tops are Full, and ever Green,
As *Nazarites* Heads, where Raſors have not been;
And Curled Leaves, which Bowing Branches bear,
By Warmth are Fed, for Winter ne're comes there:
There Fruits ſo pleaſing to the Taſte do Grow,
That with Delight the Senſe they Overflow;
And Arched Arbours, where ſweet Birds do Sing,
Whoſe Hollow Roofs do make each Echo Ring;
Proſpects, which Trees and Clouds by Mixing ſhow,
Joyn'd by the Eye, one perfect Piece do Grow;
Here Fountains are, where Drilling drops down Run,
Which Twinkle as the Stars, or as the Sun;
And through each ſeveral Spout ſuch Noiſe they make,
As Birds i'th' Spring, when they their Pleaſure take;
Some Chirping Sparrow, and the Singing Lark,
Or Quavering Nightingale in Evening Dark;
The Whiſtling Black-bird, with the pleaſant Thruſh,
Linnet, Bull-finch, which Sing in every Buſh;
No Weeds are here, nor wither'd Leaves and Dry,
But ever Green, and Pleaſant to the Eye;
No Froſt to Nip the Tender Buds i'th' Birth,
Nor Winter-Snow to fall on this ſweet Earth;
The Beauty of the Spring here ne're doth waſte,
Becauſe 'tis juſt under th' *Æ*quator plac't;

The Day and Night by turns keep equal Watch,
That Thieviſh Time ſhould nothing from them Catch;
And every Muſe a ſeveral Walk injoys,
The Sad delights in Shades, the Light imploys
Her time in Sports; Satyrs in Corners Lurk,
And as their Gard'ners with great Pains do Work;
They Cut, Graft, Set, and Sow all with much Skil,
And gather Fruits and Flow'rs when th' Muſes will;
And Nymphs, as Hand-maids, their Attendance give;
For which by Fame, the Muſes make them Live.

Of an Oak in a Grove.

A Shady Grove, where Trees in equal ſpace
Did Grow, ſeem'd like a Conſecrated place; (in,
Through ſpreading Boughs the Quivering Light broke
Much like to Glaſs or Cryſtal ſhiver'd thin,
VVhich, when it is on a Green Carpet ſtrew'd,
So in this VVood the Light all broken ſhew'd;
Yet this diſturbed Light the Grove did Grace,
As Sadneſs doth a Fair and Beauteous Face;
And in the midſt an antient Oak ſtood there,
VVhich heretofore did many Offerings [a] bear;
VVhoſe Branches all were Hung with Reliques round,
To ſhew, how many Men the Gods made Sound;
And for Reward, long Life the Gods did give
Unto this Oak, that he ſhould Aged Live;
His Younger Years, when Acorns he did bear,
No Dandriff, Moſs, but all Green Leaves grew there,
Wch Curl'd hung down his Shoulders, broad they ſpred,
His Crown was Thick, and Buſhy was his Head;

[a] *It was a Cuſtom in Antient Times to Hang their Offerings on Trees.*

His

His Stature Tall, Full-breasted, Broad and Big,
His Body Round, and Strait was every Twig:
But Youth and Beauty, which are Shadows thin,
Do Fade away as if they ne're had been;
For all his Leaves and Smooth moist Rine was gone,
And he himself with Time all Bald was Grown;
VVhereas before his Arms fought with the Wind,
And his Bark did, like Skin, his Body bind,
VVhere he could Firm in all the Seasons stand,
And 'gainst all Blust'ring Storms his Face did bend;
He now by Age so Feebl'and Weak doth Grow,
That every Blast is apt him down to Throw;
His Branches all are Sear'd, his Bark grown Gray,
Most of his Rine with Time is Peel'd away;
The Liquid Sap, which from the Root did Spring,
And to each Thirsty Bough its Food did bring,
Is all Drunk up, there is no Moisture left;
The Root is Rotten, and the Body Cleft.
Thus Time doth Ruine, 'nd brings all to Decay,
Though to the Gods we still Devoutly Pray;
For this Old Oak was Sacred to Great *Jove*,
VVhich was the King of all the Gods above:
But Gods, when they Created things, they must,
Said they, all Dye at last, and turn to Dust.

Of a Wrought Carpet, presented to the View of Working Ladies.

THe Spring doth Spin fine Grass-green Silk, of which
Was Wov'n a Carpet, like the *Persian*, Rich;
And all about the Borders there were spread
Clusters of Grapes, mix'd Green, Blew, White and Red;

And in the midſt the Gods in ſundry Shapes
Were curious Wrought, divulging all their Rapes;
And all the Ground was ſtrew'd with Flowers, ſo
As if by Nature Set, they there did Grow;
Thoſe Figures all like Sculptures did bear out,
Whether they lay on Flat many did doubt;
There Light and Dark all Intermixt was laid
For Shady Groves, where Prieſts devoutly Pray'd;
The Fruits hung ſo, as did Invite the Taſte,
Small Birds with Picking ſeem'd to make a waſte; (Sun,
The Ground was wrought like Threads drawn from the
Which Shin'd ſo Blazing as a Fired Gun:
This Piece the Pattern is of Artfull Skil;
Art th' Imitator is of Nature ſtill.

A Man to his Miſtreſs.

O Do not grieve, *Dear Heart*, nor ſhed a Tear,
Since in your Eyes my Life doth ſtill appear;
And in your Countenance my Death I find,
I'm Buried in your Melancholy Mind;
But in your Smiles I'm Glorified to Riſe,
And your pure Love doth me Eternalize:
Thus by your Favour you a God me make,
But by your Hate a Devils Shape I take.

THE CLASP.

Of Fairies *in the Brain.*

VVHo knows, but that in every Brain may dwell
Thoſe Creatures, we call *Fairies*, who can tell?
And by their ſeveral Actions they may frame
Thoſe Forms and Figures, which we Fancies name;
And when we Sleep, thoſe Viſions, Dreams we call,
May by their Induſtry be Raiſed all;
And all the Objects, [a] which through Senſes get,
Within the Brain they may in Order ſet;
And ſome Pack up, as Merchants do, each thing,
Which they ſometimes may to the Mem'ry bring:
And thus, beſides our own Imaginations,
May *Fairies* in our Brain beget Inventions.
If ſo, then th' Eye's the Sea, where by the Gale
Of Paſſions, on Salt Tears their Ship doth Sail;
And when a Tear doth Break, as it doth fall,
Or wip'd away, they may a Shipwrack call.
There from the Stomack Vapours do ariſe,
And fly up to the Head, as to the Skys,
And, as great Storms, their Houſes down may blow,
VVhere, by their Fall, the Head may Dizzy grow;

[a] *All Objects which the Senſes bring in, are like Merchandiſes brought from Forein Parts.*

And when thoſe Houſes they Build up again,
VVith Knocking they may put the Head to Pain;
VVhen they Dig deep, perchance a Tooth make Ake,
And from a Tooth a Quarry-Bone may take,
Which they, like Stone, may Build their Houſe withall;
If much Took out, the Tooth may Rotten fall.
Thoſe that Dwell near the Ears are very Cool,
For they are both the *South* and *Northern*-Pole;
The Eyes are Sun and Moon, which give them Light,
VVhen open, Day, when ſhut, it is Dark Night.

The City of theſe Fairies *is the Brain.*

THe *Fairy*'s City in the Brain is found,
VVith *Dur*' and *Pia-mater* Compaſs'd round;
VVith a thick Scul it's Trenched all about,
And with great Art and Labour fac'd without;
The Fore-head is the Fort, which is Built high,
Inſtead of Centinels doth ſerve each Eye;
And that ſame place where Memory lies in,
Is great King *Oberon* his Magazine;
The Market-place the Mouth, when full, begun
Is Market-Day, when empty, Market's done;
The City-Conduit, where the Water flows,
Is with two Spouts, the Noſtrils of the Noſe,
And when theſe watery Spouts are not ſtopt cloſe,
Then we do ſay, it is a Cold or Poſe;
The Gates be the two Ears, when Deaf they are,
Then thoſe two City-Gates the *Fairies* Barr:
This City's Govern'd, as moſt Cities be,
By Aldermen, and ſo by Mayoralty;
And *Ob'ron* King dwells never any where,
But in a Royal Head, whoſe Court is there,

Which

Which is the Kernel of the Brain, if ſeen,
We there might View him and his Beauteous Queen:
Sure that's their Court, and there they Sit in State,
And Noble Lords and Ladies on them wait.

The Fairies *in the Brain may be the Cauſes of many Thoughts.*

WHen we have Pious Thoughts, and think of Heaven,
Yet go about, not ask to be Forgiven,
Perchance they're Preaching, or a Chapter ſaying,
Or on their Knees they are Devoutly Praying;
When we are Sad, and know no Reaſon why,
Perchance it is, becauſe ſome there do Dye;
And ſome place may i'th' Head be hung with Black,
Which makes us Dull, yet know not what we Lack.
Our Fancies which in Verſe or Proſe we put,
May Pictures be, which they do Draw or Cut;
And when theſe Fancies fine and thin do ſhow,
They may be Graven in Seal, for ought we know;
When we have Croſs Opinions in the Mind,
Then we may them in Schools Diſputing find;
When we of Childiſh Toys do think, a Fair
May be i'th' Brain, where Crowds of *Fairies* are;
And in each Stall may all ſuch Knacks be Sold,
As Rattles, Bells, or Bracelets made of Gold;
Pins, Whiſtles, and the like may be Bought there,
And thus within the Head may be a Fair:
And when our Brain with Amorous Thoughts is ſtaid,
Perhaps there is a Bride and Bridegroom made;
And when our Thoughts all Merry be and Gay,
There may be Dancing on their Wedding Day.

Of

Of the Animal Spirits.

THoſe Spirits which we Animal do call,
May Men and Women be, and Creatures ſmall;
And may the Body into Kingdomes wide,
As Muſcles, Nerves, Veins, Arteries, Divide;
The Head and Heart, *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies* be,
Which through the Veins may Traffick, as the Sea;
In Feavers may by Shipwrack many Dye;
For when the Blood is Hot, and Vapours high
Do Riſe, as Waves they Toſs, and when they Hit
Againſt Rocks of Obſtructions, Life doth Split.
I'th' Head, th' *Eaſt-Indies*, Spicie Fancies grow,
Orange and Limon Satyr there doth Flow;
I'th' Heart, the *Weſt*, where Heat the Blood refines,
The Blood's like Gold, the Heart like Silver-Mines:
Thus from the Head in Ships are Spices brought,
And in the Heart is Gold and Silver wrought.

The Warr of the Animal Spirits.

SOmetimes theſe Animal Creatures when they Jarr,
Then all their Kingdomes riſe up into Warr;
And when they Fight, we do Convulſions feel,
Cramps, Gouts in Toes, and Chilblains in the Heel.

Peace betwixt Animal Spirits.

WHen they keep Peace, and all do well agree,
Then is Commerce in every Kingdome free,
And through the Nerves they Travel without fear;
There are no Thieves to Rob them of their Ware;

Thoſe

Thoſe Wares are ſeveral Touches, which they bring
Unto the Senſes, which Buy every thing:
But to the Muſcles they have great Recourſe;
For in thoſe Kingdomes Trading hath great Force;
VVhich Kingdomes always joyn by two and two,
That they with Eaſe may Paſs and Repaſs through.

The Body is the World of the Animal Spirits.

THe *Art'ries* are the *Ocean* deep and wide,
The *Blood* the *Sea*, which Ebbs and Flows in Tide;
The *Nerves* the *Continent* they Travel through,
The *Muſcles* Cities are they Traffick to.

The Body Similized *to many Countries.*

THe Nerves are *France*, and *Italy*, and *Spain*,
The Liver *Brit'n*, the Narrow Sea each Vein;
The *Spleen* is *Æthiopia*, wherein
Is Bred a Peopl' of Black and Tawny Skin;
The Stomack is like *Ægypt*, and the Chyle
VVhich through the Body flows, is as the Nile;
The Head and Heart both *Indies* are; each Ear
Doth like the *South* and *Northern*-pole appear;
The Lungs are Rocks and Caverns, whence riſe Winds,
Where Life, which paſſes through, great Danger finds.

A Complement ſent to the Fairy *Queen.*

SIr *Charls* * unto my Chamber coming in,
SVVhen I was Writing of the *Fairy* Queen,

* *Sir* Charls Cavendiſh, *my Brother-in-Law.*

I pray, ſaid he, when Queen *Mab* you do ſee,
Preſent my Service to her Majeſty,
And tell Her, I have heard Fames loud report,
Both of her Beauty, and her ſtately Court.
VVhen I Queen *Mab* within my Fancy view'd,
My Thoughts bow'd Low, fearing I ſhould be Rude,
Kiſſing her Garment thin, which Fancy made,
Kneeling upon a Thought, like one that Pray'd,
And then in whiſpers Soft I did preſent
His humble Service which in Mirth was ſent.
Thus by Imagination I have been
In *Fairy* Court, and ſeen the *Fairy* Queen;
For why, Imagination runs about
In every place, but none can Trace it out.

PART

PART V.

TO ALL VALIANT SOULDIERS.

Great Heroes,

YOu may justly Laugh at me, if I went about to Censure, Instruct, or Advise in the Valiant Art and Discipline of War; But I do but only take the Name, having no Knowledge in the Art, nor Practice in the Use, for I never Saw an Army together, nor any Encounters in my Life, but only by Chance a Troop or Regiment march on the Highway; Neither have I the Courage to Look on the Cruel Assaults, that Mankind (as I have heard) will make at each other, but, according to the Con-

ſtitution of my Sex, *I am as* Fearfull *as a* Hare, *for I ſhall* Start *at the* Noiſe *of a* Pot-gun, *and* Shut *my* Eyes *at the* Sight *of a* Bloody Sword, *and* Run *away leaſt at* Allarm; *Only my* Courage *is, I can hear a* Sad Relation, *though not without* Grief *and* Chilneſs *of* Spirits. *But theſe* Armies *I mention in this* Part, *were* Rais'd *in my* Brain, Fought *in my* Fancy, *and* Regiſtred *in my* Cloſet.

THE

THE FORT OR CASTLE OF HOPE.

Hope hearing *Doubt* did a great Army raiſe
Upon the Caſtle, where ſhe was, to Seize,
For her Defence ſhe made that Caſtle ſtrong,
Plac'd Pieces of Ordnance the VVall along;
And Bulwarks Built at every Corners end,
A Curtain long the Middle did Defend;
Two Faces made a Point, whence Canons play,
Two Points a Third, to ſtop the Enemies way;
No Wing too Short, no Curtain was too Long,
No Point too Sharp, but Blunt to make them Strong;
And round the Caſtle, Enemies out to keep,
A Ditch was Digg'd, which was both wide and deep;
Bridges were made to Draw, or let at Length,
The Gates had Iron Barrs of wondrous Strength;
Souldiers upon the Curtains-Line did ſtand,
And each did hold a Muſket in his Hand.
When *Hope* had Order'd all about her Fort,
Then She did call a Council to her Court:
I hear, ſaid She, that *Doubt* a Warr will make,
And bring great Force this Caſtle for to take;

Bullets ſhot from two Bulwarks upon the Enemy make a Point.

Wherefore, my Friends, Proviſion muſt be ſought,
And firſt of all good Store of Victuals bought;
Hunger doth loſe more Forts than *Force* doth win;
Then muſt we with the *Stomack* firſt begin;
The next is *Arms*, the Body for to Guard,
Thoſe that Unarmed are, are ſoon'ſt afear'd:
For to ſmall uſe we make a Ditch or Wall,
Without Arm'd men, to keep that Wall withall.
Shall we neglect Mens Lives and all their Strength,
More than a Wall, that may be broke at Length?
For Ammunitions, that mighty Power,
And Death's Engines, Armies and Towns Devour;
Yet are they of no Uſe, unleſs Mankind
Have *Strength*, *Skill*, *Will*, to uſe them as Deſign'd;
'Tis Wiſdome to adviſe what ways are beſt
Us to Defend, that we be not Oppreſt.
Then *Expectation* being Gray with Age,
Adviſeth *Hope* by no means to ingage
Too near her Caſtle, but let that be free;
Draw out a Line about the Town, ſaid ſhe,
There make ſome Works, Souldiers intrench therein;
Let not the Warrs cloſe at your Gates begin.
With that *Deſire*, though Young, yet wiſely ſpake;
Alas, ſaid ſhe, *Doubt* that ſmall Line will take,
So great a Compaſs will your Strength divide,
A Body weak may break through any Side;
Beſides the Souldiers will more Careleſs be,
When they a Reſcue ſtrong behind them ſee:
But in the Caſtle, where lies all their Good,
There they will Fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.

Doubts *Aſſault*, *and* Hopes *Defence*.

Doubt round the Fort of *Hope* intrenched lay,
Stopt all Proviſions that ſhould paſs that way,
Digging forth Earth to raiſe up Rampiers high,
Againſt *Hopes* Curtains did their Canons lye;
The Line being long, it ſeem'd the weakeſt place,
Or elſe to Batter down the Frontier's Face;
There *Pioniers* did Dig a Mine to Spring,
Balls and Granadoes into th' Fort did fling;
Rams they did place to beat their Walls down flat,
VVith many Engines more as good as that:
But when *Doubt* Breaches made in any part,
Hopes Induſtry ſoon clos'd it up with Art;
Yet *Doubt* reſolved fierce Aſſaults to make,
And did ſet Ladders up the Fort to take; (flung,
When *Hope* ſaw this, great Stones and Weights down
VVhich many Kill'd, as they on Ladders hung;
Many did fall, and in the Ditch did lye,
But then freſh Men did ſtrait their place ſupply;
Upon the Walls of *Hope* many lay Dead,
And thoſe that Fought did on their Bodies tread:
Thus Various Fortune on each Side did fall,
And Death was th' only Conquerour of all.

A Battel *between* Courage *and* Prudence.

Courage againſt *Prudence* a Warr did make,
For *Raſhneſs*, her Foe's, but his Favourit's ſake;
For *Raſhneſs* 'gainſt Queen *Prudence* had a Spight,
And did perſwade Great *Courage* for to Fight;
Then *Courage* rais'd an Army Vaſt and Great,
Which for their Numbers *Tamberlain* might beat;

Cloath'd

Vanity. Cloath'd all in Gliſt'ring Coats which made a ſhow,
Pride. And Toſſing Feathers which their *Pride* did blow;
Ambition. Such Fiery Horſes Men could hardly Wield,
And in this Equipage they took the Field;
Fame. *Loud Noiſe* ſpoke of this Army every where,
Untill at laſt it came to *Prudence* Ear;
Prudence a Councel call'd of all the Wiſe,
And Ag'd *Experience*, Her to adviſe;
Then *Induſtry* was call'd, which cloſe did wait,
And Orders had to raiſe an Army ſtrait;
But out, alas! her Kingdome was ſo Small,
That ſcarce an Army could be Rais'd of all;
At laſt they did about ten Thouſand get,
And *Care* imployed was their Arms to fit;
Diſcipline train'd each Man, taught and Command,
How they ſhould Move, and in what Poſture ſtand;
Great ſtore of Victuals *Prudence* did provide,
And Ammunition of all Sorts beſide.
The Foot were Cloath'd in Coarſe yet warm array,
Their Wages ſmall, yet had they conſtant Pay;
Well-armed they were all, Breaſt, Back, and Pot,
Not for to Tyre them, but to keep out Shot;
Each had their Muskets, Pikes, and Banners right,
That nothing might be wanting for to Fight;
The Cavalry was Armed as in Frocks,
Gauntlets they had, and Piſtols with Fire-locks,
Swords by their Sides, and at their Saddle Bow
Hung Pole-axes, to ſtrike and give a Blow;
Horſes they had, not Pamper'd in a Stable,
But from the Plow, which were both ſtrong and able
For a long March, or to endure a Shock,
For they ſtood firm and quiet as a Rock,

Not

Not ſtarting, though the Guns ſhot in their Face,
But, as they 're Guided, went from place to place;
Prudence for Men and Horſes did provide
Phyſicians, Surgeons, Farriers, and Smiths beſide,
Wagons and Carts all Luggages to bear,
That none might want when in the Field they were;
Strict Order ſhe did give to every one,
Leſt through miſtake ſome wrong there might be done;
And as they March'd *Scouts* every way did go,
To bring Intelligence where lay the Foe;
And when the Army ſtaid, ſome reſt to take,
Prudence had Care what Sentinels to make;
Men that were Watchfull, full of Induſtry,
Not ſuch as are Debaucht and Lazy lye;
For Armies oft by Negligence are loſt,
Which, had they Fought, might of their Valour boaſt:
But *Prudence*, ſhe with Care ſtill had an Eye,
That every one had Match and Powder by;
Beſides, through a wiſe Care, and not afraid,
She always lay Intrenched where ſhe ſtay'd:
At laſt the Armies both drew near in Sight,
Then both began to Order for their Fight;
Courage, his Army was ſo Vaſt and Great,
As they did Scorn the Enemy when they met;
Courage did many a Scornfull meſſage ſend,
But *Prudence* ſtill made *Patience* by her ſtand;
Prudence did call to *Doubt* for his advice,
But in his Anſwers he was very Nice;
Hope, of that Army great, did make but Light,
Perſwaded *Prudence* by all means to Fight;
For why, ſaid *Hope*, they do us ſo Deſpiſe,
That they grow Careleſs, Errour blinds their Eyes,

Where-

VVhereby we may ſuch great advantage make,
As we may win and many Priſoners take.
Then *Prudence* ſet her Army in array,
Chuſing the *Roman* Cuſtom and their way ;
In Bodies Small her Army ſhe did part,
In Mollops, which was done with Care and Art ;
Ten in a Rank, and ſev'n Files deep they were,
Between each part a Lane of Ground lay bare ,
For Single and Looſe Men about to run,
To Skirmiſh firſt before the Fight begun.
The Battel Order'd, in three Parts was ſet,
The next ſupplied, when the firſt Part was beat ;
And *Prudence* Rode about from Rank to Rank,
Taking great Care to Strengthen well the Flank ;
Prudence the *Van* did Lead, *Hope* the *right Wing*,
Patience the *Left*, and *Doubt* the *Rear* did bring ;
The Enemy's Army feircely up did Ride,
As thinking preſently them to Divide ;
But they were much Deceiv'd, for when they met,
They ſaw an Army ſmall, whoſe Force was great ;
Then did they Fight, but *Courage* bore up high ;
For though the worſt he had, he Scorn'd to fly.

A Deſcription of the Fight.

SOme with ſharp Swords, to tell, O moſt accurſt!
Were above half into their Bodies thruſt,
From whence freſh Streams of Blood along did run
Unto the Hilts, and there lay Clodded on ;
Some, their Legs Dangling by the Nervous ſtrings,
And Shoulders Cut hung Looſe like flying wings ;
Heads here were Cleft in pieces, Brains lay Maſht,
And all their Faces into Slices haſht ;

Brains

Brains only in the *Pia-mater* thin,
Did Quivering lye within that little Skin,
Their Sculs all broke and into pieces burſt,
By Horſes Hoofs and Chariot Wheels were cruſht;
Others, their Heads did lye on their own Laps,
And ſome again half Cut lay on their Paps;
Some thruſt their Tongues out of their Mouths at length,
For why? the Strings were Cut that gave them ſtrength;
Their Eyes did Stare, their Lids were Open wide,
For the ſmall Nerves were Shrunk on every Side;
In ſome again thoſe Glaſſie Balls hung by
Small ſlender Strings, as Chains, to tye the Eye,
W^ch Strings when broke, the Eyes fell Trundling round,
And then the Film was broke upon the Ground;
In Death their Teeth ſtrong ſet, their Lips were bare,
Which Grinning ſeem'd as if they angry were;
Their Hair upon their Eyes in Clodded gore
So wildly Spred, as ne're it did before;
With Frowns their Fore-heads did in Furrows lye,
As Graves, their Foes to Bury, when they Dye;
Their Spongy Lungs heav'd up through Pangs of Death,
With Pain and Difficulty fetch'd ſhort Breath;
Some Graſping hard their Hands through pain provok'd,
Becauſe the ratling Flegm their Throats had Choak'd;
Their Bodies now Bow'd up, then down did fall
For want of Strength to make them ſtand withall;
Some Staggering on their Leggs did feebly ſtand,
Or Leaning on their Sword with either hand,
Where on the Pummel did their Breaſt rely,
More Griev'd they could not Fight, than for to Dye;
Their hollow Eyes ſunk deep into their Brain, (ſtrain;
And Hard-fetch'd Groans did from each Heart-ſtring

Their Knees pull'd up leſt th' Bowels out ſhould come,
But all too little, through their Blood they Swom;
Guts did, like Sauſages, their Bodies twine,
Or like the ſpreading Plant, or wreathing Vine;
Their reſtleſs Heads not knowing how to lye,
Through grievous Pains did quickly wiſh to Dye,
Rowling from off their Back upon their Belly,
Did Tumble in their Blood as thick as Gelly,
And Gaſping lay with ſhort Breaths, and conſtraint,
With Cold ſweat drops upon their Faces faint,
Heaving their Dull pale Eye-balls up did look,
As if through Pain, not Hate, the World forſook;
Some Chilly Cold, as Shivering Agues are,
Some Burning Hot, as in high Feavers were;
Some Spewing Blood from Stomacks that are Sick,
Through parching Heat their Tongue to th' Roof did ſtick;
Their Bodies with loud Groans their Souls call'd back,
While ſmarting Wounds did ſet them on the wrack,
And on their Arms their Faces lay acroſs,
As if in Death they were aſham'd of Loſs;
Some Dying lay like Flame whoſe Oyl is ſpent,
Or Fire that's Smother'd out and wanteth Vent;
And ſome did fall like ſtrong and hardy Oaks,
Which are Hewn down with Feirce and Cruel ſtroaks;
Their Limbs chopt Small as Wood for Fire to burn,
Or Carved, or Chipt out for Joyners turn;
Some underneath their Horſes Bellies flung,
Some by the Heels in their own Stirrups hung;
Others their Heads and Necks being all awry,
Did on their Horſes Mains, as Pillows lye;
Some in a Careleſs Garb lay on the Ground,
Deſpis'd *Life*, ſince in *Death* is *Honour* found;

Some

Some call'd for Death, and ſome did Life deſire,
Some Car'd not, ſome did Burials require ;
Some beat their Breaſts as if they'd done ſome Ill,
Some burn'd with hot Revenge, their Foes to Kill ;
Some lay as if to hear the Trumpet ſound,
And others did lye Sprawling on the Ground ;
Some wiſh'd their Death's Revenge upon their Foe,
Some did with Dying Eyes their Friends not know ;
Some would their Parents, ſome their Children ſee,
Others wiſh'd Life, ſome Difference to agree :
But Lovers with a Soft and Panting Heart,
Did wiſh their Miſtreſs at their Sad depart
To ſhut their Eyes, their gaping Wounds to cloſe,
VVhoſe Dying Spirit to their Miſtreſs goes ;
Foes Hands into each others VVounds thruſt wide,
As if their Hearts they'ld pull out from each Side ;
Some Friends in dear Imbracements cloſely twin'd,
By their Affections ſtrong in Death were Joyn'd ;
Some wiſh'd to Live, yet long'd for Death through Pain,
Others Dyed Grieving that their Foe's not Slain ;
Some did Repent what they ſo Raſh had done,
And wiſh'd the Battel were to be begun ;
Some gently Sinking by a Fainting fall,
Yield quietly to Death when he did call ;
Some Drunk with Death not able were to ſtand,
But Reeling fell, ſtruck down by Death's Cold hand ;
Some Lingred long, as Lovers, when they muſt
Part, ſome did willing yield to Fate their Duſt,
And ſweetly lay as if Aſleep at Night ;
Some Stern, as if new Battels they would Fight,
Some ſoftly Murm'ring like a Bubbling ſtream,
Did ſweetly Smile in Death, as in a Dream ;

Their Souls with Soft-breath'd Sighs to Heav'n did fly,
To Live with th' Gods above the Starry Sky:
Thus ſeveral Noiſes through the Air did Ring,
And ſeveral Poſtures Death to Men did bring;
Where ſome did Dye Outragions in Deſpair,
Others ſo Gentle as without all fear.
High Hills with Heaps of Bodies there were Grown,
And Hair as Graſs, and Teeth as Seed were Sown;
Their Heads and Heels Horſemen together lay,
Smother'd to Death which could not get away;
Their Arms lay Hack'd, and all were Thrown about,
And Targets full of Holes, that kept Death out;
Their Flags which firſt like moving Woods did ſhow,
On whoſe Tops various Colours ſeem'd to Grow,
As if Flow'rs from high Trees had Sprouted out,
Or in the open Air were ſtrew'd about,
VVere now all fall'n and into Pieces torn,
Their Mottoes Raz'd which did their Sides adorn;
Some did like winding Sheets their Bearers ſhroud,
VVhich was an Honour fit to make Death proud;
Some were like Virgins, which their Eyes caſt Low
Through Shamefac'tneſs, though they no fault did know,
Nor Guilty were, but overcome with Strength,
Not by their own Conſent, but forc'd at Length:
For *Courage*, like to *Chaſtity*, we find
Is forc'd to lay down Arms, though 'gainſt its Mind;
Gauntlets and Corſlets, Saddles lay here and there,
Flags, Pikes, Drums, Guns were ſcatter'd every where,
And Plumes of Feathers which wav'd with the Wind,
And proudly Toſs'd, like to ſome haughty Mind,
Juſt like Proſperity when Over-born,
Now Humbly lay, and were in Pieces torn;

Horſes,

Horſes, which proudly Praunc'd, when Back'd they were
By Men of Courage, never knowing Fear,
Now Over-power'd lay by ſtrong Aſſault,
And loſt by Force, 'twas not their Courage fault;
For they on Death's dull Face could Boldly ſtare,
Since Life they Hate, leſt they Victorious were;
Dead Horſes lay on th' Backs, their Heels up flung,
Their Eys were ſunk, Heads turn'd, their Jaws down hung;
Their thick Curl'd Manes wch grew down to the Ground,
Or by their Maſters in fine Ribbons bound,
Were Torn half off, or Sing'd by Fire from Guns,
Or Snarled in a Knot which backward runs;
Their Noſtrils wide from whence thick Smoak out-went,
Which Vapour from their hot ſtout Hearts was ſent,
Their Sleek bright Hair o' th' Skin like Coats of Mail,
And their feirce Courage which could nothing quail;
All lay in Death, by Fortune they were caſt,
And Nature to new Forms went on in haſte;
For neither Beauty, Strength, nor nimble Feet,
Can ſerve in Death, all Beaſts alike there meet.
Thus Horſe and Man in ſeveral Poſtures lies,
With ſeveral Pains in ſeveral Places Dyes!
When Horſes Dye they know no reaſon why;
But Men do Venture Life for Vain-glory;
Smoak from their Blood into Red Clouds did riſe,
Which Flaſh't like Lightning in all Living Eyes;
Their Groans into the middle Region went,
And Echoes did the Air like Thunder rent;
From Sighs Winds rarified ſuch Guſts did blow,
As if they 'ſcended from the Shades below;
Men ſtrive to Dye, to make their Names to Live,
When Gods no Certainty to Fame will give.

A Battel between Honour *and* Diſhonour.

Honour with Grief and Sorrow did complain,
How all her Sons, her Servants all were Slain,
And none was left but thoſe that did her Slight,
And in Rebellion did againſt her Fight;
And how this Age did Dirt upon her throw,
Leſt ſhe the Baſeneſs of the next ſhould ſhow:
Thus Mourned *Honour*, Veil'd in Clouds of Night,
When heretofore her Garments were of Light;
Her Crown was Laurel, wreath'd with Fancy's Tire,
Her Scepter, *Mars* his Sword, made Foes retire;
Pallas's Head-piece did as her Foot-ſtool ſtand,
By whoſe Support ſhe Roſe and did Command;
And thus did *Honour* live with great Applauſe,
All did Obey Her, none did Break her Laws:
But now *Diſhonour* Arm'd 'gainſt her doth Riſe,
And all her Laws ſhe utterly Denies.
Then *Honour* fearing ſhe ſhould be ſurpriz'd,
And by her Council being well adviſ'd,
Did raiſe an Army to maintain her Right,
Reſolv'd ſhe was, *Diſhonour* for to Fight;
Courage the Van, *Wiſdome* and *Wit* each Wing
Did Lead, the Rear *Fidelity* did bring;
Invention doth th' Artillery Command,
Patience and *Conſtancy* as Sent'nels ſtand;
Sciences Pioniers are of great Skil,
Which undermine Towns, Caſtles, when they will,
And Trenches make, where Souldiers ſafely Sleep,
And for a Guard a watchfull Eye do keep:
Arts like Dragoons do ſerve on Foot and Horſe,
To Skirmiſh, or an En'my to Inforce;

The

The Colours high doth *Reſolution* bear,
And with the Bag and Baggage ſtandeth *Care*;
Prudence, as Quarter-maſter, fits each place,
Who Diſobeys is Puniſh'd with Diſgrace;
Induſtry, as Purvey'r, provides the Meat;
And *Temp'rance* gives Proportions out to Eat;
Scout-maſter, *Truth*, Intelligence doth give,
By which the Army doth in ſafety Live;
The Drum is *Faith*, Braced with *Reaſons* clear,
The Sticks that Beat thereon are *Hope* and *Fear*;
Trumpeters, *Oratours*, Sound loud and high,
And call to Horſe when th' Enemy draws nigh;
The Treas'rer, *Gratitude*, doth th' Army pay,
Gen'roſity, as General, Leads the way.
When this Army was in Battalio ſet,
Diſhonour with her Army near did get;
Partiality did Lead the Van awry,
And *Treachery* the Rear, which came not nigh;
The left Wing order'd *Perjury* that Day,
Unthankfulneſs on th' Right did bear the Sway;
Suſpicion was the Scout to ſearch the way,
And *Envy* cloſe in Ambuſcado lay;
Revenge, as Canoneer, did take the Aim,
But miſt the Mark, which made him high Exclame;
Envy and *Malice* were two Engineers,
Which Subtilty had Practis'd many Years:
Their Drum was *Ignorance*, *Stupidity*
Was one Stick, th' other was *Obſtinacy*;
And Brac'd it was with *Rudeneſs*, which ſounds Harſh
On Strings of *Wilfulneſs* that's ever Raſh.

A Battel between King Oberon *and the* Pigmies.

KIng *Oberon* and the *Pigmies* Tall and Stout,
Did go to Warr, the Cauſe was Juſt no doubt:
For *Pigmie* King out of his Kingdome brought
His People, and another Kingdome ſought;
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* they did Range about
With Force, to find another Kingdome out;
At laſt into the *Fairy-Land* they went,
For to that Fertil place their Hearts were bent;
This is the place, ſaid they, where Pleaſures flow,
And where Delight, like Flow'rs on Banks, doth grow;
Here let us Pitch, and try if Fortune will
Joyn with our Courage, all our Foes to Kill:
Then on they went, and Plunder'd every where;
The *Fairies* all ran Crying in great fear,
And Fire on all their Beacons placed high,
Which Warning is to give when Danger's nigh;
Whereat King *Oberon* a great Warr prepar'd,
Which made his Queen and all his Court afear'd;
His Council Grave and Wiſe he ſtrait did call,
VVhich came with Formal, Buſie Faces all;
And every one did Speak their Mind full free,
Diſputing much, at laſt all did agree;
In Warr, ſaid they, 'tis better that we Dye,
Than to be Slaves unto our Enemy:
Then ſaid the King, an Army we muſt Raiſe,
In which I'l Dye, ſaid he, or win the Bays:
Strait Officers of all Degrees were made,
To *Lead*, and *Rule*, *Encourage* and *Perſwade*;
And thus they Murſter'd all their Army ſtout,
To meet their Enemy, and to Beat them out:

VVell

VVell Arm'd they were, and put in good Array,
Which made them Fight with Courage all that Day;
Their Trumpets were made of ſmall Silver wire,
Calling the Horſe to Charge, or to Retire;
Theſe Horſes for Warr were Graſhoppers large,
On which they Rid, and bravely did Diſcharge;
Their Saddles were of a Velvet Peach-skin,
Their Bridles were ſmall Strings which Spiders Spin;
Beſides, their Stirrups, which their Feet in ſtaid,
Of a green Ruſh round like a Ring were made;
Targets of little Cockle-ſhells they had,
And for their Sword ſerv'd a Roſemary blade;
Their Flags of Colour'd Flow'rs ſhew'd Glorioufly,
And gave ſweet ſeveral Smells as they did fly:
VVhen they were Armed, as each Curaſſeer,
In a Beans hull, it bravely did appear;
Their Guns were Pipes of Glaſs, ſlender and ſmall,
Their Bullets were round Seeds to Shoot withall;
Of Filbeard-skins their Drums, which they did beat,
Were made, and their Drumſticks of Straws of Wheat;
Their *Van*, their *Rear*, their *Left Wing* and their *Right*
VVere placed ſo, as they ſaw good to Fight;
Their Colours flying, and their Drums when beat,
Their Trumpets ſounding, none ſought a Retreat;
The Forms and Files, the *Pigmies* plac'd themſelves,
VVere like in Figure unto Muſhel-ſhells,
To peirce through En'mies, and give way to Friends,
Broad was the middl', and Sharp were the two ends.
But *Fairies* like a half Moon Fought, that ſo,
VVhen both Ends meet, they might Incircle th' Foe,
VVhere in the midſt King *Oberon* Rid full brave,
For he the Honour of this Day ſhall have:

This Warriour in an Armour bright and ſtrong,
As fore-moſt Man, his Souldiers led along;
Then ſpake He to them in a Temper meek,
Theſe Enemies, ſaid he, our Ruine ſeek;
Go on all you brave Born and Valiant bred,
And Fight your Enemies till they be Dead;
Let not your Foes with Scorn upbraid your Flight,
But let them ſee you can with Courage Fight,
And teach them what their Folly Raſh hath brought
Upon themſelves, when they this Kingdome ſought.
But O Vain Princes! which for Glory ſtrive,
And let poor Subjects not in Quiet Live;
Fooliſh *Ambition* ſets the World on Fire,
VVhich Ruins all to Compaſs its Deſire;
I only Fight, to keep what is my Own,
And not to Rob another Kingly Throne:
But if this Quarrel cann't decided be,
I Hand to Hand will Fight my Enemy;
VVith that he ſent an Herauld ſtout and bold,
And to King *Pigmee* he this Meſſage told,
VVhich was, King *Ob'ron* him a Challenge ſent,
To ſave their Men, and much Blood to prevent,
That they two might a Duel Fight alone,
And let both Armies all the while Look on:
Then Laught King *Pigmee*, What's your King, ſaid he,
That He in Duel hopes to Conquer me?
I came not here a Single Strength to try,
A Kingdome for to Win, or elſe to Dye;
I Prouder am my Subjects ſtrength to ſhow,
That by Direction they my Skil may know;
Herauld, go back, and tell your King from me,
He'l know my Strength when Pris'ner he ſhall be:

Then

Then Spake he to his Men with a Voice high,
Here's none, ſaid he, I hope, this Day will Fly;
You know, my Souldiers, we came here to Fight,
Not through Ambition, or through Envy's ſpight,
But we by Famine, with a Meagre Face,
Were ſent about to ſeek a Fertil place:
Then here's a Land which needs not be Manur'd,
And we are People, not to VVork inur'd;
For we by Nature no great Pains can take,
Nor by out Sweat a Livelihood out make:
For who would Live in Pain, or Grief, or Care,
And always of his Goods would ſtand in Fear?
VVho Lives in Trouble, is not very Wiſe,
Since in the Grave there do no Troubles riſe,
Then let us Fight ev'n for ſweet Pleaſures ſake,
Or let us Dye, that we no Care may take.
Thus did the King his Souldiers Courage raiſe,
And in a Speech their Valour highly praiſe.
Then did they both in Order, Rank, and File
Prepare themſelves, each other for to Spoil;
Their Horſes ſtout, whereon they Rid i'th' Field,
Would Dye under their Burden, but not Yield;
In Capriols theſe Graſhoppers did move,
By which their Riders Skil they ſoon would prove;
Some as an *Air*, unfit for VVarr, it Slight,
VVhoſe Motion ſwift lets not the Rider Fight,
Or take his Turns, advantages to have,
Unleſs by Leaping high himſelf to Save;
But they do Err, for in ſome Caſe 'tis good,
Though not in all, if truly underſtood:
VVhat's in the World, that's to all uſe imploy'd,
But at ſome Times and Seaſons is deny'd?

VVater, and Fire, which are the Life of all,
Can only ſerve in their due Time and Call;
So ſome may ſay, this Air of Horſemanſhip
Is good, Heaps of Dead Men to Over-leap;
For if they Low do go upon the Ground,
Where both Dead Men, Horſes, and Arms lye round;
Or elſe do lye in Heaps, like as a VVall,
The Horſe will ſtumble with the Man, and fall.
But ſome, of Manag'd Horſes, taught in meaſure,
Do think they are but only fit for Pleaſure,
And not for VVarr, where no uſe for them is,
As if their Rules did make them go amiſs;
But they're miſtaken, for like Men they're Taught,
For to Obey their Rider as they ought,
To *Stop*, to *Go*, to *Leap*, to *Run*, and yet
Obey the *Heel*, the *Hand*, the *Wand*, the *Bit*;
Beſide they're Taught their Paſſions to abate,
Not to be Reſty with Fear, Anger, Hate,
And by Applauſe great Courage they have got,
That they dare go upon a Canon Shot;
Not that they Senſeleſs into Dangers run,
For Horſes Cowardly do Dangers ſhun,
And are ſo full of Fears, as they will Shake,
And will not Go, which proves their Hearts do Quake;
Beſides, all *Airs* in Warr are very fit,
As *Curvets*, *Demivoltoes*, and *Perwicet*,
And *going Back*, and *Forward*, *turning Round*,
Side-ways, both *High* and *Low* upon the Ground;
Oft they in a *Large Circle* Compaſs take,
And then with Art a *Leſſer Circle* make:
But Horſes, that Unlearned are this way,
May March ſtrait forth, or in one place may ſtay;

So

So Men, when they do Fight, having no Skil,
May Venture Life, but few may chance to Kill;
For 'tis not *Blows* and *Thruſts*, which do the Feat,
Or *going Forward*, or by a *Retreat*,
Man muſt the *Centre* be, his *Sword* the *Line*,
His *Feet* his *Compaſs*, with his Strength to joyn;
Theſe are the *Arts* for *Horſe*, and *Men* of *Warr*,
Unleſs with *Stratagems* they think to Scare,
Which ſhews more *Wit* than *Courage* in the Field,
So 'tis to Run away, or elſe to Yield.
But here the Bodies of each Army's Knit
So cloſe, as Skin unto the Fleſh doth Sit:
No *Stratagems* were us'd to have Men Slain,
But they did Fight upon an open Plain;
For thoſe that uſe ſlight *Stratagems* in Warrs,
No *Fighters* are, but Cruel *Murtherers*:
Nor is it Bravely done, as ſome think 'tis,
For every petty Thief has Skil in this;
Nay, Thieves more Courage in their Actions ſhow,
Who, if their Plots do fail, muſt Dye, they know;
Warriours Deſigns found out, they do not care,
Becauſe no Hanging for that Act they fear:
They'l ſay, 'tis Different, thus Foes to uſe,
For Thieves by their Deceit do Friends abuſe;
But 'tis all one, for *Couſenage* is the Thief,
And of that Order *Generals* are the Chief;
Fighting's the Souldiers Trade, not to Intrap,
Nor like the Fox, with Craft the Prey t' inwrap;
But Kill, or Purſue, with Swords in their Hands,
Without ſome Fraud, or any Treach'rous bands;
Juſt ſo Fought theſe Brave, Valiant *Cavalliers*,
As it by their unhappy End appears;

For they did Joyn, and Feirce together Fight,
Which was to all a Lamentable Sight;
Some lay upon the Ground without a Head,
Others did *Gaſping* lye, but not quite Dead;
Their Groans were heard, and Cries of ſeveral Notes,
Some Rutling lay with thick Blood in their Throats;
Here was a *Head-piece*, there a *Corſlet* thrown,
Bodies ſo Mangled, that none could be known;
Rivers of Blood, like to a full high Tide,
Or like a Sea, where Shipwrack'd Bodies Dy'd,
And their Laborious Breaths ſuch Miſts did raiſe,
It made a Cloud, which Darkned the Sun's Rays;
With ſeveral Noiſes, that Rebounded far,
Armies of Echoes were heard in the Air;
Here Bodies hid with Smoak, Smother'd, lay Dead,
While formleſs Sounds were in the Air out-ſpred:
Thus were they Earneſt, and Active in their Fight,
As if to Kill, or Dye, were a Delight;
Here Beaſts and Men both in their Blood lay maſht,
As if a *French* Cook them had Minc'd and Haſht,
Or did their Blood unto a Gelly boyl,
That he might make a Boullion of the Spoil;
For Nature's Table ſeveral Diſhes brings
By her Directions, in Transforming things.
At laſt the *Pigmees* found themſelves quite Spent,
And of their Warr begun now to Repent,
Which made their King, though Little, yet at length
To call to *Oberon* King, to try his Strength;
Let's here, ſaid he, our Skil and Fortunes try,
To Conquer one, or both in Graves to Lye;
Content, ſaid *Oberon* King, though moſt unjuſt
You have your Self into my Kingdome thruſt,

Yet

Yet will I not refuſe this Offer bold,
And, if I Live, this Day will Sacred hold;
Then like two Lions, fallen out for Prey,
Encounter'd they, not Yielding any way;
Their bright, ſharp Swords, with Motion quick did fly,
Like ſubtil Lightning in each others Eye;
King *Pigmee*, he was Strong, two handfulls Tall,
But *Oberon* King was Low and very Small,
Yet was he Dext'rous in his Skilfull Art,
And by that means ſtruck *Pigmee* near the Heart,
Whoſe Blood ran Warm and Trickling down his Side,
That, where he ſtood, the Graſs was Purple Dy'd;
Then Leaning on his Sword, as out of Breath,
Said to King *Oberon*; I have got my Death,
Grew Faint, then Sinking on the Ground did lye,
Finding his Soul would from his Body fly,
Saying, King *Oberon*, pray do Mercy ſhow,
And let my Army freely from you go,
And thoſe, that here lye Slain, pray let them have
Juſt Rights in Burial, and their Bones i'th' Grave,
That their free Souls in quiet Peace may Sleep,
And for this Act the Gods your Fame will keep;
I Care nor Grieve not for my own Sad fall,
But for my Subjects, that are Ruin'd all;
And in a deep fetch'd Sigh, and hollow Groan,
His Soul went forth unto a Place unknown.
When as his Souldiers heard their King was Dead,
Their Hearts did fail, yet none of them there Fled,
But to him Ran like Shuttles in a Loom,
And with their Bodies did his Corps Intomb;
For through their Loyal Breaſt they Digg'd their Grave,
Becauſe their King a Monument ſhould have;

So

So all did Dye, no Story yet hath ſhown,
That ever any *Pigmees* more were known:
Then did their Wives with Sighs Lament their falls,
And with their Tears did ſtrew their Funerals,
Which Tears did mix with Blood upon the Ground,
Where Rubies ſince have in the Earth been found;
Their Bodies moiſt to Vapour Rarified,
And now in Clouds do near the Sun Reſide;
When they their Grief unto Remembrance call,
Thoſe Sullen Clouds in Showring Tears do fall;
Their Sighs are Winds, that do Blow here and there,
And all their Bodies now Transformed are.
Unhappy Battel! to Deſtroy a Race,
That on the Earth deſerv'd the Chiefeſt place;
For they were Valiant, and did Love their King,
Without diſpute Obey'd in every thing;
Nature did Pity much their Fortune ſad,
They by *Her* Favour a Remembrance had:
For ſhe their Bones did turn to Marble white,
Of which are Statues Carv'd for Man's delight,
And in ſome Places are as Gods Ador'd,
Where Superſtition Idols doth afford:
But *Oberon* King there Built a Temple high,
In which he Fortune's Name did Magnifie.

The Temple of Fortune.

THis Temple was Built of Cornelian Red,
To ſignifie that there much Blood was ſhed;
The Altars all were Carv'd of Aggat-ſtone,
And Musk-flies there were Sacrifiz'd upon;
A Prieſt there was, who Sung *Her* Praiſes Loud,
Whereat the People Kneel'd all in a Crowd:

For

For though ſhe's Blind, and cannot clearly See,
Yet ſhe her Hearing hath moſt perfectly ;
The Steeple was Black, Built of Mourning Jet,
And Carved finely with many a Fret ;
The Bells were Nightingals Tongues, which did Ring
As Sweetly, as they in the Spring do Sing ;
Their *Holy Fire* was made of ſweeteſt Spice,
And kept by Virgins young, that know no Vice ;
Their Gods ſometimes did they place in a Bower,
Which curiouſly was made of Geſamin Flower ;
And all her Sacred Groves, in which ſhe Walks,
Are ſet with Roſes which do Grow on Stalks :
Thus in Proceſſion *Her* about they bear,
And none but in Devotion cometh there :
The *King* and *Queen* did wait where *She* did go,
And all about ſweet Incenſe they did Strow ;
Nature did Frown, to ſee her ſo Reſpected,
Thought by theſe Honours ſhe was much Rejected ;
Wherefore, ſays *Nature*, let me take the place,
And let not *Fortune* Proud me thus Out-face,
When all that's Good, you do receive from me,
She is my Vaſſal Low, you ſoon ſhall ſee ;
For I with Virtues do the Mind inſpire,
And Cloath the Soul in Beautifull attire ;
The Body equal I do make, and Strong,
The Heart with Courage, to Revenge a wrong ;
I'th' Brain Invention, Wit, and Judgment lies,
Creating like a God, Ord'ring as Wiſe ;
The Senſes all as Perfectly are made,
To Hear, to See, Taſte, Touch, Smell and Perſwade ;
I'th' Soul do Paſſions and Affections Live,
Nothing is there but what my Pow'r doth give,

All which to *Mutability* I throw,
And She doth in perpetual Motion go:
Thus all Invention from my Power comes;
For Arts in Men are but by Scraps and Crums;
So Fate and Fortune are my Handmaids ſure,
For what they do ſhall never long endure;
And I throughout the World do make things Range,
And Conſtant am in nothing but in Change;
Then let your Worſhip of Blind Fortune fall,
Or elſe ſhall my Diſpleaſure Bury all.
But falſe Devotion unto Men is Sweet,
While Truth's Kickt out, and Trodden under Feet;
Their Minds do Ebb and Flow juſt like the Tide,
And what is to be done is Caſt aſide:
This makes that Men are never in the way,
But wander up and down like Sheep aſtray.
O wretched Man! that can in Peace not be;
For with himſelf he cannot well agree;
Sometimes he Hates, what he before did prove,
And in a conſtant Courſe doth never move;
Nor to himſelf, nor God, who's Good, can ſtay,
But always ſeeking is ſome unknown way;
No ſad Example he by Warning takes,
If none will do him hurt, *He* miſchief makes;
As if afraid in Happineſs to Live,
He to himſelf a deadly Wound will give.
But why do I Complain that Man is Bad,
Since what he has, or is, from me he had?
Not only Man, the World, but Gods alſo,
And nothing Greater than my Self I know;
All this did make them take High *Fortune* down,
And in *Her* Room they did Great *Nature* Crown.

A Battel between Life *and* Death.

THere is a Cruel Battel 'twixt two Foes,
When Nature will Decide it, none yet knows;
Theſe two are *Life* and *Death*, which th'World divide,
And while it Laſts, the Cauſe will none decide.
Firſt, *Life* is Active, ſeeking to Injoy,
And *Death* is Envious, ſtriviug to Deſtroy;
When *Life* a Curious piece of VVork doth make,
And thinks, ſhe will therein ſome Pleaſure take,
Then in comes *Death* with Rancor and with Spleen,
Deſtroys it ſo, that nothing can be ſeen;
For fear, the Ruins Beauty might preſent,
Leaves not ſo much to make *Live's* Monument:
This makes *Life* Mourn, to ſee her Pains and Coſt
Deſtroy'd, for what ſhe doth, in *Death* is loſt;
VVeeping Complains at Natures Cruelty,
VVhich did Her make only *Death's* Slave to be;
I am his Food, his ſharp Teeth do me Tear,
VVhen I Cry, he no Pity hath, nor Care;
The Pain, he puts me in, doth make me Roar,
And his Pale Face, that's Grim, affrights me Sore;
VVhen I do think away from him to Run,
I fall into his Jaws, no ways can ſhun.
But why do I thus Sigh, Mourn, and Lament,
And uſe no means his Injury to prevent?
I will call all my Friends, their Strength to try,
I'l either Periſh quite, or *Death* ſhall Dye;
Then brings ſhe *Motion*, nimble at each turn,
And *Courage*, which like unto Fire doth Burn,
Preventing, and *Inventing Wits*, to make
Sconces and *Forts*, too Strong for *Death* to take;

A *Regiment* of *Arts*, which with their Skil,
Aſſault her Foes, and them ſometimes do Kill;
A *Brigade* of *clear Strengths* ſtands firm and ſure,
And can all feirce Aſſaults of *Death* endure;
A *Party* of good *Healths*, Armed ſo well,
As *Death*, how to Deſtroy them, cannot tell;
A *Troup* of *Growths*, at firſt ſmall, weak, and low,
Increaſing every Minute, Numbers grow;
And many more ſuch Companies were there,
As all the *Paſſions*, chiefly *Hope* and *Fear*;
Love Lead this Army, his *Motto* a *Heart*,
Their Arms were their free VVills, each bore a part:
Death's Armies were all to Deſtruction bent,
As *Warrs*, and *Famine*, both theſe Peſtilent;
Fury, *Deſpair*, and *Rage* did Run about,
Seeking which way that they might *Life* put out;
Troops, Regiments, Brigades in Numbers were,
As *Sickneſs*, *Dulneſs*, *Grief*, and *Penſive Care*;
Of *Feeble Age* were Few, they ſcarce could ſtand,
Yet in *Death*'s Battel would Fight hand to hand;
Hate Lead the Army in a Dull ſlow pace,
And for his *Motto* had a *Lean*, *Pale Face*;
VVith ſeveral Weapons *Death* poor *Life* did take,
And did a Priſoner, and his Slave *Her* make,
And on her Aſhes did in Triumph Ride,
And by his Conqueſt he ſwell'd Big with Pride.

Life's Force was ſtrong enough to keep her State,
If *Death* had not Befriended been with Fate;
For ſhe 'gainſt *Death* could make her Party good,
Had not the Fates her Happineſs withſtood,

Which Spin the Thread of *Life* ſo ſmall and weak,
That of Neceſſity it needs muſt break,
If not, they Cut it into Pieces ſmall,
And give it *Death*, to make him Nets withall,
To catch *Life* in, when cloſely ſhe would hide
Her Self from *Death*, ſhe in this Net is ty'd,
Or in the Chains of *Deſtiny* is hung;
The World from Side to Side about is flung,
Having no Reſt nor Settlement, ſhe flies
About from *Death*, and yet ſhe never Dyes;
Runs into ſeveral Forms, *Death* to avoid,
And yet thoſe Forms are all by *Death* Deſtroy'd;
Death like a Snake in Nature's Boſom lies,
Like one that Flatters, but i'th' Heart Envies;
And *Nature* ſeems to *Life* an Enemie,
Becauſe ſhe ſtill lets *Death* a Conqu'rour be.

Of a Travelling Thought.

A Thought for Breeding would a Travellour be,
The ſeveral Countries in the Brain to ſee;
Spurr'd with *Deſires* he was, Booted with *Hope*,
His Cap *Curioſity*, *Patience* was his Cloak:
Thus Suited, ſtrait a Horſe he did provide,
And *Strong Imagination* got to Ride;
Which Sadled with *Ambition*, Girt with *Pride*,
Bridled with *Doubt*, and Stirrups on each Side
Of *Reſolution*, he did Mount, and went
In a full Gallop of a *good Intent:*
Some ways i'th' Brain were Ill, and Foul withall,
Which made him oft into deep Errours fall;
Oft was he hid by Mountains high of Fear,
Then ſlid down Precipices of Deſpair;

Woods

Woods of Forgetfulneſs he oft paſt through,
To find the Right way out, had much ado;
In Troubles he had Travel'd a long way,
At laſt he came where Thieves of Spight cloſe lay,
Who coming forth, drew out Reproachfull words,
Which wounded *Reputation*, as ſharp Swords;
When he did feel the Wound ſmart, he drew out
Truth from *Time*'s Scabbard, and Fought well and ſtout;
With an *Innocent Thruſt* he left *Spight* Dead,
Wip'd of the Blood of *Slander*, Purple Red:
Then coming to a River of *Temptation*,
Which Deep and Dang'rous was of *Tribulation*,
He Swum with *Temp'rance*, and got out at laſt,
And with *Security* all Dangers paſt:
At laſt he to the *City* came of *Power*,
Where *Tyranny* did ſtand, a great high Tower,
With *Diſcords* populous, where *Riot* rules,
Great Colleges there were, to breed up Fools;
Large Houſes of *Extortion* high were Built,
And all with *Prodigality* were Gilt;
Their Streets were Pitcht with *Dull* and *Lazie* ſtone,
Which never hurt the Feet, when Trod upon;
Markets of *Plent'ful Circuits* were there,
Where all Sorts came, and did Buy without care;
Herbs of *Repentance* there were in great ſtore,
But Roots of *Ignorance* were many more;
The Carts of *Knowledge* much Proviſion brought,
And *Underſtanding*, which *Truth* Sold, ſome bought;
All what was Bought, prov'd good or bad by chance,
For ſome were Couſened by falſe *Ignorance*.
Then forthwith into Shamble-row he went,
Where ſtore of Meat hung up, for 'twas no Lent;

There

There lay an *Head* with *Wit* and *Fancies* fill'd,
And many *Hearts* by *Grief* and *Sorrow* Kill'd;
Bladders of VVindy Opinions were there,
And *Tongues* of *Eloquence* hung on an Ear;
VVeak *Livers* of great *Fear* lay there to Sell,
And *Spleens* of *Malice* very Big did Swell;
Tough *Lungs* of VVilfulneſs were hard and dry,
VVhole *Guts* of Self-conceit did hang thereby.
Then to a Poult'rers Shop, he went to ſee
VVhat Foul there was, if any Good there be;
There lay wild *Geeſe*, though black and heavy Meat,
Yet ſome Groſs Appetite lik'd them to Eat;
The *Cholerick Turkie*, and the *Peacocks Pride*,
The *Fooliſh Dotterels* lay there cloſe beſide;
Capons of *Expectation* Cramm'd with *Hope*,
And *Swans* of *Large Deſires* lay in the Shop;
Reproachfull Words were Sold by Dozens there,
And *Ignorant Gulls* did Lye every where;
Poetical Birds many were to Sell,
More Fowl, which he remembred not to tell:
But being a Travellour, hee'ld ſee all there,
And ſtrait did go to *Churches* of great *Fear*,
VVhere each one Kneel'd upon the Knee of Pain,
And Prayers ſaid with Tongues that were Prophane;
Petitioning Tears dropt from *Coveting Eyes*,
Deceitfull Hearts on *Altars* of *Diſguiſe*;
Earneſt they were to th' Gods, that they would give
Worldly Requeſt, not Grace for Souls to Live:
But Travels of Experience he would ſee,
Which made him go to th' Court of Vanity;
The *Porter Flattery* Sate at the Gate,
Who Civil was, and Carried him in ſtrait;

To *Beauty*'s *Preſence-chamber* firſt he went,
There ſtaid ſome time with great and ſweet Content;
Next to the *Privy-chamber* of *Diſcourſe*,
Where *Ignorance* and *Nonſenſe* had great Force;
Then to the *Bed-chamber* of *Love*'s *Delights*,
The *Grooms* which ſerved there were *Carpet Knights*;
Thence he to th' *Council* of *Direction* went,
Where *Great Diſorder* Sate as *Preſident*;
No ſooner this poor Stranger he did view,
Reproachfull Words out of his Mouth he threw,
Commanding *Poverty* a *Sergeant* poor,
To take and caſt this Stranger out of Door;
Strait *Flattery* for him Intreated much,
But he *Diſorder*'s Ear doth ſeldome Touch;
For Caſt he was into *Neceſſity*,
Which is a Priſon of great Miſery:
But *Patience* got him an Expedient paſs,
So Home he went, but Rid upon an Aſs.

A REGISTER OF MOURNFUL VERSES.

On a Melting Beauty.

GOing into a Church my Pray'rs to say,
Close by a Tomb a Mourning Beauty lay,
Her Knees on Marble Cold were Bow'd down low;
And fixt so Firm, as if She there did Grow;
Her Elbow on the Tomb did Steady stand,
Her Head hung Back, the Hind-part in her Hand;
Turning her Eyes up to the Heavens high,
Left nothing but the White of each her Eye;
Upon the Lower Shut [a] did Hang a Tear,
Like to a Diamond Pendant in an Ear;
Her Breast was Panting Sore, as if Life meant
To seek after her Heart, which way it went;
I Standing there, observed what She did,
At last she from her Hand did raise her Head,
And Casting down her Eyes, ne're Look'd about,
Tears pull'd her Eye-lids down as they Gush'd out;

[a] *Under-lid.*

Then with a gentle Groan at laſt did Speak,
Her Words were Soft, her Voice ſound Low and Weak:
O Heavens! (ſaid ſhe) O! What do you mean?
I dare not think, you Gods can have a Spleen,
And yet I find great Torments you do give,
And Creatures make in Miſery to Live;
You ſhew us Joys, but we poſſeſs not One,
You give us Life, for *Death* to Feed upon:
O Cruel *Death*! thy Dart hath made me poor,
Thou ſtruck'ſt that Heart my Life did moſt adore;
You Gods, delight not thus me to Torment,
But ſtrike me Dead by this dear Monument,
And let our Aſhes mix both in this Urn,
That both into one Phœnix we may turn.
Hearing her Mourn, I went to give Relief,
But Oh, alas! her Ears were ſtopt with Grief;
When I came near, her Blood Congeal'd to Ice,
And all her Body Changed in a Trice,
That Ice ſtrait Melted, into Tears did turn,
And through the Earths Pores got into the Urn.

On a Furious Sorrow.

O*Utragious Sorrow* on a Grave was ſet,
Digging the Earth, as if ſhe through would get;
Her Hair unty'd, looſe on her Shoulders hung,
And every Hair with Tears, like Beads, was ſtrung,
Which Tears, when they did fall with their own weight,
Then new born Tears ſuppli'd their places ſtrait;
She held a Dagger, ſeem'd with Courage bold,
Grief bid her ſtrike, but *Fear* did bid her hold;
Impatience rais'd her Voice, ſhe Shriek'd out Shril,
Which Sounded like a Trumpet on a Hill;

Her

Her Face was Flickt, like Marble ſtreak'd with Red,
Caus'd by Grief's Vapours, flying to her Head;
Her Boſom bare, her Garments looſe and wide,
And in this Poſture lay by Death's Cold Side:
By chance a Man, who had a fluent Tongue,
Came Walking by, ſeeing her Lye along,
Pittied her ſad Condition, and her Grief,
And ſtrain'd by Rhetorick's help to give Relief;
VVhy do you Mourn, ſaid he, and thus Complain,
Since Grief will neither Death, nor th' Gods reſtrain?
VVhen they at firſt all Creatures did Create,
They did them all to Death Predeſtinate;
Your Sorrow cannot alter their Decree,
Nor call back Life by your Impatiency;
Nor can the Dead from Love receive a heat,
Nor hear the Sound of Lamentations great:
For Death is Stupid, being Numb and Cold,
No Ears to hear, nor Eyes hath to behold:
Then Mourn no more, ſince you no help can give,
Take Pleaſure in your Beauty whilſt you Live;
For in the Faireſt, Nature pleaſure takes,
But if you Dye, then Death his Triumph makes.
At laſt his Words, like Keys, unlock'd her Ears,
And then ſhe ſtrait conſiders what ſhe hears;
Pardon you Gods, (ſaid ſhe) my Murmu'ring crime,
My Grief ſhall ne're diſpute your will Divine,
But in ſweet Life will I take moſt Delight,
And ſo went Home with that Fond Carpet Knight.

On a Mourning Beauty.

UPon the Hill of ſad Melancholy,
I did a Silent Mourning Beauty Spy,

Still as the Night, not one articulate Noiſe
Did once Riſe up, ſhut cloſe from th' Light of Joys,
Only a Wind of Sighs, which did ariſe
From the deep Cave, the Heart, wherein it lies;
A Veil of Sadneſs o're her Face was flung,
Sorrow a Mantle Black about her hung;
Her Leaning Head upon her Hand did reſt,
The other Hand was laid upon the Breaſt;
Her Eyes did humbly Bow towards the Ground,
Their Object, th' Earth, was in her Eyes quite Drown'd;
From her ſoft Heart a Spring of Tears did riſe,
VVhich run from the two Fountains of her Eyes,
And where thoſe Show'rs did fall, the Flow'rs wch ſprung
No Comfort gave, their Heads for Grief down hung;
Yet did the Stars ſhine Bright, as Tapers, by,
Shadows of Light did ſit as Mourners nigh:
At laſt the Gods did Pity her ſad Fate,
And to a Shining Comet *Her* Tranſlate.

Of Sorrow's Tears.

INto the Cup of Love pour Sorrows Tears,
Where every Drop a perfect Image bears;
And Trickling down the Hill of Beauty's Cheek,
Fall on the Breaſt, Dive through, the Heart to ſeek,
Which Heart would be Burnt up with Fire of Grief,
Did not thoſe Tears with Moiſture give Relief.

An Elegy on a Widow.

VVIdows, which Honour for your Husbands have,
Virtuous in Life, and Faithfull to their Grave,
Set Altars on this Hearſe for Memory,
And let her Fame Live here Eternally;

Here.

Here Celebrate her Name, come, and do bring
Your Offerings, and aloud her Praiſes Sing;
For ſhe was One, whom Nature ſtrove to make
A Pattern fit, Enſample from to take.

On a Mother that Dyed for Grief of the Death of her only Daughter.

UNto this Grave let Unkind Parents turn,
And Touch theſe Loving Aſhes in this Urn,
All the Diſlike Parents in Children find,
Will Vaniſh quite, and be of nature Kind:
For in this Tomb ſuch pure Love Buried lies,
None Perfect is, but what from hence doth Riſe.

On a Beautifull Young Maid that Dyed, Daughter to the Grieved Mother.

YOu Lovers all come Mourn here and Lament
Over this Grave, and Build a Monument
For Beauty's Everlaſting Memory,
The World ſhall never ſuch another ſee;
Her Face did ſeem like as a Glory bright,
Nay, ev'n the Riſing Sun from her took Light;
The Sun and Moon could ne're Eclips'd have been,
If e're theſe Planets had her Beauty ſeen;
Nor had this Iſle been Subject to Dark Nights,
Had not Sleep ſhut her Eyes, and ſtop'd thoſe Lights;
No Bodies could Infection take, her Breath
Did Cleanſe the Air, reſtoring *Life* from *Death:*
But Nature finding She had been too free,
In making ſuch a mighty Power as She,

Us'd

Us'd all Induſtry's Powerfull Art and Skil,
And gave Death Pow'r this Body for to Kill;
For had but Nature let this Body Live,
She'd had no Work for Death, nor Fates to give.

The Funeral of Calamity.

CAlamity was Laid on Sorrow's Hearſe,
And Coverings had of Melancholy Verſe;
Compaſſion, a Kind Friend, did Mourning go,
And Tears about the Corps, as Flowers, ſtrow;
A Garland of deep Sighs by Pity made,
Upon Calamity's Sad Corps was Laid;
Bells of Complaints did Ring it to the Grave,
Poets a Monument of Fame it gave.

Upon the Funeral of my Dear Brother, Kill'd in theſe Unhappy Warrs.

ALas! Who ſhall my Funeral Mourner be,
Since none is near that is Ally'd to me?
Or who ſhall drop a Sacrifizing Tear,
If none but Enemies my Hearſe ſhall bear?

For here's no Mourner to Lament my fall,
But in my Fate, though Sad, Rejoyced all,
And think my heavy Ruine far too Light,
So Cruel is their Malice, Spleen, and Spight!

For Men no Pity nor Compaſſion know,
But like feirce Beaſts in Savage Wildneſs go,
To Waſh and Bathe themſelves in my poor Blood,
As if they Health receiv'd from that Red Flood.

Yet

Yet will the Winds my Dolefull Knell Ring out,
And Shouring Rain fall on my Hearſe about ;
The Birds, as Mourners on my Tomb ſhall Sit,
And Graſs, like as a Covering Grow on it.

Then let no Spade, nor Pick-ax come near me,
But let my Bones in Peace reſt Quietly ;
He, who the Dead Diſlodges from their Grave,
Shall neither Bleſſedneſs, nor Honour have.

An Elegy upon the Death of my Brother.

Dear Brother,
THy Idea in my Mind doth lye,
And is Intomb'd in my Sad Memory,
Where every Day I to thy Shrine do go,
And offer Tears, which from mine Eyes do flow ;
My Heart, the Fire, whoſe Flames are ever pure,
Shall on Loves Altar laſt, till Life endure ;
My Sorrows Incenſe ſtrew, of Sighs fetch'd deep,
My Thoughts do watch while thy dear Aſhes ſleep ;
Dear, Bleſſed Soul, though thou art gone, yet Lives
Thy Fame on Earth, and Man thee Praiſes gives :
But all's too Small, for thy Heroick Mind
Was above all the Praiſes of Mankind.

Of the Death and Burial of Truth.

Truth in the Golden Age had Health and Strength,
But in the Silver Age grew Lean at length ;
I'th' Brazen Age ſore Sick Abed did lye,
And in the laſt hard Iron Age did Dye.

Reck'ning

Reck'ning and *Meaſuring* both being Juſt,
Were here *Executors*, to whom ſhe Truſt,
Which did Diſtribute all her Goods about
To her Dear Friends, and Legacies gave out:
Firſt *Uſefull Arts*, the Life of Man to Eaſe,
Then thoſe of Pleaſure, which the Mind do pleaſe;
Diſtinguiſhments from this to that to ſhow,
What's beſt to take or leave, which way to go;
Experiments to ſhun, or to apply,
Either for Health, or Peace, or what to fly;
And Sympathies, which do the World unite,
Which elſe Antipathies would Ruine quite:
This Will and Teſtament ſhe left behind,
And as her Deed of Gift unto Mankind.
Mourning ſhe gave to all her Friends to wear,
And did appoint that four her Hearſe ſhould bear;
Love at the Head did hold the Winding Sheet,
On each Side *Care* and *Fear*, *Sorrow* the Feet:
This Sheet at every Corner faſt was Ty'd,
Made of Oblivion, Strong and very VVide;
Nat'ral Affections, all in Mourning clad,
VVent next the Hearſe, with Grief Diſtracted, Mad,
Their Hair, their Face, their Hands, tore, ſcratch'd, & wrung,
And from their Eyes Fountains of Tears out-ſprung;
For *Truth*, ſaid they, did always with us Live,
But now ſhe's Dead, there is no *Truth* to give:
After came *Kings* which all Good Laws did make,
And Power us'd for *Truth* and *Virtue*'s ſake;
Next *Honour* came in Garments black and long,
VVith Blubber'd Face, and down her Head ſhe hung,
VVho wiſh'd to Dye, for Life was now a Pain,
Since *Truth* was Dead, *Honour* no more could Gain:

Then

Then *Lovers* came with Faces Pale as Death,
With ſhamefac't Eyes, quick Pulſe, and ſhortned Breath,
And in each Hand a Bleeding Heart did bring,
VVhich they into the *Grave* of *Truth* did fling;
And ever ſince Lovers Inconſtant prove,
They more Profeſſion give than Real Love.
Next them came Counſellours of all Degrees,
From Courts, and Countries, and from Chief Cities
Their wiſe Heads were a Guard, and a ſtrong Wall,
So long as *Truth* did Live amongſt them all:
All Sorts of Tradeſmen, uſing not to Swear,
So long as *Truth*, not Oaths, Sold off their Ware.
Phyſicians came, not thoſe that Try for Skil
New ways, and for Experience many Kill,
But which uſe Simples good, by Nature ſent,
To ſtrengthen Man, and Sickneſs to prevent.
Judges, and Lawyers came, not Wrangling, Baſe,
But which for *Truth* did Plead, decide each Caſe;
Widows, which to their Husbands kind had Swore,
That, when they Dyed, they'ld never Marry more:
At laſt the Clergy came, which taught *Truth*'s way,
And how Men in Devotion ought to Pray,
Who did Mens Lives by Moral Laws direct,
Perſwade to Peace, and Governours Reſpect;
They wept for Grief, as Prophets did fore-tell,
That all the World with Falſhood would Rebell;
Faction will come, ſaid they, and bear great Sway,
And Bribes ſhall all the Innocent betray;
VVithin the Church ſhall Controverſies riſe,
And Hereſies ſhall bear away the Prize;
Inſtead of Peace the Prieſts ſhall Diſcords Preach,
And high Rebellion in their Doctrines Teach:

Then ſhall Men Learn the Laws for to explain,
Which Learning only ſerves for Lawyers gain;
For they do make, and ſpread them like a Net,
To catch in Clients, and their Money get:
The Laws, which Wiſe Men made for to keep Peace,
Serve only now for Quarrels to Increaſe.
All thoſe that Sit in Honour's Stately Throne,
Are Counterfeits, not any Perfect known;
They put on Vizzards of an honeſt Face,
But all their Acts unworthy are, and baſe;
Friendſhip in Words and Complements ſhall Live,
But in the Heart not one Nights Lodging give;
Lovers ſhall Dye for Luſt, yet Love not One,
And Virtue unregarded Sit alone.
Now *Truth* is Dead, no Goodneſs here ſhall Dwell,
But with Diſorder make each place a Hell;
With that they all did Shriek, Lament, and Cry
To Nature, for to End their Miſery;
And now this Iron Age's ſo Ruſty grown,
That all the Hearts are turn'd to hard Flint-ſtone.

THE

THE ANIMAL PARLIAMENT.

THE *Soul* called a *Parliament* in his *Animal Kingdome*, which *Parliament* conſiſteth of three Parts, the *Soul*, the *Body*, and the *Thoughts*; which are *Will*, *Imaginations*, and *Paſſions*. The *Soul* is the *King*, the *Nobility* are the *Spirits*, the *Commonalty* are the *Humours* and *Appetites*. The *Head* is the *Upper Houſe* of *Parliament*, where at the upper End of the ſaid *Houſe* Sits the *Soul* as *King*, in a *Kernel* of the *Brain*, like to a Chair of State by himſelf alone, and his *Nobility* round about him. The two Arch-Biſhops are *Admiration*, and *Adoration*; the Reſt are *Apprehenſion*, *Reſentment*, and *Aſtoniſhment*. The *Judges* are the *Five Senſes*, and the *Wool-Sacks* they Sit on, are *Sight*, *Sound*, *Sent*, *Taſte*, *Touch*. The *Maſter* of the *Black Rod* is *Ignorance*; *Underſtanding*, the *Lord Keeper*, is always *Speaker*. The *Clerk* that Writes down all, is *Memory*.

The *Lower Houſe* of *Parliament* is the *Heart*, the *Knights* and *Burgeſſes* are *Paſſions*, and *Af-*

fections. The *Speaker* is *Love.* The *Clerk* that Writes down all, is *Fear.* The *Serjeant* is *Diſlike.* The ſeveral *Writs* that are ſent out by this *Parliament*, are ſent out by the *Nerves* into every Part of this *Animal Kingdome*, and the *Muſcles* Execute the Power and *Authority* of thoſe *Writs* upon the *Members* of the *Common-wealth.* The *Lower Houſe* preſents their *Grievances*, or their *Deſires*, to the *Upper Houſe* the *Brain*, by the *Arteries.*

When they were all ſet in Order, and a dead Silence through all the Houſe, the *King* made a *Speech* to the *Aſſembly* after this manner following.

The King's Speech.

THe Reaſon why I called this Parliament, is, not only to Rectifie the Riotous Diſorders made by Vanity, and to Repeal the Laws of Erroneous Opinions made in the Mind, and to Cut off the Entails of Evil Conſciences, but to raiſe *Four Subſidies*, of Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance, whereby I may be able to Defend you from the Allurements of the World, as Riches, Honour, and Beauty, and to Beat out Incroaching Falſhoods, which make Inrodes, and do Carry away the *Innocency* of Truth, and to Quench the Rebellion of Superfluous Words; as alſo to make and Enact ſtrict Laws to a Good Life, in which I make no Queſtion, but every One in my *Parliament* will be willing to Conſent, and be Induſtrious

duſtrious thereunto: the reſt I leave to my Keeper *Underſtanding*, to Inform you further of.

After the *King* had thus Spoken, the *Keeper* made another Speech, as followeth.

The Lord *Keeper's* Speech, who is *Speaker*.

My *Noble Lords*,

YOu may know by the Calling of this *Parliament*, not only the Wiſdome of Our *Gracious King*, in deſiring your Aid and Aſſiſtance, in the beginning of Danger, before the Fire grows too Violent for your help to Quench it out; but his Love, and tender Regard of your Safety. Beſides, he hath ſhewed the Unwillingneſs, he hath, to Oppreſs, and Burthen his *Good Subjects* with *Heavy Taxes*, before palpable Neceſſity requires them: for he hath not Called you upon *Suppoſitions* and *Fears*, but upon *Viſible Truths*; neither was it *Imprudence* in Staying ſo long, for it is as *Imprudent* to Diſturb a Peaceable *Common-wealth* with *Doubts* of what may come, as to be ſo Negligent to let a *Threatning Ruine* run without Oppoſition. Thus is Our *Gracious Soveraign Wiſe* in Chuſing his Time, *Valiant* in not Fearing his Enemies, *Carefull* in Calling the help and advice of his *Parliament*, and moſt *Bountifull*, in that he requires not theſe *Subſidies* to Spend in his particular Delights, but for the Good and Benefit of the *Common-wealth*, and *Safety* of his Subjects. Wherefore if any be Obſtinate in Oppoſing, or ſeems to Murmur thereat, he is not worthy to be

a *Citizen* thereof, and ought to be Caſt out as a *Corrupt Member* therein.

After he had Ended his Speech, he Sits down in his place, and then Roſe up the *Lord* of *Objection*, and thus ſpake.

The *Lord of Objection's* Speech.

My Lord,

ALl that your *Lordſhip* Spoke is true, and therein you have ſhewed your Self a *Loyal Subject*, and a Faithfull Servant; and I make no queſtion, but *every Member* in the Houſe will not only give their *Eſtates*, but Spend their *Lives* for their *King* and *Country*. Yet let me tell your Lotdſhip, that I do believe the *Parliament* will never be able to Raiſe a *Subſidy* of *Juſtice* from the *Commonalty*: it is too ſtrict a *Demand*; as it is Impoſſible for us to Satisfie the *Kings* deſire, unleſs the *Commons* were Richer in *Equity*. But if Our *Gracious Soveraign* will take a *Subſidy of Faith* in Lieu of it, I dare ſay it may be eaſily got, raiſing it upon the *Clergy*, who are Rich therein.

After he had Spoke, Roſe up the *Biſhop* of *Reſentment*, and ſaid.

The *Biſhop of Reſentment's* Speech.

My Lord,

IT may be eaſily perceived, that this *Lords* deſire is, that the *King* ſhould lay the heavieſt *Subſidy* upon the *Church*: not but that I dare ſay ſo much for

for the *Eccleſiaſtical Body*, as they would be as willing to aſſiſt the *King* in his Warrs, as any of his *Lay-Subjects*; yet what the *Clergy* have, belongs to the *Gods*; and what they take from us, they take from them.

After him, Spoke the *Biſhop* of *Adoration*.

The *Biſhop of Adoration's* Speech.

My Lord,

OUr Brother hath told you the Truth, that *Faith* is not to be given from the *Gods*; but, my *Lord*, to ſhew our Willingneſs and Readineſs to the *King's* Service, we will give his *Majeſty* a *Subſidy* of *Prayers*, which are the *Effects* of *Faith*.

The *King*, and the reſt of the *Lords* approved of, and ſent a *Writ* of it through the *Arteries* to the *Lower Houſe*, the *Heart*, for their *Approbation*, which one of the *Judges* delivered to Maſter *Speaker*; then the *Speaker* taking the Report, ſaid;

Gentlemen,

This Meſſage is to let you know, That the *Epiſcopal Body* hath Offered the *King* a *Subſidy of Prayer*, to help him in his Warrs, if you agree to it.

With that Roſe up a *Gentleman*, and ſaid.

The

The Gentleman's Speech.

Maſter Speaker,

THe *Clergy* are able to give the *King* more than one *Subſidy* if they will, being ſo Rich, as they have Ingroſſed all the *Conſciences* in the *Kingdome*, Building great *Colleges* of *Factions* therewith; and theſe *Colleges* do not only Diſturb the *Common-wealth*, but Impoveriſh it very much; for all that are Bred therein, imploy all their Time ſo in *Speculations*, as there is no Time left for *Honeſt* and *Induſtrious Practice*; Beſides, their *Tythes* are ſo great, which they have out of *Ten*, as their Poor *Pariſhioners* have almoſt none left (after their Proportions are taken out) to ſerve their own Uſe, and Maintenance.

Upon this Speech a Gentleman, one Maſter *Zeal*, roſe up, and thus Spake.

Maſter Speaker,

ALthough the *Clergy* are Maſters, and Rulers of *Conſciences*, or ſhould be ſo, yet they are to Imploy them to no other Uſe, but to the *Service* of the *Gods*: But I fear, we of the *Laiety* ſtrive to Uſurp that *Authority* to our own Worldly ends, or elſe we ſhould never have thoſe *Large Conſciences*, as to lay the *Burthen* (from our own Shoulders) on theirs, but to do as we ſhould be done unto; VVherefore let us take their *Charitable Aſſiſtance* with Thanks.

Moſt of the Houſe were of this *Gentleman's* Opinion

Opinion, and Voted an Acceptance, and Sending up to the Upper *Houſe*, that *Subſidy* was paſſed. After that was Agreed, there was a *Rational Lord*, that thus Spake.

My Lord,

THere were ſome *Opinions* which were paſſed in former times, when the *Parliament* of *Errours* Sate, in the Year of *Ignorance one thouſand eight hundred and two*; *That none muſt be thought States-men, but thoſe which were Formal. That all, that are Bold, muſt be thought Wiſe. That thoſe, which have new and ſtrange Fantaſms, muſt be thought the only Men of Knowledge. That none muſt be thought Wits, but Buffoons. That none muſt be thought Learned, but Sophiſterian Diſputants. That all, that are not Debauch'd, muſt be thought Unſociable. That all, that do not Flatter, muſt be thought Uncivil. That all which tell ſevere Truths, muſt be thought Rude, and Ill-natur'd. That all, that are not Fantaſtical, muſt be thought Clowniſh, and Ill-bred. That all muſt be thought Cowards, that are not Quarrelſome. That none muſt be thought Valiant, but thoſe that Kill, or be Killed. That none muſt be thought Bountifull, but thoſe that are Prodigal. That none muſt be thought good Maſters, but thoſe that let their Servants Couſen them. That none muſt be Eſteemed, but thoſe that are Rich. That none muſt be Beloved, but thoſe that are Powerfull. That none muſt be Reſpected, but thoſe that have Outward Honour. That none muſt be thought Religious, but thoſe that*

 are

are Superſtitious. That none muſt be thought Conſtant, but thoſe that are Stubborn. That none are Patient, but thoſe that ſuffer Affronts of Scorn. That none are Thrifty, but thoſe that are Sluttiſh. That none are Chaſt, but thoſe that are not Beautifull. That no Man muſt be ſeen Abroad with his own Wife, leſt he be thought Jealous. That Bluſhing muſt be thought a Crime, proceeding from Guiltineſs. That none muſt be thought Merry, but thoſe that Laugh. That none muſt be thought Sad, but thoſe that Cry. That all poor Men muſt be thought Fools. That all Citizens muſt be thought Cuckolds. That none muſt be thought good Lawyers, and Doctors, but thoſe which will take great Fees. That all Duty and Submiſſion belongs to Power, not to Virtue. That all muſt have Ill Luck, after much Mirth. That all thoſe that Marry on Tueſdays, and Thurſdays, ſhall be Happy. That a Man's Fortune can be told by the Palm of his Hand. That the falling of Salt portends Misfortune. That thoſe, that begin Journeys upon a Wedneſday, ſhall run through much Danger. That all Women that are Poor, Old, and Ill-favoured, muſt be thought Witches, and be Burnt for the ſame. That the Howling of a Dog, or the Croaking of Ravens, foretells a Friend's Death.

Theſe ought to be Repealed, and new ones Enacted in their Room; *That all thoſe that have got the Power, though Unjuſtly, ought to be Obeyed, without Reluctancy. That all Light is in the Eye, not in the Sun. That all Colours are a Perturb'd Light, and ſo are Reflections, rather than an Inherent*

rent Quality or a Subſtance. That all Sound, Sent, Sight, is Created in the Brain. That no Beaſt hath Remembrance, Numeration, or Curioſity. That all Paſſions are made in the Head, not in the Heart. That the Soul is in a Kernel of the Brain. That all the Old Philoſophers were Fools, and knew Little. That the Modern Philoſophers have Committed no Errours. That there are ſix Primitive Paſſions. That the Blood goeth in a Circulation. That all the Fixt Stars are Suns. That all the Planets are other Worlds. That Motion is the Creator of all things, at leaſt of all Forms. That Death is only a Privation of Motion, as Darkneſs is a Privation of Light. That the Soul is a thing, and nothing.

This Motion which this *Noble Lord* made, was *Enacted* by the whole *Parliament* with much Applauſe. When he was ſet down, my *Lord Reaſon* Roſe, and thus Spake.

My Lord,

I Should think in my Judgement, that it would be Beneficial to the *Common-wealth*, that there ſhould be a *Statute* made againſt all *Falſe Coyn*, as *Diſſembling Tears*, and *Hollow Sighs*, *Flattering Words*, and *Feigning Smiles*. But upon this Speech Roſe up *One* of the *Lords*, and thus Spake.

My Lord,

THe *Propoſitions* of this *Lord* are very Dangerous: for if this *Great Council* of *Parliament* ſhould go about to Call in all *Falſe Coyn* which is Minted, they muſt Call in all which is in the

Kingdome, to make a Trial of the Currentneſs; which would Diſcontent moſt therein. For why, the *Stamp* is ſo Lively, and Artifically Imprinted therein, as it is impoſſible for the *Right* to be known from the *Falſe*. Further, my Lord, theſe Coyns are ſo Cunningly mixt with *Alchemy*, as the Difference would hardly be Known, if they were new Melted.

With that Roſe up one of the *Judges*, and ſaid thus.

My Lord,

IT is an *Ancient Law* belonging to this *Kingdome*, to make it Death for any to Clip Current Coyn with *Hypocriſie*, or to mix *Falſhood* with *Slander*: and if this Abuſe ſhould be Winkt at, there would be no Commerce betwixt this *Kingdome* and *Truth*.

The *Lord Reaſon* Roſe up again, and ſaid thus.

My Lord,

THere is another *Abuſe* in this *Kingdome*, which is, there are many *Luxurious Palats*, as they do Deſtroy the *Strength* of the Stomack, and Quench out the *Natural heat* therein, making it ſo Weak by reaſon of *ill Digeſtion*, never giving ſo much Time as to make a good Concoction, to Breed new Blood, that it is likely (if ſpeedy Order be not taken to prevent it) there may come a *Dearth* of *Fleſh* over all the *Kingdome* of the *Body*.

Upon

Upon this, *Judge Taſte* Roſe up, and thus Spake.

My Lord,

THere was never any *Laws* made in all the *former Kings Reign*, that there ſhould be a perpetual *Abſtinency*, but only in time of *Lent*, when the Penance of *Phyſick* was taken. For if the *Stomack* ſhould Eat Sparingly, and not ſuch things as the *Appetite* doth Deſire, the *Body* of the *Kingdome* would grow Weak and Faint, and all *Induſtry* would Ceaſe; for the *Legs* would never be able to *Go*, nor the *Hands* to *Work*, nor the *Arms* to *Lift*; the *Complexion* would grow *Pale*, the *Skin* Rough, the *Liver* Dry, and all the *Parts* of the *Kingdome* would Grow unfit for Uſe; that if a *Warr* of *Sickneſs* ſhould come, they would never be able to Defend themſelves.

The ſame *Lord Reaſon* Roſe up, and ſaid thus.

My Lord,

THere is another great Abuſe, which is in *Articulate*, and *Vocal Sounds*, or *Tone* of the Voices; for moſt when they Read, do ſo Whine, raiſing their *Notes* upon the *Peg* of the *Tongue* ſo High, as they Crack the Strings of *Senſe*; or elſe the *Fingers* of *Words* play ſo Faſt, as they keep no Stops, or elſe ſo Slow, as they make more Stops than they ſhould; which make it Prepoſterous. Truly, *my Lord*, if theſe be not Rectified, all the *Nobles* of *Underſtanding* will be Ruinated, and Affronted with a ſeeming *Non-ſenſe*. This was

Diſputed

Diſputed hard on, before it would be Paſs'd; but at laſt it was.

After this Diſpute, there was a *Lord*, Roſe up, and ſaid thus.

My Lord,

WE Spend here our time to Rectifie the Errours that are Committed in the *Kingdome* amongſt our Selves, and not conſidering the Danger we Live in, from *Forein Enemies* abroad, which are *Rhyming Pyrats*, who make continual Inrodes, Stealing all our *Cattel* of *Fancies*, and Plunder us of our beſt and richeſt Conceipts; ſo that, if we do not provide *Arms* of *Rhetorick* to Exclame againſt them, they may chance to Uſurp the *Crown* of *Wit*, and make themſelves *Heirs* to that, they were never Born to. Wherefore, my *Lords*, let us joyn, to ſet up *Forts* of *Satyrs*, and there plant *Canons* of *Scorn*, from thence to Shoot *Bullets* of *Scoffs*, to ſtrike them Dead with *Shame*. To this all the *Houſe* aſſented.

In the mean time, the *Lower Houſe* were buſily Imployed with Affairs too, about *Naturalizing* a *Gentleman*. For one of the *Members* ſaid;

Maſter Speaker,

THere is a *Gentleman*, one Mr. *Friendſhip*, deſires to be *Naturaliz'd* by the *Parliament*.

Another *Member* Roſe, and ſaid thus;

Maſter

Master Speaker,

IN my Sense it is very Prejudicial to *Naturalize Strangers*; for why should *Strangers* receive the same *Privileges* with the *Natives*, and to be made Capable to *Inherit* our *Lands*? unless we could Cut off the *Entails* of *Affection*, which are Tyed to their *Native Country*, the *Kingdome* of *Parents*, or the *Islands* of *Children*, or the *Provinces* of *Brethren*, and *Kindred*; otherwise it is likely they will turn Rebels, if a Warr chance to be with *this Kingdome*, and *that*, where they were Born.

With that the *former Gentleman* Rose up, and said.

Master Speaker,

I Would not preferr this *Gentleman*'s Sute, had he been Born in the *Land* of *Obligation*, *Civilities*, or *Courtesies*; but he was Born in the *Land* of *Sympathy*, whereunto this *Kingdome* hath a Relation, by reason our *King* hath a *Right* therein, and ought to have the Power thereof, by the *Laws* of *Justice*; for his *Mother*, *Queen Resemblance*, was Daughter to the *Sympathian King*: so that this *Gentleman*, Master *Friendship*, in *Justice* is a *Natural Subject* to our *King*, although not a *Citizen* in the *Common-wealth*. Hereupon the *House* was Divided, *some* gave their Voices for *Him*, *others* against *Him*: but when they came to be Numbred, he had most Voices on his Side; for he had been so Industrious in Petitioning every *particular*

ticular Member before hand, that he made himſelf many Friends, ſome out of Favour to himſelf, others for the good Will to thoſe that Favoured him: ſo that one way, or other, it was ſent up to the *Upper Houſe*, where my *Lord Reaſon* Spoke ſo well in his behalf, as the *Act* paſſed for him.

After this, there was a *Member* Roſe, and ſaid.

Maſter Speaker,

THere are in the Kingdome *ſome Grievances*, which ought to be Reform'd; which is, to make an *Act*, That all the *High-ways*, and *Common Rodes* ſhould be Mended, and kept in Repair: For in ſome *Mouths* the *Teeth* are ſo Foul, and Rotten, and ſuch deep Holes, as great Pieces of Meat tumble down into the *Saw-pits* of the *Maw* without Chewing.

The *next* is, That many *Noſe-bridges* are ready to fall down, by reaſon the great *French Pox* doth Travel ſo often over them, as they Crack the very Foundation thereof.

The *third* is, That the *Stomack* is ſo often Overflowed with Drink, by reaſon the *Throat-ſluces* are ſo Wide, as the *Kingdome* is not only much Impaired thereby, making Obſtructions, by reaſon there paſſes oft-times much *Mud* of *Meat*, with *Liquid Drink*, but Indangers the *Kingdome* of *Drowning*: the more, for that *Slug*, which makes the *Liquor* riſe higher; Beſides, it breeds many *thick Vapours*, which cauſe much *Rain*, and *ſtrong Winds*, and *unwholſome Airs*, which

which breed *Dizzie Diſeaſes*, and bring *Apoplexies* of Sleep.

The *fourth Grievance* is, That the *Puritans*, and *Roman Prieſts*, Cut down all the *ſtately* and *thick Woods* of *Hair*, as there is almoſt none left Grown to Build *Ships* of *Ornament* with: this in time will Decay the *Navigation* of *Becomming*, and leave the *Iſlands* of the *Ears* bare, to the Ruine of *Cold*; beſides, the *Prodigal effeminate Sex* Burns it up with *Iron works*, or Breaks it off at the *Roots*, in making *Traps* for *Lovers*.

This Grievance was Reſented much in the Houſe, and a *Committee* Ordained to make a ſtrict Inquiry, and to Report back to the *Houſe*; which was done with all Speed.

The *Chair-man's Report* back.

Maſter Speaker,

THe *Committee* hath found, that many of the *High-ways*, and *Common Rodes* are much Impaired by *Negligence*: for *ſome* are ſo Bad, as nothing will mend them; *others* the *Committee* hath Examin'd, and found out ſome helps: for the *deep Holes* might be fill'd up with *white Wax*, and thoſe that are Broken and Ragged, may be *fil'd Smooth*, and *Even*; and *thoſe* that are *Black*, and *Scal'd*, may be Scrap'd with a *ſteel Inſtrument*; and *thoſe* that are *Dirty*, and *Foul*, may be Rubb'd with *China*, or *Brick*, or the like; *Thoſe* that are *Looſe*, may be Waſhed with *Alume-water*, or *Myrrh-water*, which will Faſten them again. As for the

Bridges, there are not many Fallen down, but only *Sagg'd*, and *Looſe*; which, if the *Commonwealth* will be at the *Charges*, may keep them from Falling with *Silver-pins*, which will Prop them up. But truly, Mr. *Speaker*, there are great Spoils of the *Woods* of *Hair*; and in *Youth*, Time will Repair them again; but in *Age*, they will never Grow again: for the Ground is always Dry, and Barren, as it will always be Bare, and Bald. As for the great *Over-flows*, there is no way to hinder, or ſtop that *Torrent*, but by Shutting the *Water-gates*, the *Lips*.

After this Relation, the *Lower Houſe* ſent the Reports to the *Upper Houſe*, after which they made an Act of Prevention; Their *Statutes* Running thus.

BE it Known to all, and ſome in this *Kingdome*; That henceforth from this preſent of *January*, *one Thouſand eight Hundred and two*, no *Sweet-meats* ſhall Travel through the *Mouth*, nor no *Nuts* be Crackt, nor no *Pins* lye in the High-ways of the Mouth, to Canker-fret the *Teeth*; As alſo *be it Enacted*, that all *Hands* Labourers ſhall be Imployed with *Pick-tooths* after Meat hath paſſed thoſe ways, and let every *particular Shire* be at the Charge thereof.

Be it alſo *Enacted*, to keep the *Bridges* ſtrong, leſt they fall to Ruine; that the *Flud-fluſh* be given to all the *Amorous ſort*, with *Baths*, and *dry Dyets* every *Spring* and *Fall*, for fear the *Foundation* of the *Noſe* ſhould be Rotted, by reaſon of much

much Corruption which paſſes through ; alſo let there be Cut a *Paſſage* upon *each Shoulder*, making *Gutters* of *Iſſues*, that the Humour may be Diverted by running thoſe ways, that the Kingdome may be Drain'd from ſuperfluous Moiſture. Alſo be it *Enacted*, that to the Conſerving of the *Woods* of *Hair*, no *Hairs* be Pull'd up by the Roots, but only Prun'd by the *Husbandmen Barbers* ; alſo we fore-warn the uſe of *Curling-Irons*, *Criſping-Irons*, or the like ; but let the *looſe Woods* of Hair be bound up with *Strings*.

Be it alſo *Enacted*, That no great *Draughts* be Drunk, unleſs great Drought require it ; alſo no *Healths* to be Drunk but upon *Feſtival Days*. But upon going out of this *Act*, all the *Young Women* and *Men* in the *Kingdome* made ſuch a *Mutiny*, as the *Parliament* had much ado to Pacifie them ; nor could not, untill they had alter'd that Clauſe of *Sweet-meets*, and *Healths*. After this there was a Member Roſe up, and ſaid.

Maſter Speaker,

THere are in this *Kingdome* ſome *fooliſh* and *unneceſſary Cuſtoms*, which have been brought from *Forein parts*, which ought to be Aboliſhed. *One* is, to Dig *Holes* in the *Ears*, to ſet *Pendants* in, which puts the *Kingdome* to a Charge of *Pain*, and alſo is a heavy Burthen therein. The *ſecond* is, to Pull up the *Hedges* of the *Eye-brows* by the Roots, leaving none but a narrow and thin Row, that the *Eyes* can receive no Shade therefrom. The *third* is, to *Peel* the *firſt Skin* off the *Face*

with *Oyl* of *Vitriol*, that a *new Skin* may come in the place, which is apt to *Shrivel* the Skin underneath. But for the Aboliſhing of theſe Cuſtoms few agreed to, fearing ſuch another *Mutiny* as the former, amongſt the *Female Sex*.

Whiles they were Demurring upon this, there came *Petitioners* with a *Petition* to Offer to the Houſe, which when that was heard, they ſent for their *Petition* in, *and made the Clerk read it*.

The Petition of the Veins.

WE, your *Honours humble* and *poor Petitioners*, deſire a Redreſs from all *ill Livers*, or elſe we cannot furniſh your *Honours* with ſuch *Blood*, as your *Honours* require from us: For by *reaſon* of *Dry*, *Hot*, *Corrupted*, or *Obſtructed Livers*, we, your *Honour*'s *Pipe-veins*, want filling, or elſe we are fill'd with ſuch *Wateriſh*, or ſuch *Black* and *Melancholy Blood*, as the *Kingdome* is either Parcht for want of Moiſture, or Over-flowed with too much; being always in Extremes: ſo as we are all undone, and our Trading utterly Decayed thereby. Wherefore we beſeech your *Honours* to take it into your *Honours* conſiderations, and give us a Reparation from the *Liver*, for which we ſhall be Bound to pray for your *Honours*.

Upon this Petition, the *Houſe* ordained a *Writ*, to warn the *Liver* to appear before a *Committee* to be Examined, where ſtrait the *Liver* appear'd; who Excus'd himſelf, ſaying, the *Appetite* flung into

into the *Stomack* a great *quantity* of *Rubbish*, and the *Stomack*, being an ill *Neighbour*, to Disburthen himself from that *Filth*, flung it upon him, stopping up all Cross passages, insomuch that he had not Room to discharge himself freely: but as for his own part, he was much Poorer, and Weaker than they, and had more reason to Complain.

Whereupon the *House* made an Act, that the *Stomack* should be Cleansed every *Spring* and *Fall* with *Purges*.

Then Rose up a *Member*, and said, Mr. *Speaker*, There are a People in this *Kingdome* ought to be Banished, which are *Fuglers*, *Mountebanks*, and *Gypsies*: First *Fugling Lovers*, which deceive all the *Effeminate Sex* with *False* and *Deluding Praises*. The *next* are *Mountebank Buffoons*, who have gotten *Privileges* of Freedome, to put off their *Bald Jests* at an easie Rate, Selling upon the *Stage* of *Mirth*, taking *Laughter* for *Pay* from the Poor ignorant *Vulgar*. These Fellows take upon themselves the Name of *Doctors* of *Wit*, Professing their Skil, whereby they do much Harm, by reason their *Drugs* are naught, and their *Skil* little, by which many times they *Kill*, instead of *Curing*; for they do apply their *poysonous Jests* on *unprepared Bodies*, and give their *Medicines* in *unseasonable Time*; besides, their *Medicines*, being most commonly *Bitter*, give a *Dislike* to the *Taste*; and being not taken in fit time, bring the Disease of *Suspicions*, and being wrong applied, cause *Death* to a *good Fame*. The last are *Gypsies*, which

which Delude many; as *Sympathy Powder*, *Viper Wine*, *Love Powder*, *Cramp Rings*, *Croſs Knots*, *Raking up the Aſhes on* Saint *Agnes* Eve, laying *Bride-cake* under their Heads, and many the like.

Another *Member* ſaid, Mr. *Speaker*, There are *Light VVenches* of *Vanity*, and *Crafty Bawds*, ought to be Whipt, *Black Patches*, *Sweet Powders*, *Periwigs*, *Bracelets* made of their *Lovers Hair*, *Fancy-colour'd Ribbons*, to reſemble the *ſeveral Paſſions*; *Looking-glaſſes* to hang by their Sides, *Love-Poſies* in *Rings*, *Love-Letters* wrought in *Hankerchiefs*, *Valentines* worn on Sleeves, and to *Diſcourſe* by *Signs*; as alſo *Romancies*, *Balls*, *Collations*, *Queſtions* and *Commands*, *Riddles*, *Purpoſes*, &c.

There was another *Member* Roſe up, and ſaid thus, Mr. *Speaker*, there are *worſe Creatures* in the *Kingdome*, and more Dangerous, viz. *Witches*, which ought to be Burnt; as *Lovely Feature*, *Exact Proportion*, *Clear Complexion*: when theſe *Spirits* are raiſed in the Circle of the Face, who ſo comes near that *Face*, although it be the *Soul* it Self, is Bewitched with a *Look*; and ſuch Power is in that Magick, that nothing can Undo it, but *Sickneſs*, and *Old Age*.

The other *VVitch*, is *Elegant Eloquence*: this *VVitch* hath much Power, raiſing up *Senſe*, *Fancy*, *Phraſe*, *Number*, in the *Circle* of the *Ear*, and whoſoever comes near them, although the *Soul* it Self, that *Spirit* the *Tongue* Bewitches them; and this is ſo ſtrong a *Magick*, as nothing can Undo, but

but *Forgetfulneſs*. 'Tis true, there is a *Law* againſt them, which belongs to the *Judges care*, as, *Hearing* and *Sight*; but when they come before them to be Examin'd, and to be Condemn'd, if they be found Guilty, they are ſo far from Puniſhing them, as they ſet them at Liberty, and thoſe Bonds that ſhould Bind them, they Bind themſelves with, and ſo become *Voluntary Slaves* to thoſe *Witches*.

Then did the *King* call both *Houſes* together into a great *Hall*, and thus Spake.

MY Good and Loving Subjects, I give you thanks for your Care and Induſtry, in Rectifying the Errours of this Kingdome, and for your Love to me, in giving me thoſe Subſidies I requir'd, although I call'd for them as well for your Safety, as my Own; ſuch is my tender regard to my People, as their Safety is my Care, and their Proſperity my Happineſs. For I deſire to be King of Affection, ruling them with Clemency, rather than to be only King of Power, ruling them with Tyranny, binding my Subjects to Slavery. The Power I deſire, is, to beat my Enemies abroad, not to fright my Subjects at home; to Defend them, not to Ruine them; I Covet not the Riches of my Subjects, I hold not the Sword to Cut their Purſe-ſtrings, but to decide Truth from Falſhood, to give Equity, and to do Juſtice. Yet let me tell you, my Sword is as ready to puniſh Offenders, as my Clemency is to reward the Virtuous. But I have found, and make no queſtion, I ſhall find my Subjects always as ready to Obey, as I to Command;

and

and because every One may return to his own private Affairs, since in publique Busines there is little left now to do, but what I can Order my Self, I dissolve my Parliament for this time, untill there be an Occasion to call them together again.

Whereupon the Parliament all Cryed,

God save the King.
God save the King.

THE

THE CONCLUSION.

The Common Fate of Books.

BOoks have the worſt Fate, when they once are Read,
They're laid aſide, forgotten like the Dead:
Under a Heap of Duſt they Buried lye,
Within a Vault of ſome ſmall Library:
But *Spiders*, which Nature has taught to Spin,
For th' Love and Honour of this Art, ſince Men
Spin likewiſe all their Writings from their Brain,
A laſting *Web* of *Fame* thereby to Gain,
They do high *Altars* of thin *Cobwebs* raiſe,
Their Offrings *Flies*, a *Sacrifice* of *Praiſe*.

Another of the Same.

WHen as a Book doth from the Preſs come New,
All Buy or Borrow it, that Book to View,
Not out of Love of Learning, or of Wit,
But to find Fault, that they may Cenſure it:
For did no Faults at all therein appear,
(Though few there are but do in ſomething err)
Yet *Malice* with her Rankled Spleen and Spight,
Will at the *Time*, or *Print*, or *Binding* Bite:

Like Devils, when good Souls they cannot get,
Then on their Bodies they their Witches ſet.

Of the Style of this Book.

I Language want, to Dreſs my Fancies in,
The Hair's uncurl'd, the Garments looſe and thin;
Had they but Silver-lace, to make them Gay,
They'ld be more Courted, than in poor Array;
Or had they Art, would make a better ſhow:
But they are Plain, yet Cleanly do they go.
The World in Bravery doth take delight,
And Gliſt'ring ſhews do more attract the Sight;
For every One doth honour a rich Hood,
As if the Outſide made the Inſide good;
And every One doth Bow, and give the Place,
Not to the Perſon but the Silver-lace.
Let me intreat ye' in my poor Book's behalf,
That all may not Adore the Golden Calf;
Conſider pray, that Gold no Life doth bring,
And Life in Nature is the Richeſt thing:
So *Fancy* is the *Soul* in Poetry,
And if not good, the Poem ill muſt be:
Be Juſt, let *Fancy* have the upper place,
And then my Verſes may perchance find Grace;
If Flat'ring Language all the Paſſions rule,
Then *Senſe*, I fear, will be a meer Dull Fool.

A Poet I am neither Born nor Bred,
But to a VVitty Poet Married,

Whoſe

Whoſe Brain is Freſh, and Pleaſant, as the Spring,
Where Fancies grow, and where the Muſes ſing;
There oft I lean my Head, and Liſt'ning hark,
T' obſerve his Words, and all his Fancies mark;
And from that Garden Flow'rs of Fancies take,
VVhereof a Poſie up in Verſe I make:
Thus I, that have no Garden of my own,
There gather Flowers, that are newly Blown.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAg. 12. l. 18. for *will* r. *'twill*, p. 28. l. 14. for *where't* r. *where*, and after *out* leave out the ſtop, p. 31. l. 2. for *clear* r. *cloſe*, p. 48. l. 8. for *is* r. *it*. p. 53. l. 2. after *That* leave out the ſtop, p. 67. l. 12. leave out *had*, p. 71. l. 10. r. *it*, p. 75. l. 27. r. *doors*, p. 79. l. 16. after *ſhew* leave out the ſtop, p. 99. l. 6. for *whence* r. *when*, p. 110. l. 1. for *have I*. r. *I have*, p. 125. l. 9. r. *Beaſts*, p. 126. l. 25. r. *for all is common*, p. 152. l. 23. for *too* r. *to*, p. 244. l. 5. r. *outragious*, p. 253. l. 10. r. *our*, p. 272. l. 2. r. *Her*, p. 278. l. 14. r. *Lordſhip*.